47302

THE TRUE WEST

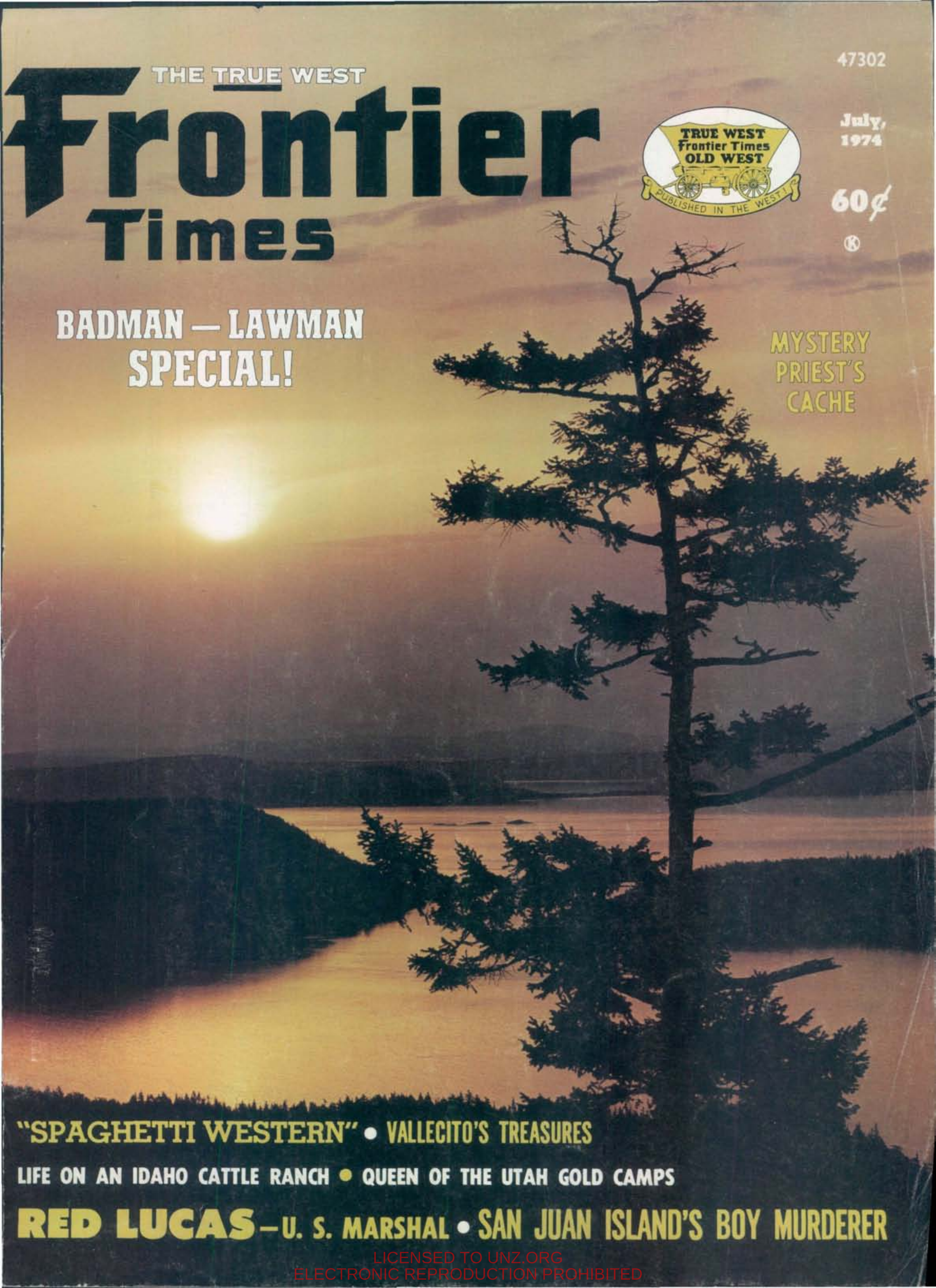
Frontier Times

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

July, 1974

60¢

Ⓚ



BADMAN — LAWMAN SPECIAL!

MYSTERY PRIEST'S CACHE

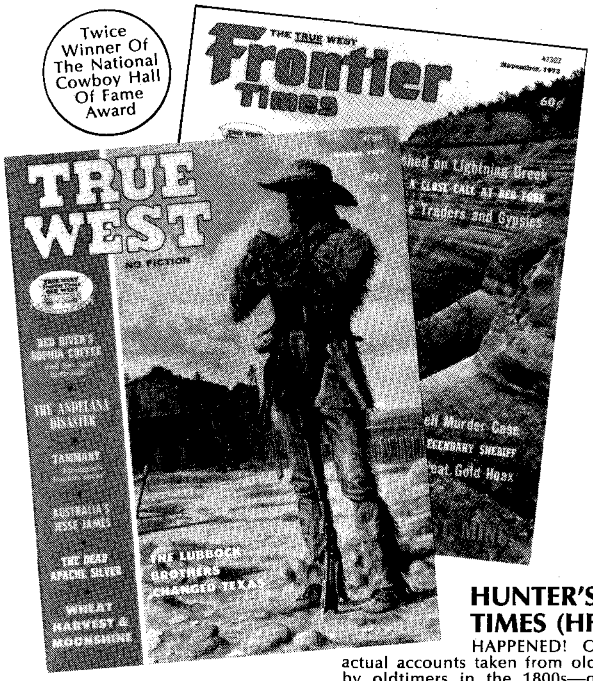
"SPAGHETTI WESTERN" • VALLECITO'S TREASURES

LIFE ON AN IDAHO CATTLE RANCH • QUEEN OF THE UTAH GOLD CAMPS

RED LUCAS — U. S. MARSHAL • SAN JUAN ISLAND'S BOY MURDERER

TO HECK WITH BAD NEWS!

Twice Winner Of The National Cowboy Hall Of Fame Award


THE TRUE WEST Frontier Times
TRUE WEST
NO FICTION
THE LUBBOCK BROTHERS CHANGED TEXAS
WHEAT HARVEST & MOONSHINE

PURE ENTERTAINMENT FOR SALE!

A choice of nine nonfiction magazines with a single goal—to provide a little diversion from today's woes! Pick out one (or several) that appeal to you—we'll do the rest.

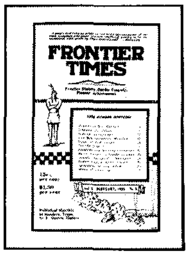
Refer to these code numbers when marking selections on coupon.

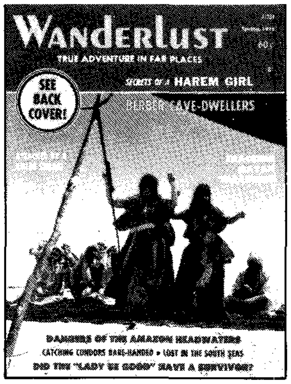
TRUE WEST—FRONTIER TIMES (TW/FT) If it happened on the dangerous side of the Mississippi between 1840-1920 (and a little beyond either way) we cover it! Owl-hoot, horseback parsons, Indians, pioneer women, cowboys—anybody who made tracks, we follow their trail! **1 year (6 issues of each magazine) $6.00, or our 2 year SPECIAL (12 issues of each magazine) $11.00!** (For instance, compare what you save over the newsstand price for 2 years; 24 issues off the rack—$14.40; 24 issues by subscription—$11.00!) **A high percentage of savings like this applies to all the subscription titles on this page!**

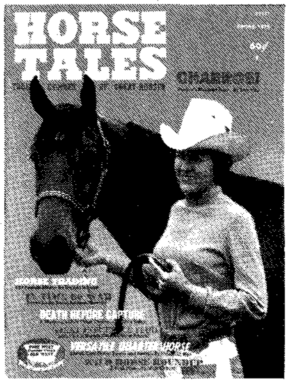
*** YESTERDAY'S BARGAIN RATES NOW! ***

WANDERLUST (W) The only magazine of its kind—something brand new under the sun—**true**, swashbuckling travel-adventure stories of far-away places with hard-to-pronounce names! **Charter subscription rates! 6 issues, $3.00. EXTRA SPECIAL! 12 issues, $5.00. Quarterly now; Bi-monthly soon! Current is 3rd issue. Specify subscription to start with No. 1, 2 or 3.**

HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES (HFT) WRITTEN WHEN IT HAPPENED! Only one of its kind—actual accounts taken from old newspapers or penned by oldtimers in the 1800s—quaint writing, intensely interesting. Exclusive facsimile re-issue of a RARE old magazine— less than six complete sets in existence! **$6.00 for 1 year (12 monthly issues); $11.00 for 2 years (24 monthly issues).**


FRONTIER TIMES

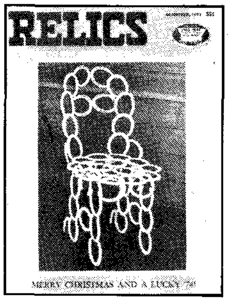

WANDERLUST
TRUE ADVENTURE IN FAR PLACES
SECRETS OF A HAREM GIRL
BERBER CAVE-DWELLERS
SEE BACK COVER!
DANGERS OF THE AMAZON HEADWATERS

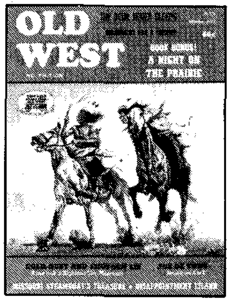

HORSE TALES

OLD WEST (OW) Same format as TRUE WEST AND FRONTIER TIMES—put out solely to accommodate the reader who wants more than 12 issues a year or the reader who can get along with four. (Either way, it's sure a bargain!) **$2.00 for 1 year (4 issues); $3.50 for 2 years (8 issues)**

RELICS (R) Can't afford Louis XIV? Can't afford to dabble in futures? Some of the later collectibles are hotter than the real antiques and pay better dividends than the stock market! **$2.00 for 1 year (6 issues); $3.50 for 2 years (12 issues).**

BADMAN (B) Rustlers, gunfighters, train robbers, renegades—and the lawmen who chased them! **Nos. 1 thru 3 available at 60¢ each. Mark block B in coupon, and indicate number (or numbers) desired.**


RELICS
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A LUCKY '76



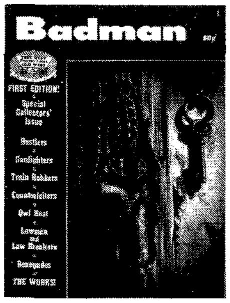
HORSE TALES (HT) TRUE STORIES OF GREAT HORSES. Something different in horse magazines. Horsedom (all breeds) at its best in the biggest roundup of TRUE horse stories ever presented in magazine form. If you are even slightly interested in horses, you'll love Horse Tales—or money refunded. **Charter subscription rates! 6 issues, $3.00. EXTRA SPECIAL! 12 issues, $5.00. Quarterly now; Bi-monthly soon! Current is 3rd issue. Specify subscription to start with no. 1, 2, or 3.**

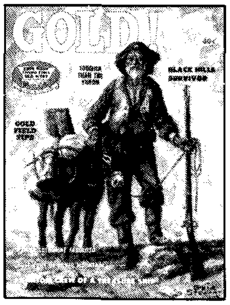
GOLD! (G) *Published at irregular intervals for treasure hunters. Lost mines, ghost towns and old camps, outlaw caches and other sub-surface "banks."* **Nos. 1 thru 7 available a 60¢ each. Mark block G in coupon, and indicate number (or numbers) desired.**

**** NOW CELEBRATING OUR 20TH ANNIVERSARY! ****

*** BELOW ***

Western Publication Annuals, Our BONUS Titles!


Badman
FIRST EDITION!
Special Collectors' Issue
Rustlers
Gunfighters
Train Robbers
Counterfeiters
Owl Hoot
Lawmen and Law Breakers
Renegades
THE WORKS!


GOLD!
BLACK HILLS SURVIVOR

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P. O. Box 3338- FT, Austin, Texas 78764

Please circle length of subscription (1 or 2 yr.) within the appropriate coded block.

1 yr. | TW/FT | 2 yr.   1 yr. | OW | 2 yr.   1 yr. | R | 2 yr.   1 yr. | HFT | 2 yr.

1 yr. | HT | 2 yr. | Start with issue 1 2 3   1 yr. | W | 2 yr. | Start with issue 1 2 3

W. P. ANNUALS: G Send me ________ issues. B Send me ________ issues.

I enclose check/money order for $______________.

NAME ______________________________

ADDRESS ______________________________

CITY ______________ STATE ______________ ZIP ______________

(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

ANOTHER UNBELIEVABLE FIRST FOR D-TEX

ALL NEW D-TEX "COINSHOOTER"

ositively Differentiates Between Trash and Treasure.

Bill and Lorraine Kueter with 6 of their 8 children test the new D-TEX "COINSHOOTER". Coin hunting is their specialty with over 13,000 coins plus numerous rings and other jewelry found in the last 15 months. They are members of The Prospector Club of Southern California. Camping and coin shooting is the family hobby. After testing, Bill says the "COINSHOOTER" is the detector for him.

A VACATION THAT PAYS – THE D-TEX WAY

⋆ IN FAMILY TOGETHERNESS ⋆ IN FUN FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY ⋆ IN CASH MONEY IN THE FORM OF OLD VALUABLE COINS, RINGS & JEWELRY ⋆ IN MORE GOOD FINDS IN LESS TIME – ELIMINATES UNNECESSARY DIGGING ⋆ WITH THE ALL NEW D-TEX "COINSHOOTER" YOU MAY SEARCH THE AREAS WHERE OTHER DETECTORS GIVE UP ⋆ TAKES THE FRUSTRATION OUT OF COIN SHOOTING ⋆ THE ONLY DETECTOR THAT POSITIVELY DIFFERENTIATES BETWEEN TRASH AND TREASURE.

FAR EXCEEDS ALL OTHER MAKES OF DIFFERENTIAL AND ANALYTICAL TYPE DETECTORS.

REJECTS: Bottle caps, foil, nails and other ferrous and non-ferrous trash.

DETECTS: Silver, gold or copper coins, gold rings and other jewelry.

LOGICAL SPOTS: School yards, old churches, playgrounds, swimming beaches, old picnic areas, carnival sites, old houses. Even the recreation vehicle camp grounds. Around each camp area and the playground.

REMEMBER – EVERY PLACE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN, COINS AND JEWELRY HAVE BEEN LOST.

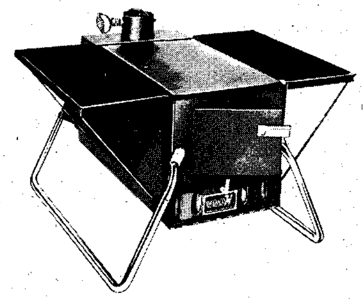
The Coinshooter is made in two models, "COINSHOOTER I" and "COINSHOOTER II". Both models reject sea water and may be used on the beach with no interference from the water. Easily detects gold and silver doubloons and pieces of eight in the sand and under sea water. The most efficient detector for beach combing at any price.

Write Today for our folder on the "Coinshooter" or our catalog of all D-Tex units with folder included.

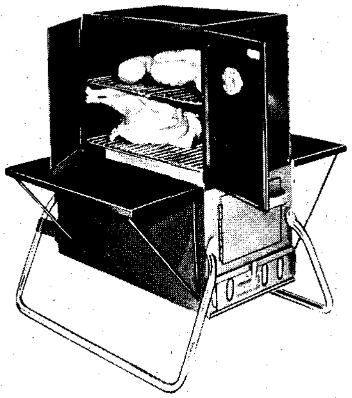
THE FIRST REALLY NEW TREASURE LOCATOR IN 30 YEARS!

P.O. BOX 451-F5
D-TEX ELECTRONICS
Garland, Texas 75040
614 EASY ST. – PH. 272-2622

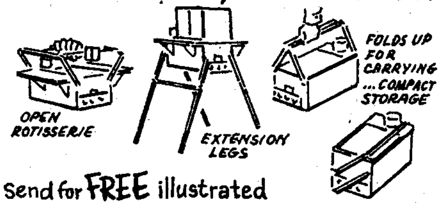
BEST
COOKER!
BEST
WARMER!



the RAEMCO 7 IN 1



★Charcoal Broil ★ Smoke Cook ★ Roast Bake ★ Barbeque (Rotisserie) ★ Fry ★Space Heat! The 7 In 1 fires up in minutes...heats for hours, unattended. The most versatile stove for campers, use it indoors, outdoors; on trips or at home! Burns wood, charcoal for the most delicious meals; warmest heater ever!


OPEN ROTISSERIE
EXTENSION LEGS
FOLDS UP FOR CARRYING ...COMPACT STORAGE

Send for FREE illustrated booklet, uses, prices.

RAEMCO, SOMERVILLE, 16 N.J. 08876
Please send FREE information on RAEMCO 7 in 1
MY NAME__________
STREET__________
CITY__________ ZIP__________ STATE__________

FRONTIER TIMES

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

June-July, 1974
Volume 48, No. 4
New Series No. 90

True Stories of the West!

PAT WAGNER Editor
JOE AUSTELL SMALL Publisher
ROBERT SMALL General Mgr.

Mary Sanders Editorial Asst.
Sue Ashley Design/Production
Marilyn White Circulation Mgr.
Mildred Holley Advertising

> *"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."*—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

FRONTIER POST 4
U. S. MARSHAL RED LUCAS . . . . . John Wallace 6
"NOBODY IS MY NAME" . . . . . Bill Rakocy 12
VALLECITO'S TREASURES . . . . . Maurice Kildare 18
FRENCH RUNAWAY IN ARIZONA . . . . . Dee Davis 20
A MOST EXTRAORDINARY FUGITIVE . . . . . Ethel Bangert 25
MYSTERY PRIEST'S CACHE . . . . . Ben Townsend 26
LIFE ON AN IDAHO CATTLE RANCH . . . . . Butch Clark 28
KANAKA JOE . . . . . Ruth M. Herberg 32
QUEEN OF THE UTAH GOLD CAMPS . . . . . George A. Thompson 34
NUGGETS 36
IKE DOTSON WAS HARD TO KILL . . . . . Sam Dotson 39
TRAILS GROWN DIM 48
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP . . . . . The Old Bookaroos 60

Cover: Ed Cooper
Washington Sunset, San Juan Islands

FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78764. 60c per copy, $6.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $7.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas and at additional entry Dallas, Texas. Copyright 1974 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required for change of subscriber's address.

Manuscripts, artwork, and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped envelope with all submissions. Please inquire before sending in original art.

You Can Still Acquire Public Land

Would you believe:

- 40 ACRE RECREATION SITES in Minnesota as low as $2.50 an Acre?
- SUMMER HOMESITES in Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington and many other states for lease at only $30 per year?
- CALIFORNIA RECREATION AREAS as low as $15 per Acre?
- ALASKA WATERFRONT Vacation Cabins that rent for only $2.00 per day?

Seem too good to be true? Not really. Countless bargains like these are just a few of the many new Government land offerings listed in a recent issue of the **GOVERNMENT LANDS DIGEST.**

The land still is plentiful and the prices low because the vast majority of the American public is completely unaware of the many opportunities that exist today in Government land. By taking a few minutes to read this bulletin, you will have taken the first step toward joining a select, well-informed group. Many Americans dream of owning their own land, but few realize that literally MILLIONS of acres are available from Federal, State and local Government agencies . . . for almost every conceivable use . . . farming, business, homesites, hunting, fishing, etc.

GOVERNMENT LANDS DIGEST is published monthly to keep you informed of the many new Government land opportunities that are available to you. During the course of a year, we'll list Government land offerings in almost every one of the 50 States . . . and not only Federal Government lands, but State and municipal as well! No other publication today covers the entire Government land field so completely. We offer the only service that monitors these sales and describes them for you. Your chance of acquiring a parcel for a low price in a limited market never will be better than now.

A subscription to our magazine costs $5.00 a year. Our sole function is to inform you what Government lands are available and the minimum price for which they can be bought. We receive no sale commissions nor do we profit from any purchase you might make. Thus, we make no attempt to "push" the land at you with exaggerated claims or high pressure tactics.

FREE BONUS FOR YOU! As an extra bonus for ordering now, we'll send you absolutely FREE a copy of our Exclusive Copyrighted Report, **GOVERNMENT LAND OPPORTUNITIES.** *Look at just a* few of the subjects covered . . .

- SUMMER HOMESITES — in beautiful unspoiled Forest Areas!
- PUBLIC AUCTIONS — general laws explained.
- MINERAL PROSPECTING — staking a mining claim.
- SMALL TRACTS of 1 to 5 Acres — available for almost any purpose!
- ALASKA — "Land of Opportunity"
- LAND SURVEY SYSTEM — information a person should know.

You'll be thrilled with the many little-known opportunities that exist for those who are informed! Thousands of copies of **GOVERNMENT LAND OPPORTUNITIES** have been sold for as much as $2.00. Yet, it's yours FREE with your 1 year subscription to **GOVERNMENT LANDS DIGEST!** This offer is good for only a limited time, so order TODAY!

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY. Simply enclose the following subscription order form along with payment and your first issue of **GOVERNMENT LANDS DIGEST,** along with your FREE copy of **GOVERNMENT LAND OPPORTUNITIES,** will be sent to you by return mail. This could be the best investment you ever made!

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

GOVERNMENT LANDS DIGEST
P.O. BOX 25561 DEPT. 507
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98125

I enclose $5.00 (cash, check or money order). Enter my subscription to **GOVERNMENT LANDS DIGEST** for one year . . . and send my FREE BONUS copy of **GOVERNMENT LAND OPPORTUNITIES.**

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

JEEP OWNERS
PICK UP OWNERS
FISHERMEN
HUNTERS

FREE
100 page
CATALOG

"BAJA-PROVEN"®

Honest tire information you can trust plus 100's of things you've been looking for and some you've never seen!

NORSEMAN TIRES
by ARMSTRONG

SET OF 4 TIRES & SUPER WIDE CEPEK WHEELS only $196.95

- FLOTATION TIRES & WHEELS
- UNIQUE OFF-ROAD & CAMPING EQUIPMENT
- 12 volt ¼" drill
- Quartz - halogen driving lights
- Roof racks
- Roll bars
- Winches
- G.I. surplus goodies
- Books
- Sleeping bags
- Tents
- Guns
- Fishing rods
- Portable 12 volt camp shower unit
- Survival equipment

Please send me your FREE 100-Page Catalog!
Name
Address
City State
Zip
FOREIGN & AIRMAIL REQUESTS-S1

SEND TODAY!—INCLUDE ZIP CODE

DICK CEPEK
Dept. WP
9201 CALIFORNIA AVE.
SOUTH GATE, CA 90280

Announcing
THE BANDITTI
OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS
AND
VIGILANCE COMMITTEE
IN IDAHO

An Authentic Record of Startling Adventures in the Gold Mines of Idaho

Originally published in 1865 (only three original copies remain in existence), this book gives an accurate historical account of crimes committed during the early days of the Idaho Territory (Idaho, Montana and Wyoming), and of the vigilante committees which finally brought law and order to the area.

Reprints of this old book, which is softbound in imitation leather and contains copies of the original pictures and some old maps, are now available to the general public. The price is $5.95, with postage, carton and handling being 55¢ extra. Send check or money order in the amount of $6.50 per copy to:

THE CLEARWATER PUBLISHERS
Dept. B12, P.O. Box 3129, University Station
Moscow, Idaho 83843

FRONTIER POST

Whalyn's Wild West Show

I am past eighty years old and am a veteran of the first World War. I have spent a lot of time in the Veterans Home. Some time ago some kind person left some back issues of FRONTIER TIMES here for us old soldiers to read. I was interested in the July '71 story, "Little Jo" written by Roger Rickert.

Andy Whalyn, the person that he wrote about that had the first Western motion picture west of the Mississippi, also owned Whalyn's Wild West Show. Andy had a son named Cressie whom I knew well. He directed the American Legion Band for more than ten years. Cressie was a part of that Wild West Show and his dad shot marbles off his head and never missed. Andy and Cressie were good friends of Buffalo Bill. Their motion picture was short—it was through in about ten minutes—but was a big drawing gimmick. The main show was on stage—sharpshooting, bullwhips, rope spinning, etc.

I grew up in Independence, Iowa and remember the wagons that Roger Rickert wrote about. They rotted away under some cottonwood trees on the old Whalyn Farm that was mentioned in the story. Vandals entered the Whalyn mansion after Mrs. Whalyn was shot, and the old motion picture machine and that historic old film were taken.

Andy Whalyn spent his last years with the Glen Schuck family in Reinbeck, Iowa. He died about 1934 and is buried in the Lincoln Township cemetery not far from the Whalyn farm. Cress Whalyn, if he is still alive, might be living somewhere in Southern California.

I enjoyed every story in that collection of FRONTIER TIMES, and my thanks go out to the young lady who loaned them to us old soldiers to read.—William H. Burns, Iowa Soldiers Home, Marshalltown, Iowa 50158

Editor's note: More are on the way.

Whiskey Bill

I heard a song sung by cowboys while I was still a button, but I can't find it in any collection of cowboy songs and the only lines I remember are these:

Whiskey Bill, mad Whiskey Bill!
A-comin' down the road gun in hand,
Lookin' for some place to land!

If any reader has the words to this song or can tell me where to find it I will be eternally grateful.—Maurice Kildare, c/o. Western Publications, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764

Cripple Creek Pioneer

My father was born September 8, 1856 near Henderson, Kentucky. His parents' names are unknown. He was christened Millard Fillmore Waldron. He had two brothers, Will and George; two sisters Fannie and Alice.

About 1860, the family moved by ox-cart to Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Part of the battle of Baton Rouge was fought on the land my grandfather was farming. After the close of the Civil War, the family again moved, this time to East Texas, and settled near Wills Point, Mineola, and Sulphur Springs. My father as a boy worked at various jobs, farming and logging, and at whatever he could find to do at Henderson, Corsicana, Mineral Wells, and Cross Plains.

About 1890 he headed for Cripple Creek, Colorado and lived there from 1893 to 1907. Sometime during those years he married Elizabeth (last name unknown). They left Cripple Creek and moved to Littleton, Colorado where his wife died in 1908. He then moved to Corpus Christi, Texas, met and married my mother, Ethel Mae Monnett, and I was born in 1910.

I pretty well remember what has happened since. During his stay in Cripple Creek he found several rich veins of high grade ore. He became quite well known and moderately wealthy. He was also a building contractor in Cripple Creek, city building inspector, a deputy sheriff, and candidate for sheriff of Arapahoe County, Colorado of which Littleton is the county seat. Anyone having any information regarding my father from 1856 or his family to 1910, I would deeply appreciate hearing from them.—Frank M. Waldron, 1108 N. 27th Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85009

Map Dowsing

I need to find someone who can do Map Dowsing. I don't know any other way to get in contact with a person with this ability except through your magazines.—Kenneth R. Hansell, 2918-14th Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55007

Attention, Lamro Ex-Residents

From about 1906 until 1911 the town of Lamro, South Dakota flourished and was a lively town; also it was the county seat of Tripp County. It was situated at the forks of Dog Ear and Mud Creeks about 2½ miles southeast of present-day Winner. There were various stores, livery barn, garage, bank, saloon, a local paper and more.

There were also cement sidewalks on Main Street, a cemetery, and a five-room school. But the railroad missed the town and everything moved to Winner. I understand there's been a cornfield there since, and that there is no trace of the cemetery. Also I heard that the cement vault behind the courthouse is the only evidence there was ever a town there.

This was a sizeable place with a ball

(Continued on page 56)

TRUE
FOR TODAY'S ACTIVE MAN
TRUE
PAUL NEWMAN

SPECIAL OFFER

TRUE

FOR TODAY'S ACTIVE MAN

12 months ONLY $3.50

Half Price!

Less than 30¢ a copy!

Enjoy the next 12 exciting issues of TRUE at HALF PRICE!

TRUE is written for today's active man. This fall our readers enjoyed Ted Trueblood's tips on taking grouse. They learned ways to hunt pheasant after opening day, found out how to get the jump on ducks, got helpful hints on camouflaging and game calling, and sat in on the great debate between Warren Page and Jack O'Connor. Two of the greatest gun experts of all time presenting their choice, detailing their reasons, letting you decide for yourself what is the best big-game rifle for you!

As the seasons change, so does TRUE's outdoor reporting. In the months ahead, we'll be offering fishermen the expert opinions of Harold Blaisdell and Ted James on trout, Grits Gresham on bass, George Heinhold on stripers, Larry Green on sturgeon, Byron Dalrymple on walleye and other great angling features. Informative articles and exciting stories by top outdoor writers that you will want to read, reread and share with your sportsmen friends. These alone would make TRUE well worth this special price but there's more.

TRUE's reporting goes far beyond the out of doors and cover a wide range of worthwhile subjects. You will not be served a smorgasbord of sensationalism and sex but a balanced fare of factual articles, stories and reports.

TRUE has taken its readers to the wilds of Borneo with the authentic adventure of a young scientist who was adopted by primitive headhunters. We have presented the Army's race to perfect the Death Ray; the secret training of the CIA; the diary of a skyjacker; the inside story of the Mafia assassination squads; and the claim of double-agent Dusko Popov that he warned J. Edgar Hoover about the Pearl Harbor attack months in advance!

And there's still more to TRUE . . . much more of interest and value. Regular helpful columns: Man and His Health—Behind the Wheel—This is True—Man and His Money—Trueviews. Special short features: This Funny Life, TRUE'S Contest, Strange But True, Man to Man Answers, It Happened in Sports and the zany cartoons of Virgil Partch. Order TRUE for men . . . you'll like what we offer!

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY

Act now! Don't lose out on the inside info on crime, police work, politics and people, the new discoveries in science and medicine, the exciting outdoor coverage, sports features, helpful advice and practical ideas found in TRUE!

The regular annual price is $7.00. You pay only $3.50—50% discount. That's less than 30¢ an issue!

Have TRUE delivered to your home each month at HALF PRICE . . . its the man's magazine that your whole family will want to read!

If you don't want to cut this magazine—order on a plain sheet of paper, but act now!

TRUE FAWCETT PLACE
GREENWICH, CONN. 06830

OK! Here's my payment. Send me TRUE:
☐ 1 year only $3.50 ☐ 2 years only $7.00

MY NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY____________________
STATE________________ZIP________

Offer good to US, Canadian, APO & FPO addresses only. **P6004**

THE STORY OF A U. S. MARSHAL

RED LUCAS

He left a record of 3,600 arrests!

BY JOHN WALLACE

Photos Courtesy Author

"SIT yourself down, man, you look a little tired. We can talk as soon as I have finished these papers."

Orrington Lucas eased down into a chair in front of the Judge's desk. The ride down to Fort Smith had been a long one and it felt good to sit on something that wasn't moving. The harsh appearance of the stone commissary building was deceptive—inside, the Judge's quarters were quite comfortable.

The Judge meanwhile had attacked the sheaf of documents even before Lucas had sat down—sorting all, signing some, setting others aside. Not much emotion on his face, Lucas mused to himself. Probably some of them are death warrants.

Judge Isaac Charles Parker was an even larger man than Lucas had expected, well over six feet tall, with a thick brush and goatee, broad shoulders, and a square jaw that looked as if it had been hewn out of a piece of left-over stone from the building.

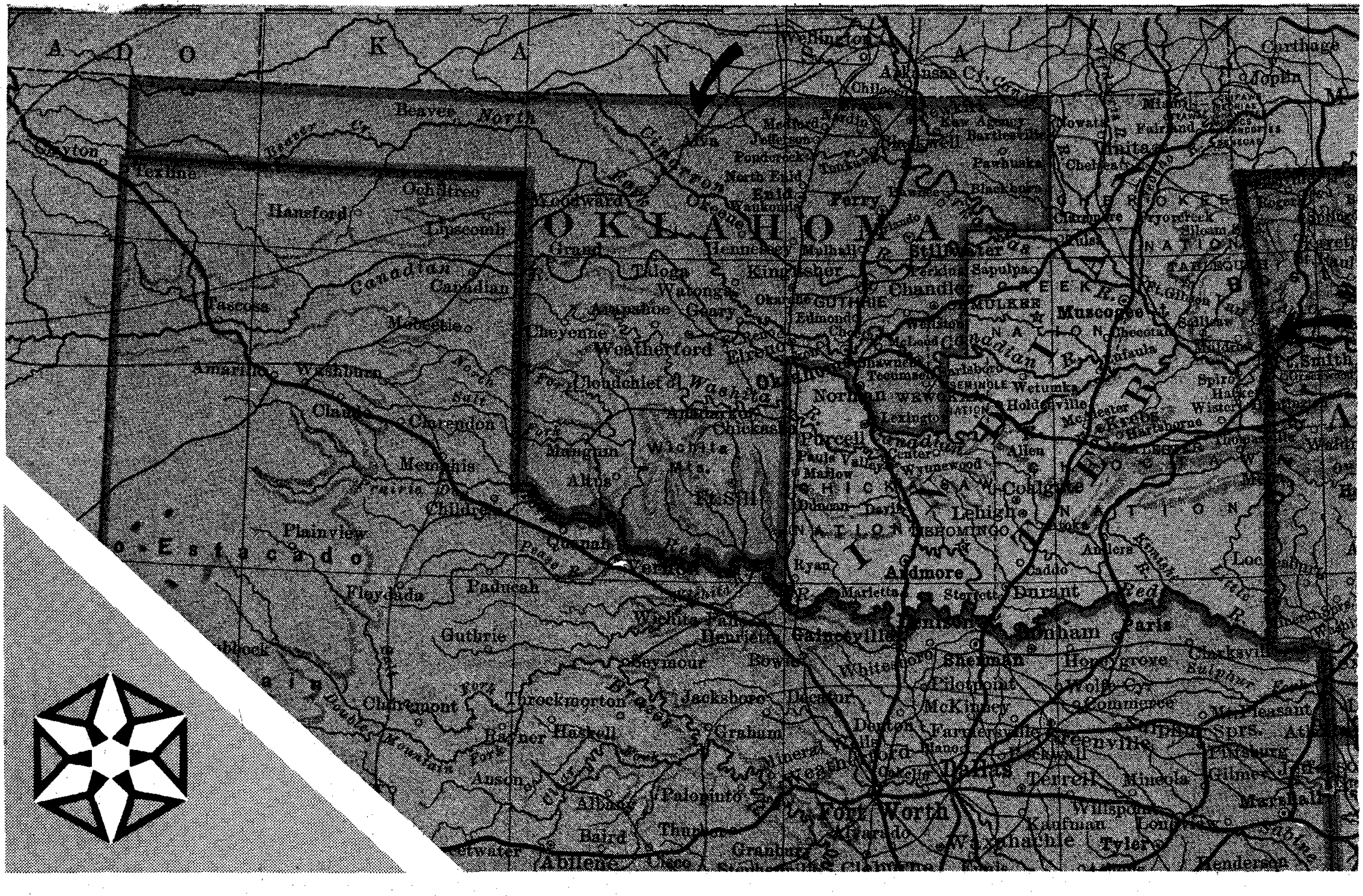
But if his appearance was impressive, Judge Parker's reputation was even more imposing. This was the magistrate who, Lucas had heard tell, could silence an attorney and send him to his seat simply by pointing a finger at him. And it must not be all talk, Lucas thought. On his way to see the Judge he had passed what was perhaps the most fearful symbol of the court's authority. Even now, seated in Judge Parker's office, Lucas was able to see over the man's shoulder and through the window the massive gallows in the courtyard below not a hundred yards away.

The year was 1882, a warm, balmy September. Earlier that month, Lucas had ridden by train with his family to his father's new farm at Baxter Springs, Kansas. There he had said his goodbyes and struck out for Fort Smith in western Arkansas. Now at last he was seated in Parker's office.

Riding for Judge Parker in the Indian Territory promised plenty of action and adventure—if one could believe the newspapers—and that prospect had lured Orrington Lucas to Fort Smith. By comparison with the Judge, Lucas must have

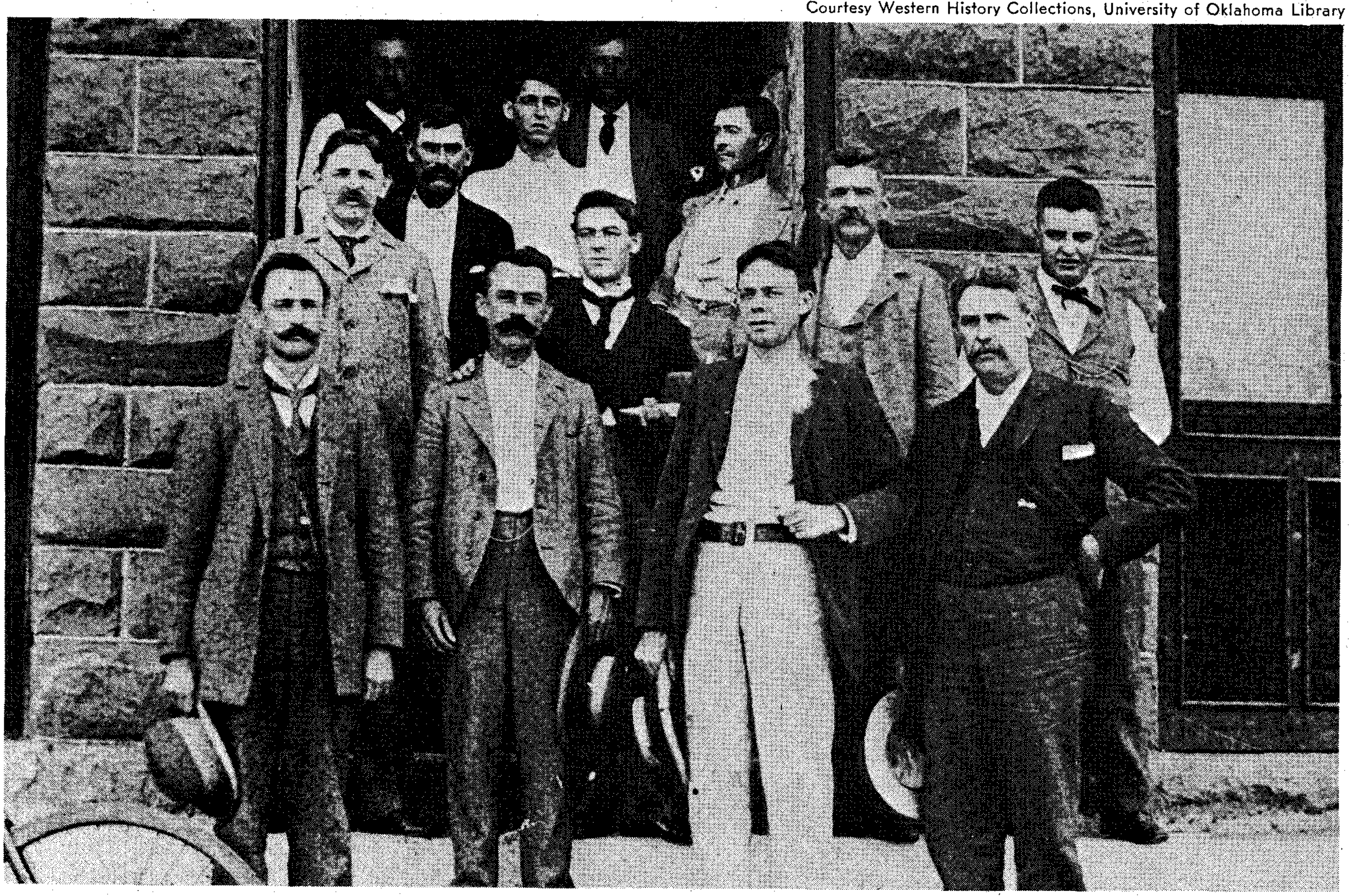
Oklahoma between 1890 and 1906, when Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory—the "twin territories"—stood side by side. Many of the towns in which Red Lucas lived and worked, from Fort Smith in western Arkansas to Alva in north-central Oklahoma Territory, are shown.

Map Courtesy Author

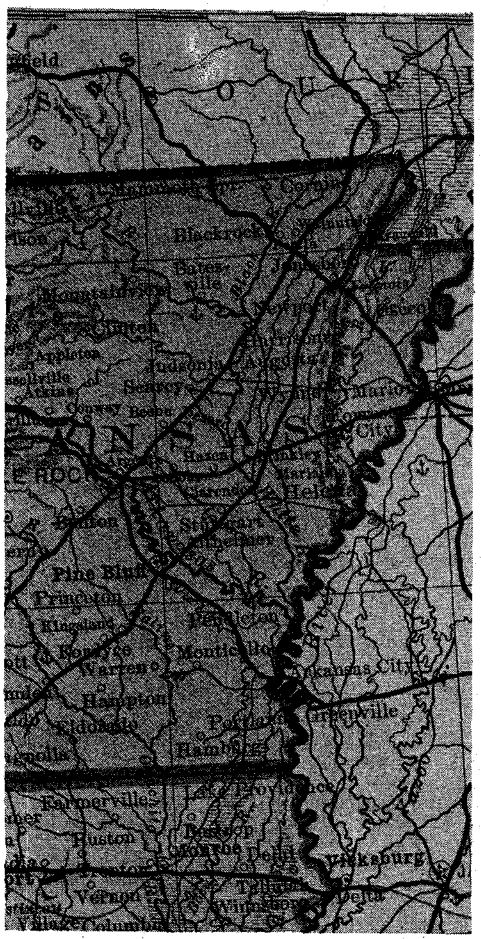


OKLAHOMA
Alva
Beaver
Woodward
Enid
North Enid
Perry
Stillwater
Guthrie
Chandler
Kingfisher
Sapulpa
Muscogee
Ft. Smith
Cheyenne
Weatherford
El Reno
Norman
Purcell
Ardmore
Durant
Paris
Sherman
Denison
Gainesville
Fort Worth
Dallas
Amarillo
Wellington
Arkansas City
Vinita
Joplin
Carthage
Wichita Mts.
Ft. Sill
Mangum
Altus
Lehigh
Coalgate
Canadian

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library



Group of Oklahoma lawmen in 1895, probably in Guthrie. U. S. Marshal Evett Dumas Nix, under whom Lucas worked as a deputy, stands on the far left in the second row. Caleb R. Brooks, a U. S. District Attorney, is on the far right in the front row. The balance of the men, all Deputy U. S. Marshals, are unidentified.



looked some less than his twenty-four years. He had a modestly swooping moustache, a shock of flaming red hair and a rather frail frame which his family described as lanky and his friends called gangling. Because of his hair he had acquired the nickname "Red" when he was still a child. He and his twin brother, Worrington, had been born on the family farm in Warren County, Ohio on June 21, 1858. Harveysburg was the nearest town.

Before the twins were a year old the family moved west into Indiana, settling at Eaton in Delaware County about six miles north of Muncie. Here the boys had grown up. Their mother, Margaret Scroggy, was of Irish descent, a native of Greenbriar River, West Virginia.

EVER SINCE the age of fifteen Red Lucas had yearned to be a lawman. He once had journeyed to Muncie and had managed to wrangle a job as a detective with that town's police department. His particular skill at affecting disguises necessary in the course of several investigations had impressed even a few of the older crusts favorably. He now hoped that experience would qualify him to work for Judge Parker for, by the time his family had decided upon the move to Kansas, Red Lucas had made up his mind to ride south and apply for a deputy's commission.

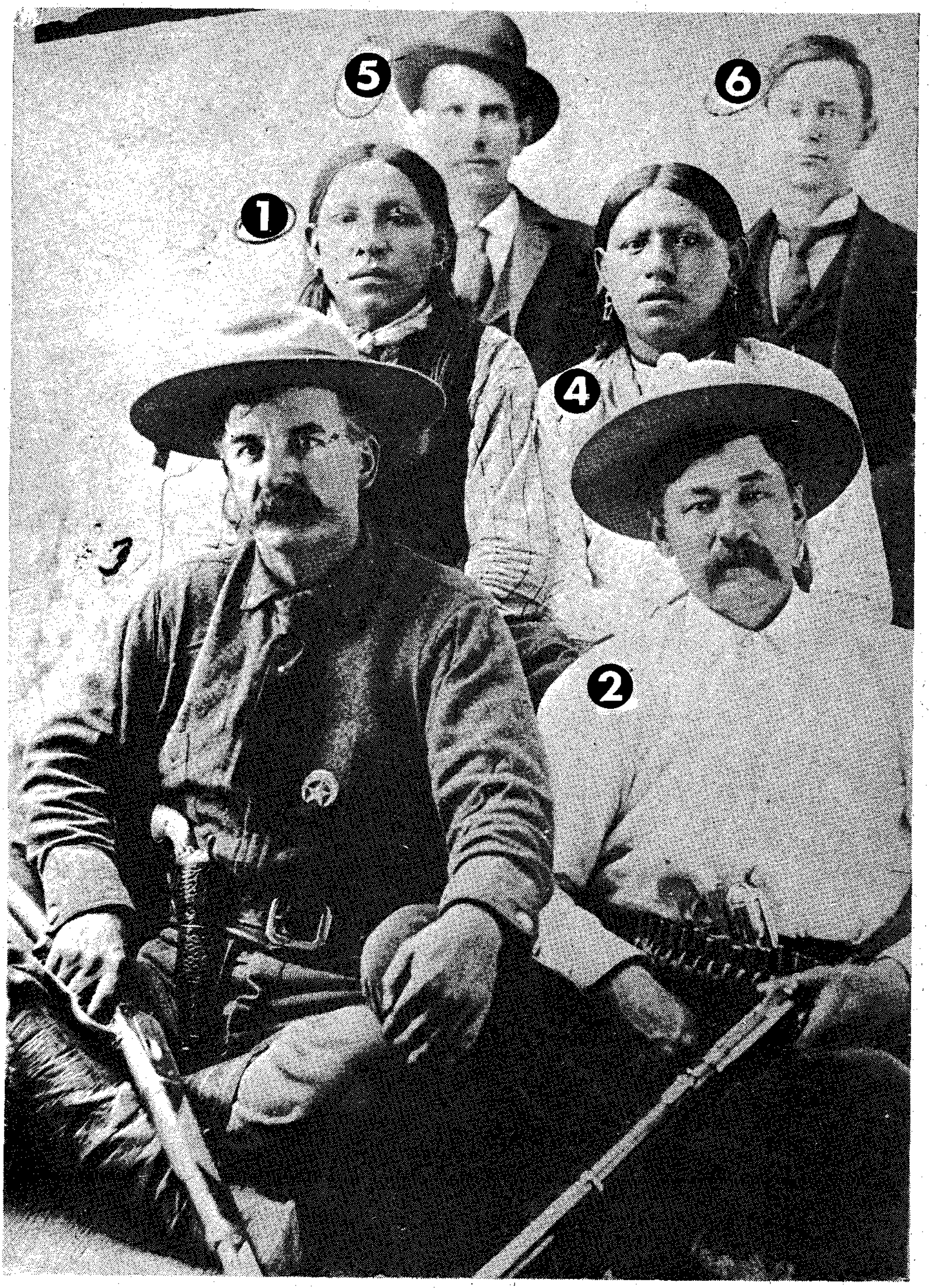
If hired, Lucas would join a force of 200 marshals working out of Fort Smith in an attempt to keep law and order in the immense reaches of the Indian Territory (Oklahoma). The marshals worked for the federal court—the Western District of Arkansas to which the Indian Territory had been attached—over which Judge Parker had presided since his appointment in 1875. This federal court provided travelers and settlers alike their only protection from the great numbers of outlaws who took refuge in the Territory.

"Your qualifications appear more satisfactory than most, Lucas." Judge Parker's deep voice boomed Lucas back to full consciousness. While Lucas had half-drowsed in his chair in the warm room, Parker had completed his own paperwork and had begun to leaf through the small packet of complimentary letters and reports which Lucas had placed on the desk as he sat down.

"We can't pay you a salary, as you must know. You'll have to get by on fees and mileage—that's where our boys sometimes manage to make a profit," Parker continued. Lucas sat erect, listening closely. "A marshal on official business gets six cents a mile, half a dollar for serving papers, a dollar a day for expenses while chasing outlaws, and two dollars for an arrest—if he can present all receipts and vouchers in order.

"Our marshals are expected to go where we send them—and that includes any and all parts of the Territory. Once you get your man, you'll have to live with him and care for him till you can get him back here to Fort Smith. You'll

Courtesy Glenn Shirley Western Collection



Above: Henry Andrew "Heck" Thomas, left front, a Deputy U. S. Marshal with whom Lucas worked on several occasions, shown in 1894 while tracking the Doolin Gang after the bank robbery at Pawnee, Oklahoma. Others pictured are: (2) Morris Robacker, (1) Spotted Dog Eater, (4) Howling Wolf, (5) Mr. Havinghorst, U. S. Court Clerk, and (6) Roy Hoffman, U. S. Attorney.

feed him on seventy-five cents a day we allow per prisoner, but you'll take care of your own food for yourself and your guards. And if you have to hire a posse or purchase information, that also must come out of your own funds. And it's best to bring in your prisoners alive. In the case of those you kill, you forfeit the dollar-a-day expense money for those days you spent in chasing them down.

"Well, what do you say? Still eager to be a U. S. deputy?" Parker relaxed momentarily and folded his hands in front of him on the desk.

"Yes sir," Lucas replied without hesitation. "It's what I want to do."

"Good, that's just fine. I'll deputize you and then you go look up Colonel John Carroll, my marshal for this district. We've been having some trouble of late with holdups and whiskey peddling on the mail stage route between here and Muskogee and I expect Marshal Carroll will agree with my suggestion that you had best look into that as soon as you can."

Red Lucas smiled and shook Parker's large hand and turned to leave. He was a U. S. deputy marshal and already had his first assignment.

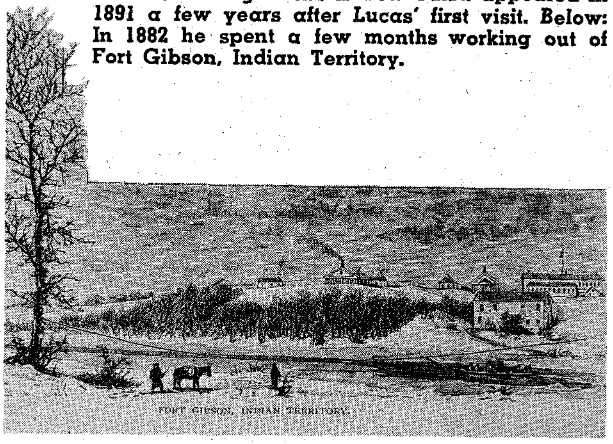
The stagecoach for the Fort Smith-Muskogee 100-mile mail route was owned jointly by Rist McDonald and Cab Bruce, who received a stipend from the government for carrying the mail and ten dollars per passenger. In a conference with Carroll the next day, it was decided that Lucas could best investigate the holdups by posing as a stage driver. McDonald and Bruce had established four relay stands along the route where the stages acquired fresh horses and picked up passengers. Lucas began driving the route immediately.

The first stand was ten miles west of Fort Smith and the second was about one and a half miles northwest of Sallisaw at Old Man Childer's place. Childer, an Indian who reputedly lived to be 125, owned a six-horse stand, managed a modest inn, and had a large barn available for the relay horses. Lucas reached Childer's stand about 11 p.m. the night of his first run.

The route then crossed the Big Vian and Little Vian, two mountain streams that ran south; forded the Big Sallisaw and Little Sallisaw; and crossed the Arkansas River about two miles below the Illinois River. From the Arkansas

Below left: This view of Second and Boston Streets, looking south, is how Tulsa appeared in 1891 a few years after Lucas' first visit. Below: In 1882 he spent a few months working out of Fort Gibson, Indian Territory.

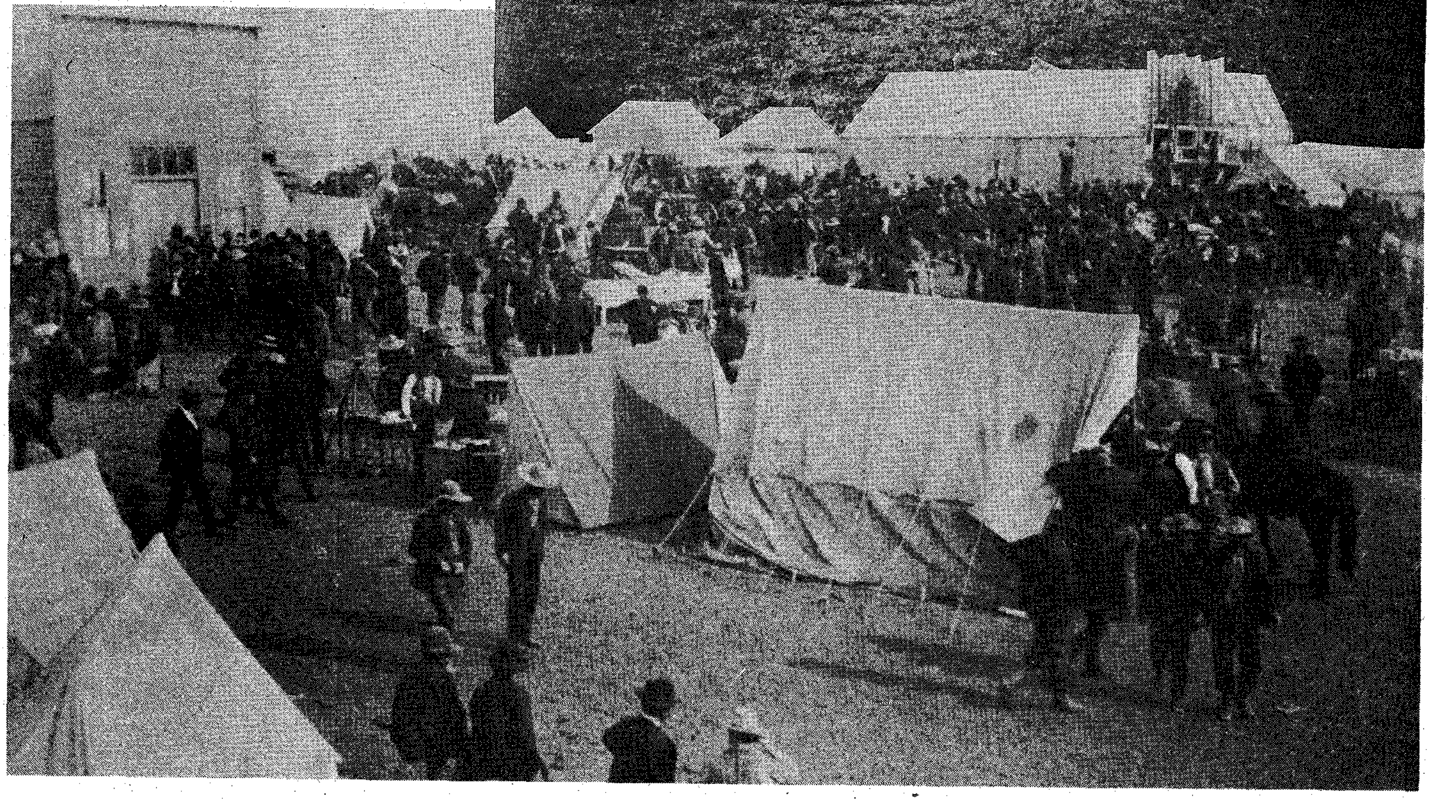
Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library


FORT GIBSON, INDIAN TERRITORY.

Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western History Department

Photos this page Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Right: Voting for the first mayor of Guthrie, Oklahoma in 1889 before any building had begun. Below: Street scene in Guthrie ten days after the opening. Lucas participated in the run and obtained two town lots.



the road led a couple miles to the third relay station, Webbers Falls, where most stage drivers made their headquarters at the McDaniels Hotel. The route then forged northwest across Dirty Creek to the fourth station atop Brush Mountain. From there it was an easy twelve miles on to Muskogee.

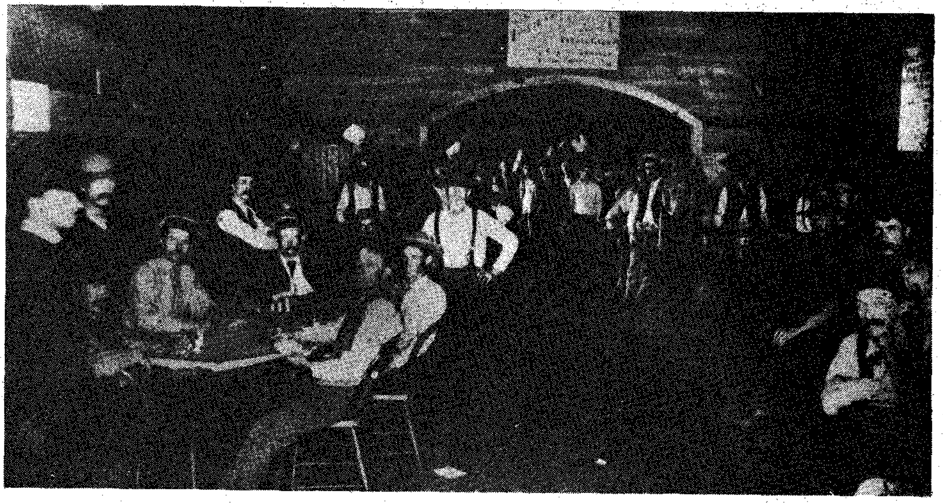
LUCAS had been cautioned to pay special attention to the country just east of the Big Sallisaw where most of the holdups had occurred. On his first run he spotted a lone cabin close by the Big Sallisaw and another shack off the road between the Big and Little Vian. Lucas suspected the second cabin as a likely hideout and decided to investigate on his next run.

Reining in his team and already figuring he would use the excuse of getting out of the cold, Lucas secured the stagecoach brake and advanced through the darkness to the cabin door. He knocked.

"Come in!" two voices hollered almost in unison.

Lucas entered to find two burly men, both with six-shooters in their hands and two-inch beards on their faces. The men were suspicious but not hostile. One turned to the other, laying his pistol down on the table, "It's okay, that's the stage driver."

Below: Interior of a saloon on Second Street in Guthrie which may have been the Reeves Brothers. It was in the Reeves' establishment that Lucas and his men saved the fortune of an old man whom the brothers had tried to cheat.

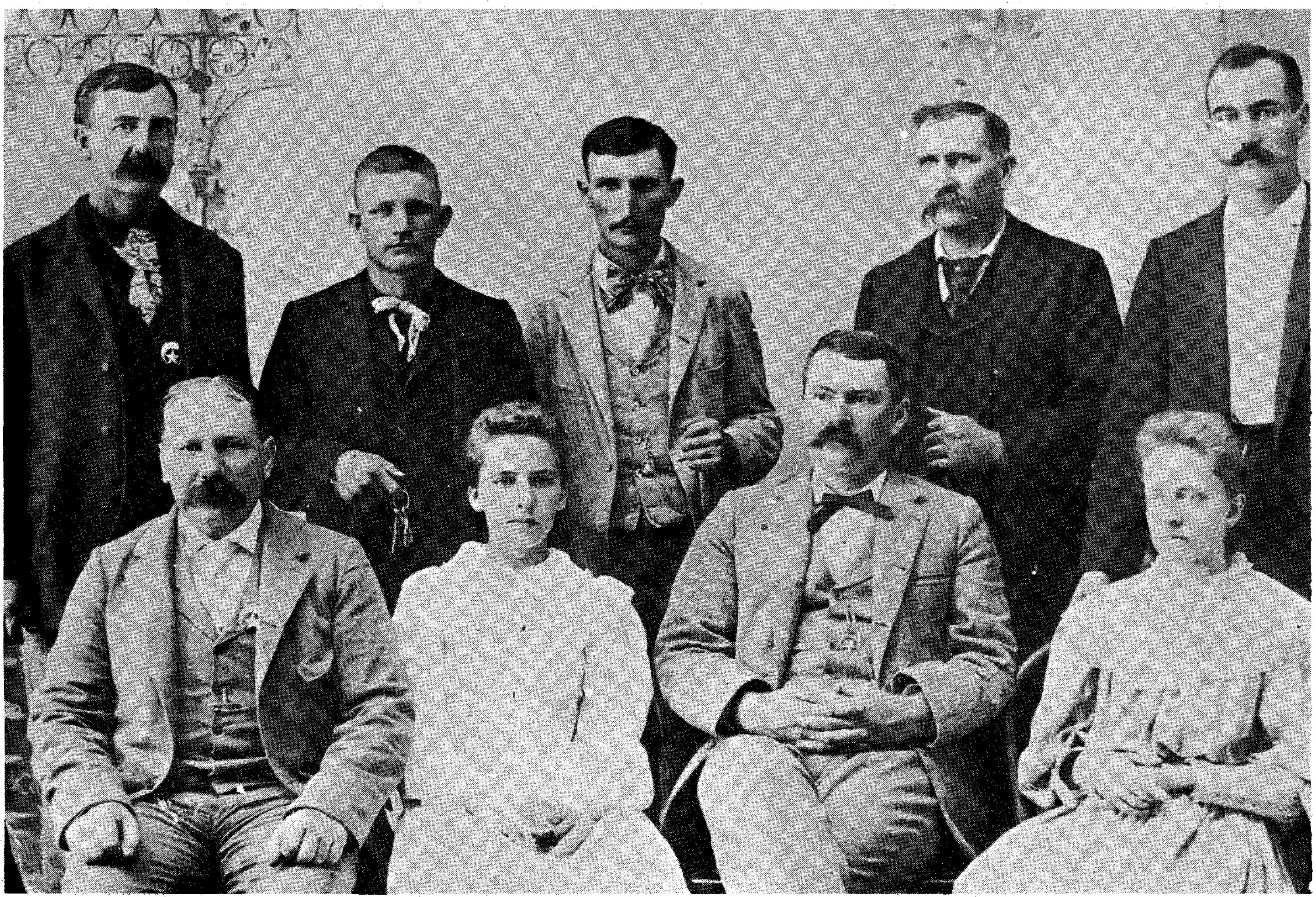


After some small talk one of the men asked about Heck Thomas, also a deputy marshal. "Out in No Man's Land," Lucas lied. Finally after about an hour Lucas took his leave and drove on to Fort Smith. There he reported to Judge Parker and U. S. Marshal Jack Yoes, "I believe I've got tabs on the men who've been holding up the mail."

"Get Heck Thomas and a stage driver and go after them," Parker replied. Lucas and Thomas followed the Judge's orders, got off the stage near the cabin, lay in wait three days, and apprehended both men, delivering them alive at Fort Smith. There were no more holdups on the Muskogee run.

Indian Territory in the 1850s had been

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma



Some lawmen of the Western District: seated left, Chris Madsen; William Grimes, U. S. Marshal; and the Hitchcock girls. Standing: left, Heck Thomas; a jailor; I. S. Proctor of El Reno; Tillman Dilly; and Warren Cleaver, Chief Clerk.

settled principally by squawmen, whiskey peddlers and outlaws whose desire to sell and buy liquor had led to a variety of illegal methods of commerce. Later in 1882 Judge Parker ordered Lucas, Heck Thomas and the Wilson brothers to arm themselves with John Doe warrants, make a swing around, and clean up whiskey peddlers and anyone else they found on the scout. Loading up a chuck-wagon and fixing up their horses, the lawmen headed southwest through the Chickasaw and Choctaw Nations following old cowtrails, searching any Indian camps and old shacks they came across. Prisoners were kept chained to the chuck-wagon. On that scout Lucas and Thomas lined up twenty-two desperadoes—whites, Negroes, Indians and mixed bloods. Still the lawmen managed to cover about twenty-five miles a day.

Most of the time Lucas and Thomas depended on cattle ranches to replenish their grub. But occasionally they struck a town and this time they swung around by Tulsa—three stores, a few houses, and a lot of timber. It was Lucas' first visit to the infant town. The officers bought supplies at Hall's store and then visited briefly the clapboard saloon across from the store where some cowboys were lounging and drinking five-ounce bottles of Jake.

Lucas and Thomas got their prisoners back to Fort Smith without incident. Lucas, at least, had come to realize in a short while that he never locked up a man at Fort Smith without feeling just a little bit of sympathy. Lucas always maintained that the worst thing about Judge Parker's court was the length of time prisoners and witnesses had to wait. Witnesses usually came such a long distance that they had to stay at Fort Smith once they had arrived. To insure that the witnesses did remain available, they were bonded and those who couldn't put up bond were jailed along with the criminals. Many an innocent man pleaded guilty to a minor crime—he had to stay in jail so long anyway that he reasoned he might as well serve time and get out that much sooner.

Before 1882 was out Lucas managed to get up to Fort Gibson for his first look around. The soldiers there took a liking to the young deputy and encouraged him to join them. Lucas gave soldiering a try for two days before deciding he preferred his own job. Still he spent a few months working out of the fort assisting the troopers in running down deserters. The government offered a $50 reward for each deserter returned to Fort Gibson. Lucas was surprised by the distance and hardship some soldiers underwent to escape capture.

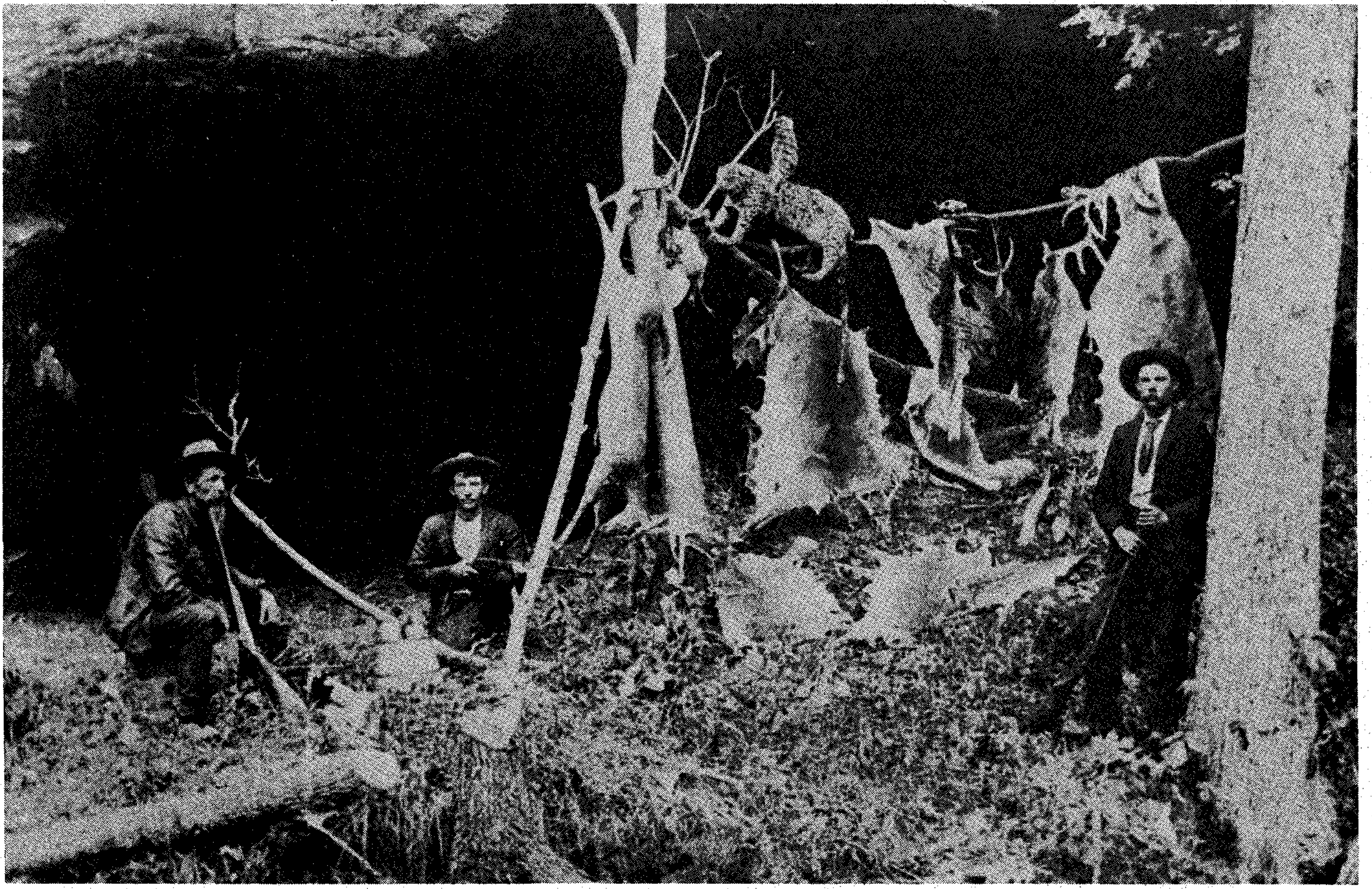
DURING the next couple years Lucas was used mostly in undercover work since his first mission as a stage driver had gone so well. In 1885 he was running a livery stable at Muskogee for Rube Evans and an Indian named Jackson. This was yet another method of getting in touch with outlaws since livery stables often served as places of protection and in fact some were run just for that purpose. Word had been sent to Lucas to watch for a horse trader known to be in the vicinity who was suspected of having killed his partner. A good description had been furnished so Lucas had no difficulty recognizing the suspect as he reined in in front of the stable one morning.

"Welcome, friend, what can I do for you?" Lucas asked. The lawman had been on his way from the barn back to his room and was unarmed. The suspect had a sizeable pistol holstered onto his waist.

"Just water and feed for my horse, and in a hurry. I'll be back shortly to pick him up," the stranger returned over his shoulder.

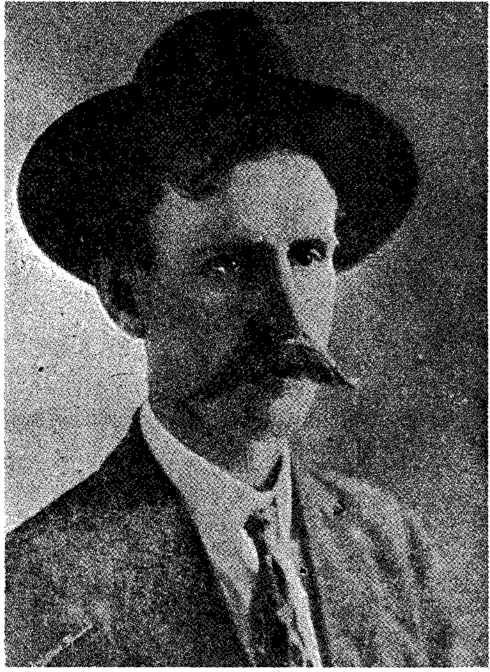
The suspect fit the description of one of two men who had been seen driving a herd of eighty Oregon horses through the area. The other man had been found dead the day before, presumably murdered by his partner. At any rate, Lucas had gone over to view the body—or what was left of it—where it had been found about halfway between Okmulgee and Muskogee. The dead partner's physical remains consisted only of his legs—the hogs had eaten the body

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library



Above: A hunter's camp at the mouth of Robbers' Cave in the Cherokee Strip in 1889.

Below: Tom "Arkansas Tom" Jones was a member of the Bill Doolin gang when Lucas was embroiled with them at Ingalls, Oklahoma.



Courtesy Denver Public Library,
Western History Department

down to the boots, which were the identification.

Earlier that morning Heck Thomas had left his single-footer at the livery barn and gone out to round up and bring in the loose horses, so Lucas was alone when the suspect rode in. Before the horse could finish eating and Lucas could secure his pistol the man returned. As soon as he rode off, Lucas slipped onto Heck's good horse and hastened to join Heck to head off the suspect. The lawmen hid in the brush and easily took the rider when he passed. The prisoner was taken to Fort Smith. Lucas and Thomas rounded up the Oregon horses and sold them to pay their expenses. When the suspect eventually came to trial, Lucas heard later, he was cleared for lack of witnesses and evidence. Then he turned around and sued the government for $3,500 for false arrest and the government had to pay.

Another horse theft case took Lucas all the way to Ohio that same year. A fellow in the Territory got together a herd of stolen animals and drove them into Arkansas and hid them there till he could have them shipped to Dayton, Ohio. Lucas was on the trail. At Dayton the men involved painted out the brands and put the horses on the auction block. But before the sale could get underway Lucas made his arrests. The thieves were returned to Fort Smith for trial.

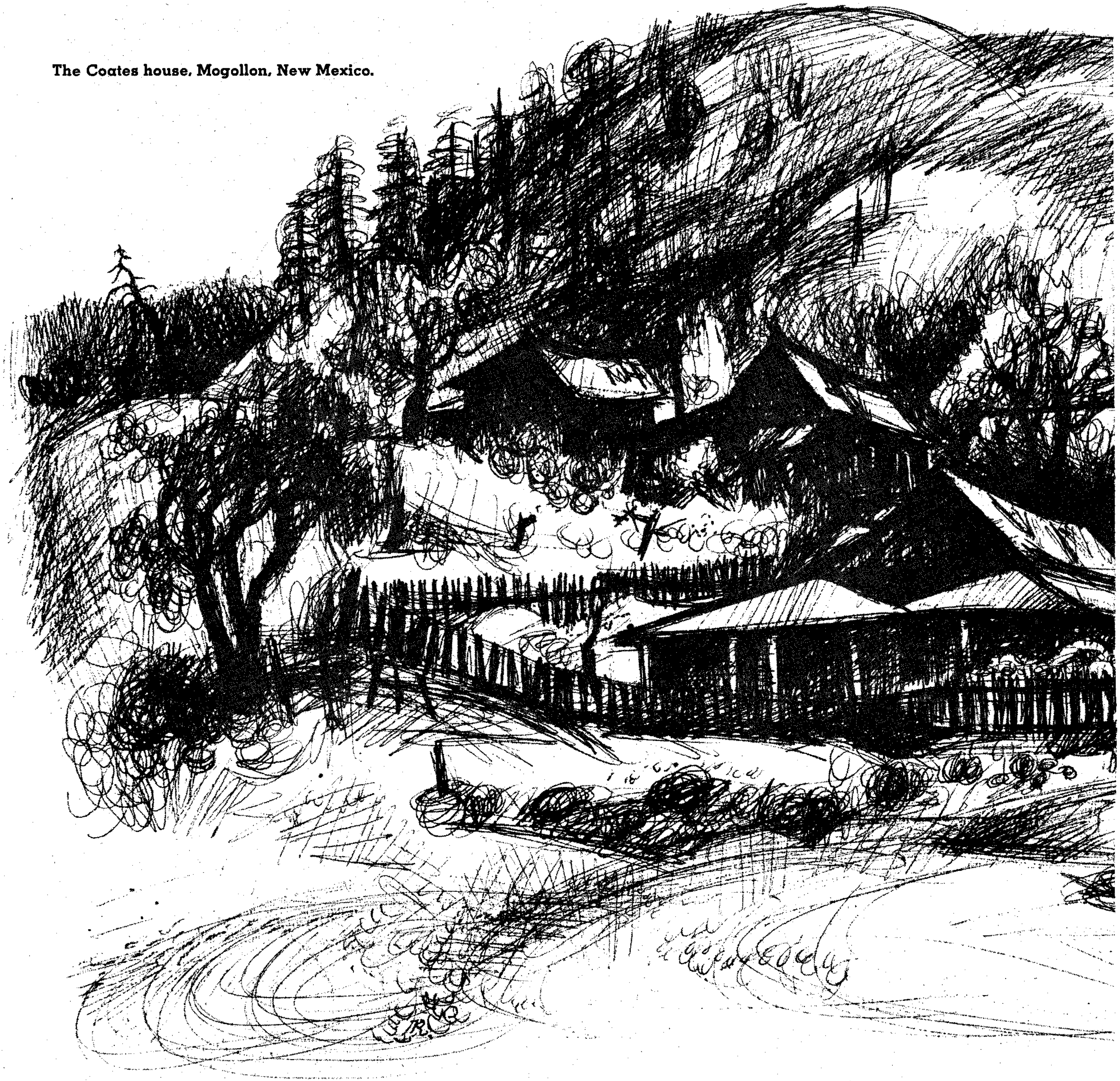
IN 1885 Heck Thomas and two Siloam officers were assigned to track down the remnants of the John Barber gang —killers and robbers. All had been run down except for Barber and one other man. Barber, out of supplies, one day drove his covered wagon and stolen team up to a store on an Indian trail eight miles north of Tahlequah. The storeowner, an Indian, was nowhere in sight so Barber proceeded to load his wagon and was preparing to depart when the owner appeared yelling from the thicket behind the store. Barber took a shot at the Indian but the man kept right on coming. Probably out of panic Barber abandoned his wagon, unhitched his team and rode off on one of the horses.

The Indian storeowner got word to Muskogee. U. S. Deputy Marshal John West, oldest Indian policeman at the time, recruited Red Lucas to accompany him to recover the wagon. West and Lucas returned the stolen food to the Indian and set about searching the wagon for clues. The officers found a set of harness and a large trunk. In the trunk, much to the lawmen's astonishment, was an armor-like breastplate weighing fifteen pounds. It had been fashioned from the moldboard of a plow. Later investigation revealed that Barber had had the breastplate made at a blacksmith shop in Sulphur Springs, Arkansas. Although crudely formed, it made for good chest protection —Lucas and West both took several shots at the armor from close distance and were able only to dent it.

About that time Heck Thomas and the Siloam lawmen arrived at the Indian's store with information that Barber had slipped away to Siloam Springs where he had stolen a racehorse. Barber's partner had headed up to Barber's farm to hide (about twenty miles northwest of Tahlequah) and the lawmen believed Barber also would head for the safety of his

(Continued on page 24)

The Coates house, Mogollon, New Mexico.



"NOBODY IS MY

A shaking, white-faced tourist wobbled from his car to collar me. "Say, do you live here?" "Yes," I shot back, "why?" "Is there any other way out of this place?" my tourist asked. "No, this is the only road." He slowly sank to a handy, rotted plank for support. "That road is for the boids," he uttered feebly.

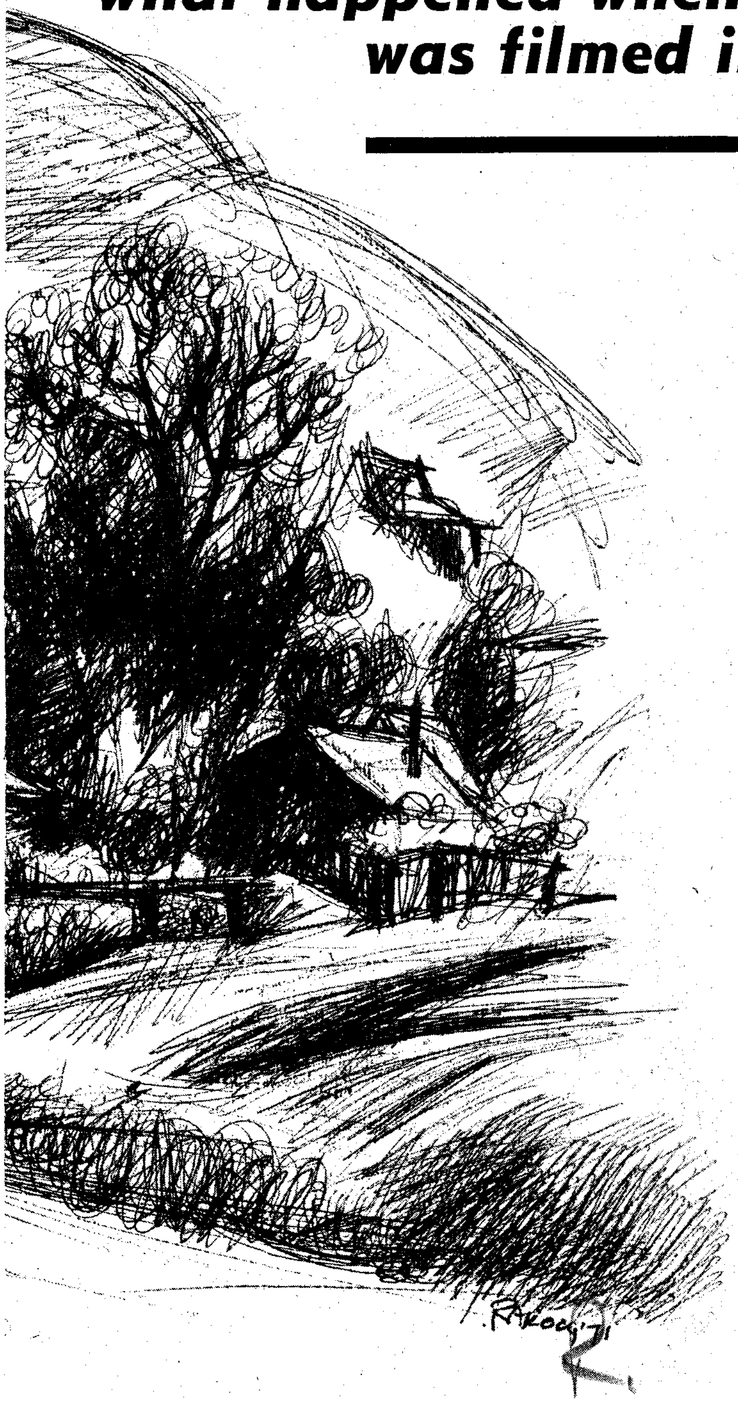
Indeed this tourist had found Mogollon—and would, I dare say, savor its memory as most do when they discover this charming ghost town from pleasant involvement or otherwise. But he had also encountered one of the things that makes it charming—a winding, snake-like road that almost defies locomotion. He would remember Mogollon, New Mexico for life.

Year before last, as I sat enjoying a cup of coffee with a town character in Mrs. Wray's snackbar, someone spoke up, "I hear a movie company is interested in shooting a film here." That story had been circulated before, so it was passed off by

—what happened when a "Spaghetti Western" was filmed in ghost town Mogollon

BY BILL RAKOCY

Sketches by the Author
done on film location



NAME"

most of us as valueless, but in 1973 rumor was replaced with action as real inquiries were made by a movie firm. Johnny Artcher, painter and friend, not prone to empty promises, agreed that a movie company, Raf-Ran out of Rome, Italy, would begin shooting in June in Mogollon.

When the first echelon arrived to begin constructing movie sets, the doubting Thomases began to become believers. By gum, here they were, a few slick-dressed Italians all set "to have at" movie-making in Mogollon. It was a novel reality. Interest began to grow in the sleepy town. Ten or fifteen bearded kids and a few older roustabouts started constructing two large buildings. You-Rent-It trucks appeared daily, carting in heavy loads of rough-cut lumber and roof tin, as well as a myriad of movie gear. The two large buildings grew by the day, via a cacophony of singing electric saws and 10,000 hammer blows. One—a combination general store and blacksmith shop—was erected north of John Artcher's ghost town gallery. The other building—a long, low, rambling adobe with a tin roof—was placed north of our snackbar-post office.

No one seemed to know what the film would actually be about, although workmen would relate snatches of the plot as they knew it. Talk circulated that the world famous actor, Henry Fonda, would co-star in the film.

Mogollon was at last waking from a slumber of over forty years, with new-found vigor derived from art galleries, gift shops, and studios opening yearly. Many of the old buildings were in the process of restoration. A few had been already restored to classic beauty; others were being purchased and refurbished by weekend artists, craftsmen and history enthusiasts. Travelers also began to frequent the town in greater numbers. For many, Mogollon had been merely that old camp town scattered along Silvercreek on the road to the Gila Wilderness. In 1960, when I purchased the old Coats and Howard stone building, it was unusual to have five people a day visit the sleepy town. I recall days when not a soul would drive through. By 1970, however, the daily number had grown to more like a hundred a day, and John Artcher told me that he'd had over 5,000 people sign his gallery guestbook—a figure that would do most galleries proud.

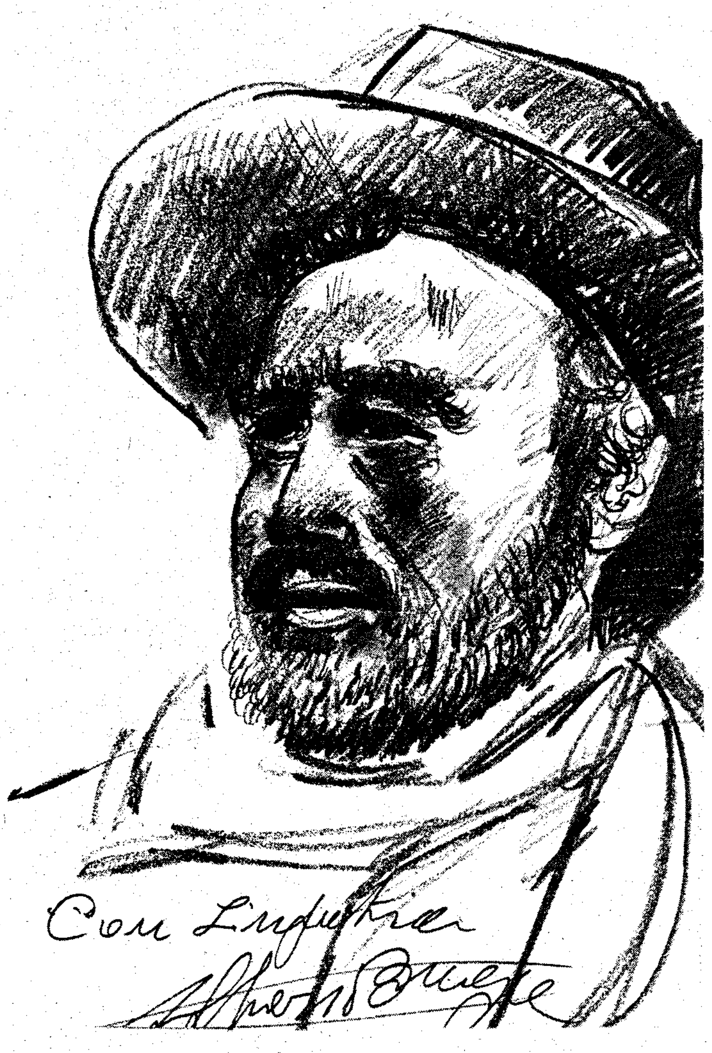
As our town gained new blood and vigor, and as ghost towns are few and far between, Mogollon slowly became an attraction for tourists everywhere. Eventually movie companies heard about it and investigated its use in film-making. Excitement indeed breeds excitement. Mogollon had arrived as "big time" film fare.

THE Italian movie making action grew to a frothy pitch with new, "old-time" signs being painted, and shacks being washed down with dirty color to give them instant vintage. One little Roman, in dirty, greasy clothes, went about his task of spraying everything with a foul mixture of paint and kerosene to help set the mood.

Movie-shooting contracts had been discussed with a few property owners, but not many of them could actually produce a written agreement. An artist from Hope, New Mexico, who had had experience with film makers before, advised property owners to "look fast" or they would be "got to." The upshot was that many indeed felt they were "had." Construction and preparations continued at a furious, gold rush pace. In about two weeks the sets were ready. The two major buildings when completed looked like vintage Mogollon properties. They would remain standing after the filming was finished. Everyone was happy about that.

The sleepy town of Glenwood, some fifteen miles away, enjoyed a mini-boom as dozens of movie people rolled into town seeking food and lodging. The film company employed a few locals which also added to the economic plus side of the situation.

One day a full crew of 300 people descended upon Mogollon to begin shooting in earnest. The town looked like payday circa 1900. Movie makers clustered everywhere checking camera



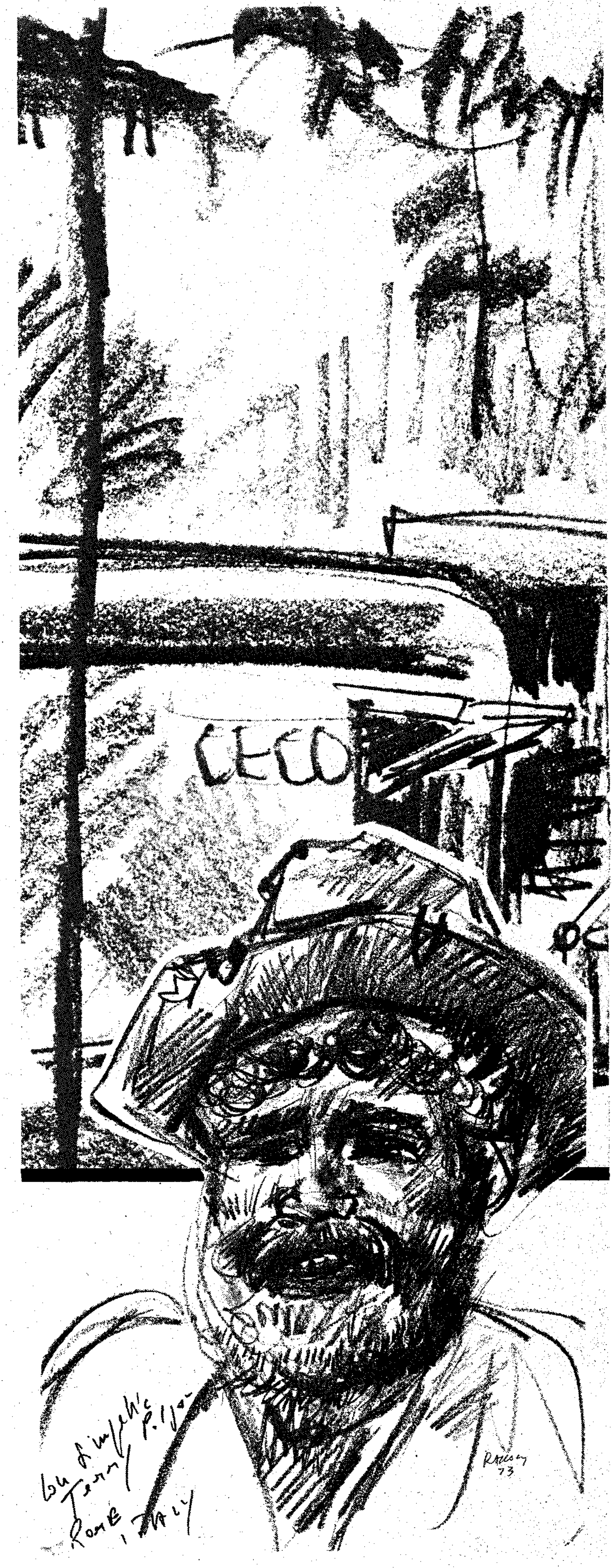
Pedro, an actor.

angles, setting up shots and carting lights and heavy cable about. Dirt by the ton had been trucked in to cover our blacktop road. A dozen special-effects trucks and other vehicles choked the road through Mogollon. Often the road was completely blocked for hours to through traffic.

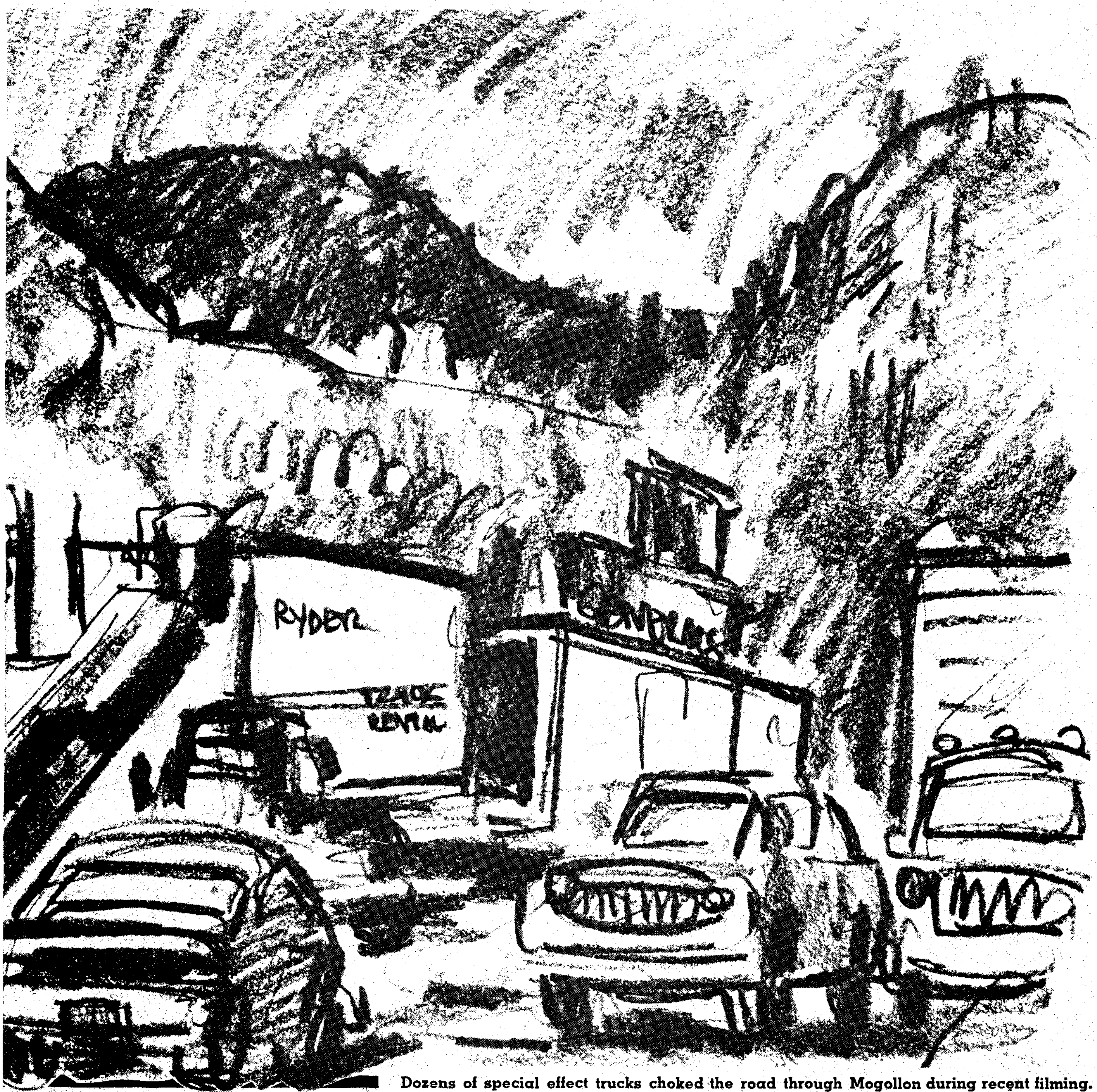
This and other "culture clash" actions caused tempers to become heated. Some locals felt that Mogollon was having more success and action than it could stand or even wanted; they longed for the restful Mogollon of yesteryear.

The Raf-Ran film called "Nobody Is My Name" was a $3 million affair. Its unusual script (which in a word is a "put on") tends to be surrealistic in tone. The story deals with an old gunslinger played by Henry Fonda; and a young good guy played by Terrance Hill, the "John Wayne of Italy." Though the good guy does his best to clean up the town, he comes out second best. It's a sophisticated plot, really, and controversial where the good guy gets it in the neck. Anyway the film portrays a band of black hats who are in on the nefarious scheme of stealing gold art treasures around the country and smelting them down in a converted ghost-town furnace. After the ill-gotten goods are melted, the gold is used to salt mines. Each mine is, of course, then sold to some gullible Eastern investor looking for easy riches.

Shooting the film was a problem, what with the language gap—to say nothing of the extreme differences in temperament of the Mogollon residents and the Italian director or actor. In Rome it is said, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." The thing that upset many was that Romans did as Romans do in Mogollon too! One member of the crew drove his auto like a race car, but with much less care. He came close to hitting two little girls one day as he careened around a bend in the road. This daredevil had already acquired a dozen traffic tickets in the state, and I am sure was shooting for his second dozen.



One of the "black hats" in the cast. Notice his autograph in lower left corner.



Dozens of special effect trucks choked the road through Mogollon during recent filming.

Tempers began to tighten as shooting neared completion—once in particular, when an explosion scene was to blow up the blacksmith shop front. Tension mounted. This shot would have been no great problem normally, but the rub existed in the fact that the shop was built over gasoline storage tanks.

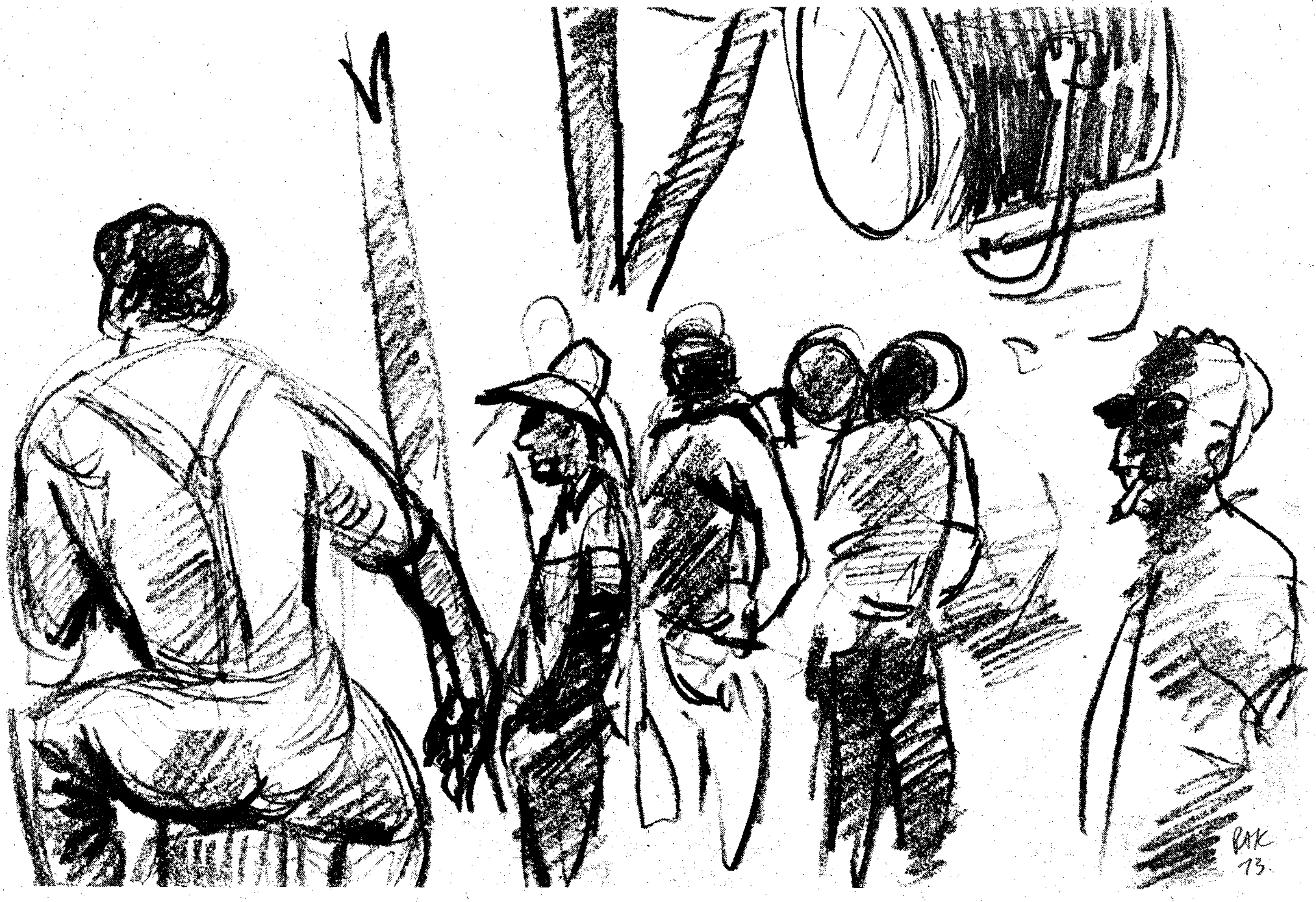
One of the museum keepers in town commented that she was all set to see quaint Mogollon go up in one glorious moment and was surprised when a ball of flame and smoke only 200 feet high shot up instead. The worried shopkeeper kept telling people about the gas tanks, but no one would listen or, at least, they used the language gap to good advantage.

THE Latin movie crew continued to drive up and down the single narrow street at near turnpike speeds. "Slow" signs were put up but they were valueless. Other irritating habits dealt with the company's covering autos or moving them without previous conversation with the owners.

A fast-talking agent attempted to move my car without consent. It motivated me to rectify the situation by putting up a protest and questioning his authority. One of us could have wound up in Silvercreek, but the car was replaced with no harm done. In shooting films in Italy, the customary procedure is to make arrangements with the Burgermeister of a town, pay him off, and have the crew "take over the place." Western American residents (in a ghost town or elsewhere) hardly subscribe to this falderal.

In observing movies being made, one is taken by the slow and tedious process involved. Ten or more takes are made of a given camera angle. Often two or more cameras are used to give the movie viewer added insight into a particular bit of action. The final film is spliced together from these two or three angles to add detail or depth to a scene as an actor speaks or reacts, or to show the viewer some other aspect of the action relative to the plot.

Close-ups or special details are taken of an important shot where infinite realism is required. The Spaghetti Westerns are noted for these effects. A multi-million dollar film is no accident when profits are concerned. Directors, producers, and



Terrance Hill, the John Wayne of Italy, relaxes during the shooting.

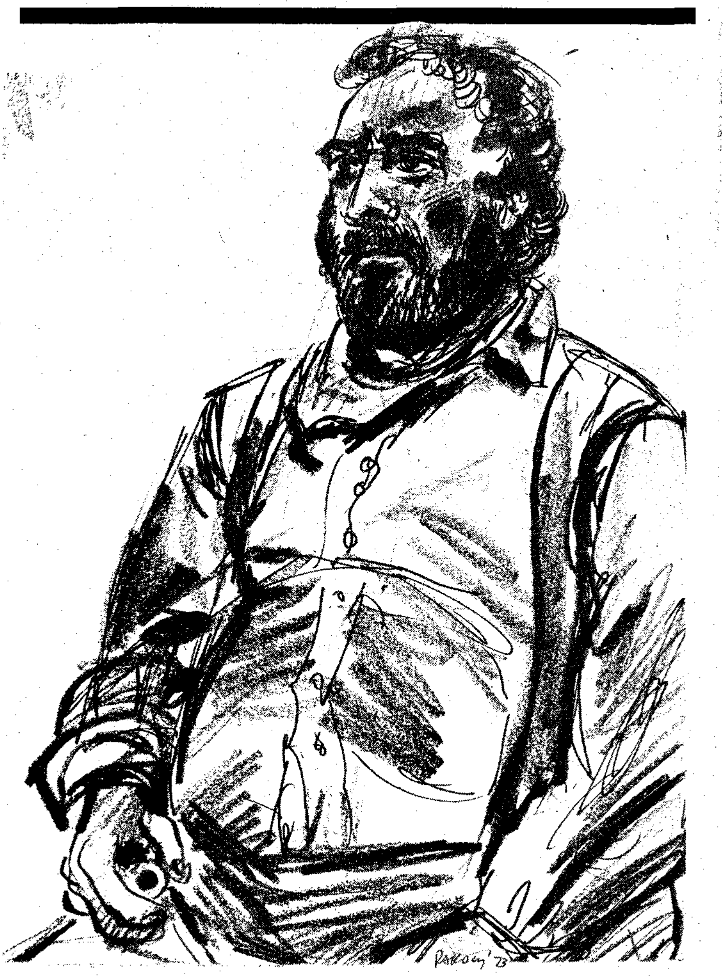
script writers research their public for "taste and trend" more so than General Motors does in designing a new model car.

Spaghetti Westerns thus have been successful for a number of reasons. They have dealt with a nostalgic concept—the Old West—but more than that, they have added spicy bits of decoration to script and action. The actors all dress in dark colors, wear floppy, dirty greatcoats. The action is laced with ultra-fast-draw artists. Rip-offs happen as illicit gold is smelted with which to play the con game. Bizarre acts and action dominate. Dozens of technical people are needed to perform duties before a shot is made. In the blacksmith shop explosion scene, for example, where a close-up shot had been made the day before, the camera would have to reproduce that moment. The actors would be seen sweating, covered with ashes and soot, with dust or smoke lingering over splashes of fire nearby. Tech people descend upon a scene to "dress it" prior to the next shot. Actors' lines must be learned and sound gear readied. Guns, boots, tools or whatever must be prepared.

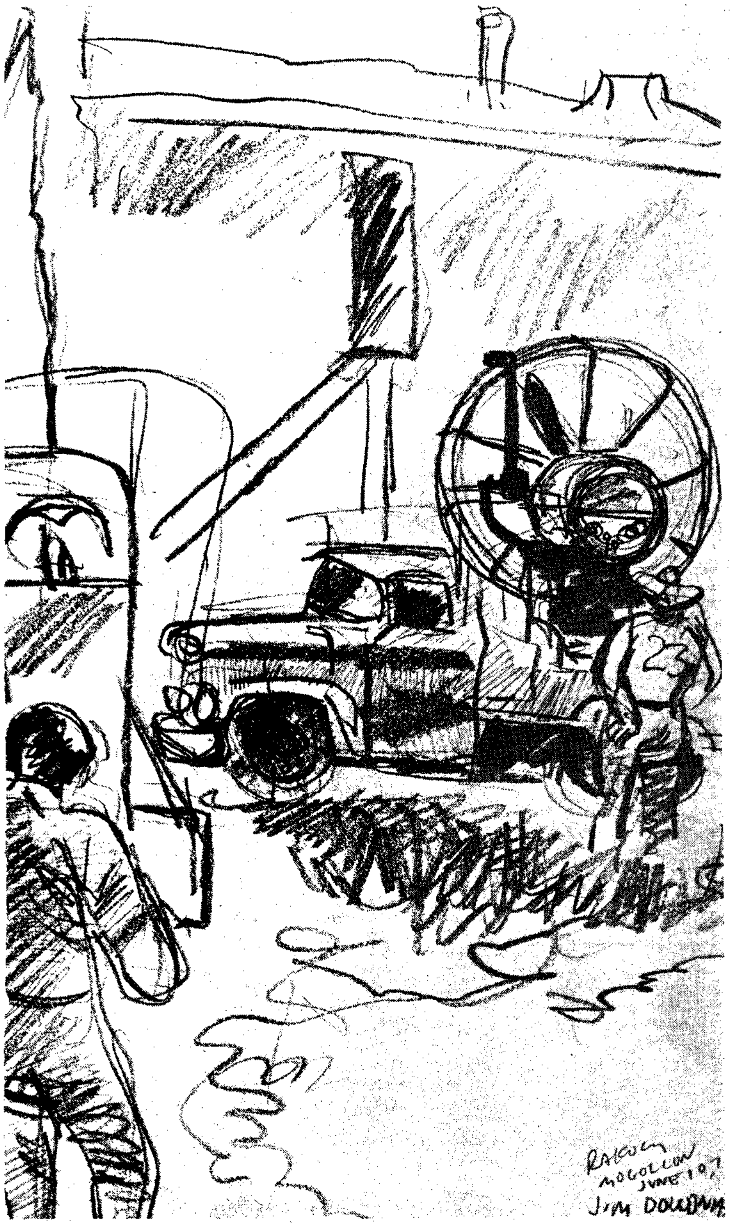
This film captured some unusual shots of the pristine West. Parts of it were shot in Cabezon and Acoma, New Mexico. Other footage was shot at White Sands in Alamogordo, New Mexico and in New Orleans, Louisiana. The crew completed the film in Spain.

AMERICAN, low-key Henry Fonda had the main lead. One day, in vigorous shooting, I saw him do a scene where he rode out of town on a horse, a ten- or fifteen-minute shot, and that was his task for the day. To make matters worse, he didn't get the girl. Such is the life of an actor.

While filming was in process, I chanced to meet Henry Fonda. It is a bit awkward to rush up to such a famous person and ask for his autograph or to introduce oneself. The latter task became easier because my seven-year-old boy, Danny, and the small McFabridge lad were working at building a little dam in Silvercreek. Tall, broad-shouldered Fonda, garbed in brown tweed Western jacket and three-quarter leg boots and jeans, spotted the kids and walked over to help with their project. I stood there with my sketch pad watching and drawing as Fonda placed stone upon stone to slow the rush



An actor taking a break between scenes.



The infernal wind-machine is about to crank up. It raised enough dust to make a lizard choke.

of the cold, noisy water. He didn't utter a word, but was noticeably enjoying himself.

An Italian-American director, whom I had met previously, walked over and introduced me as one of the artists of Mogollon. Fonda, making small talk, asked how long I had been working in the ghost town. This broke the ice and we had a nice chat. He told me of his reaction to the Spaghetti Western which he claimed was near surrealistic and really not his cup of tea—but it helped pay bills and taxes.

As we walked up to the main street of town, he asked to see my paintings. Once in my restored, refurbished ghost town studio, he studied closely all the ghost town relics that I, my wife Gloria, and the children had accumulated—such things as a 1920 Chevy battery, rusted gold and silver mining gear, pancake-flattened bottles which had melted in one of the great Mogollon fires. (The town burned at least three times in eighty years.)

Fonda spotted a stack of recent watercolors. "Yes, these are nice," he commented softly as he leafed through them. "You handle washes a lot different than I."

"Oh, do you paint?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, I have for a number of years, but I use egg-tempera style with a fine brush, working away a stroke at a time."

"I'd like to see some of your work," I said.

Fonda, with a sweep of his long arm, withdrew a stack of full-color photo prints from his wallet. He started through the stack telling a little story about each one.

"Now, this is one I did from my hotel room while in Africa, and here's one of a still life with apples. What do you think of them?"

I was genuinely surprised at the fine quality of his work. The drawing was sensitive, and color had been applied in a restrained but purposeful manner. I told him I was reminded of some of the Early Gothic paintings done in egg-tempera. He came to one work and paused, "There's an interesting story here," he said. "Want to hear it?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, you know, my wife out in Los Angeles is rather active in a number of charities. For one, she helps with the annual Watts drive. A few years back she told me that her group was planning a big art auction to help raise funds. Months before the sale, in an off-moment, I agreed to do a painting for it. She had engaged the famous art auction house of Sotheby Parke Bernet, Inc. to handle the sale.

"Well, as time went on, the deadline stared me in the face. With but a week to go, I got my paints out and did a composition showing tiled roofs and winding streets. I finally completed it and rather liked what I had done. As a matter of fact, I liked it so much that I was not too wild about parting with it. But a deal is a deal, so I put it in the auction.

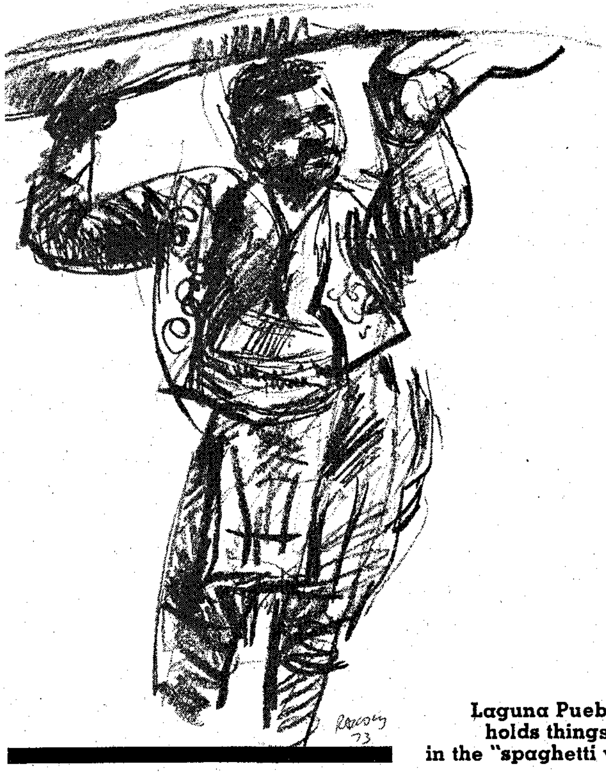
"As the auction proceeded, I became rather distressed because the work of many top painters was not bringing full value. I figured when my watercolor came up I would bid on it myself, buy it back and pay the ten percent commission rather than let it go dirt cheap.

"My painting finally appeared on the block and to my surprise the price was bid to $8,000, $10,000, $12,000 and up and up! I couldn't believe my ears because many more outstanding works were selling for much less. When the shock wore off, the sales price had reached $16,000. It sold at that figure to a noted art collector."

Fonda beamed as he told this story, obviously getting more enjoyment from it than having won an Oscar!

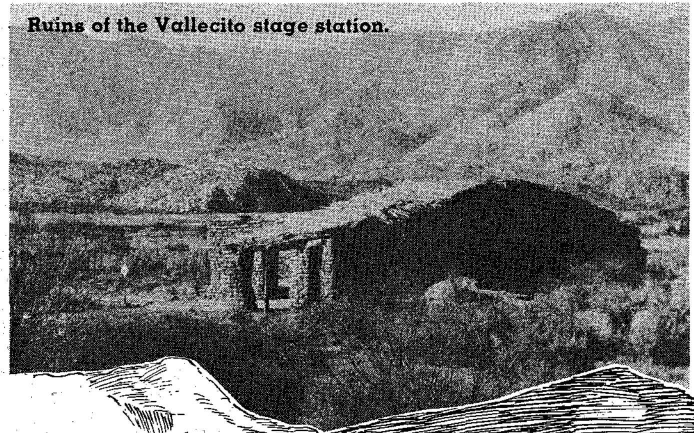
I'm not sure any of the Italian movie crew knew much about Mogollon's past, or what an appropriate setting had been chosen for their fling at recapturing the gold camp days. But their instincts were sound—anyplace that had attracted the likes of Butch Cassidy, anyplace that Ben Lilly considered prime mountain lion country, or for that matter anyplace whose ranking business establishment was called the Bloated Goat—well, such a place ought to be able to recover from a fusillade of pasta bullets and a little catsup on the street.

But we may never be a ghost town again!



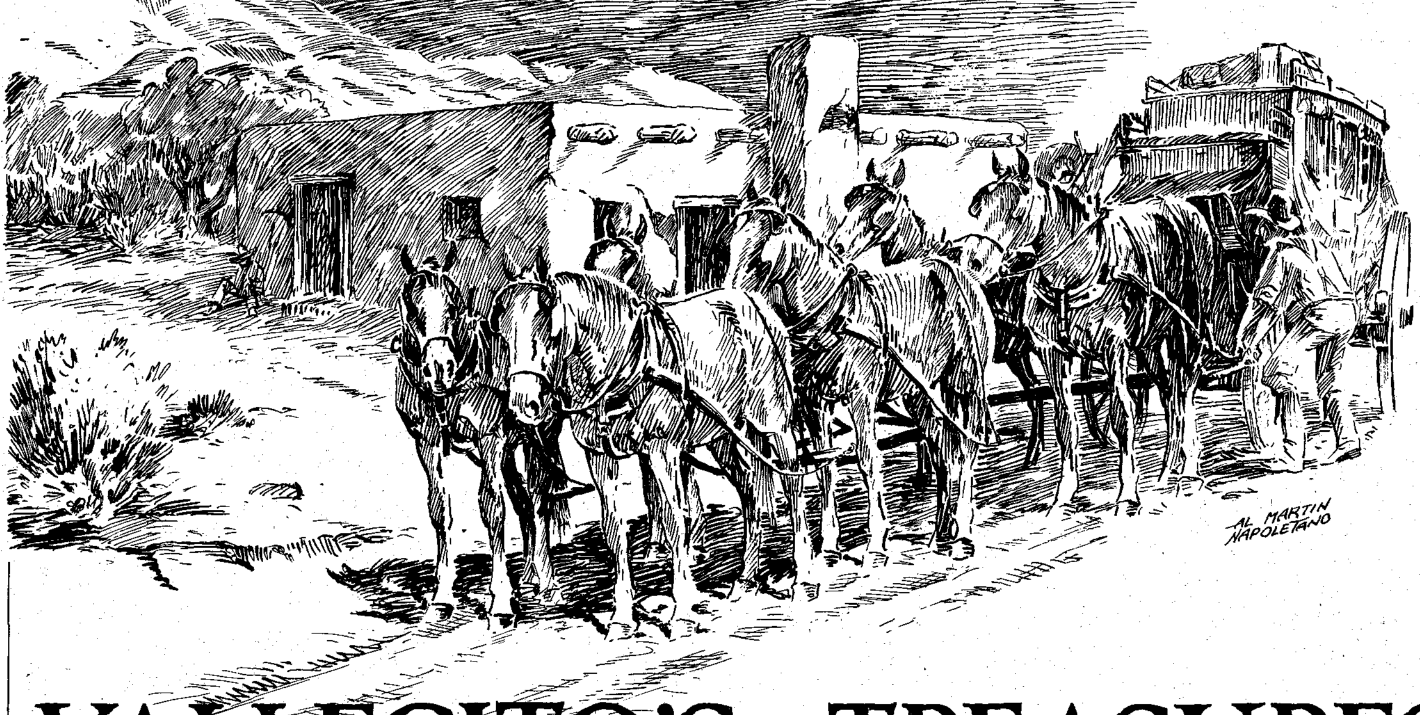
Laguna Pueblo Indian holds things together in the "spaghetti western."

Courtesy Philip Johnston



Ruins of the Vallecito stage station.

Few believe they exist, but a recent find indicates an outside chance that they might...



VALLECITO'S TREASURES

ALTHOUGH over the years I have written about 3,000 lost mine and buried treasure stories, I have always avoided doing one on historic Vallecito; so my file on what is supposedly buried around the old stage station in San Diego County, California has accumulated to enormous proportions.

To me as a reporter, and to almost all treasure hunters, the Vallecito tales were just that—tales. They have been in the same category as the Lost Dutchman, Lost Adams, Lost Breyfogle, Pegleg Smith, and a dozen others. They are myths, compounded and exaggerated by the successive imaginations of many people.

One of the top-notch professional hunters states in his several books on the subject of buried treasures that those at Vallecito never existed and are strictly phony. Another important one declares that the best known tale of the lot was conceived by a New England authoress, Sarah Rasbaugh. She was one of the original treasure story authors, doing more than 200 after the turn of the century. A well known author of reliable treasure and lost mine books doesn't take any stock in the Vallecito treasure either. Nor yet two careful researchers who wrote books exclusively on Southern California's buried treasures.

Because of this formidable and respected array of negative reports, most professional treasure hunters have given Vallecito the go-by. Yet a man who probably has recovered more valuables than anyone else, the late Frank L. Fish, believed in a specific Vallecito treasure. In his book he called it the "Golden Treasure" of a murderous Mexican bandit.

I did not go for any of the Vallecito stuff until about four years ago, when the report of a treasure find east of the valley hit the newspapers. Treasure hunter George Mroczkowski had long researched what he called the "San Felipe treasure of the Conquistadores." Eventually he placed it, not in the valley of that name or on San Felipe Creek, but along Carrizo Creek (often called a wash).

In August 1970, two miles off Highway 78, he recovered an icon holder decorated with hand-stamped designs and a cross inlaid with some gold. This discovery caused me to re-assess the situation of the Vallecito treasures. Another man reportedly had made a find in the Vallecito area several years before, but his story was not too well documented.

After checking my files, one fact became very clear—that around Vallecito and along the old trail passing through, there could well be any number of buried treasures. It is a matter of record that many valuable hoards reached the vicinity and were never heard of again.

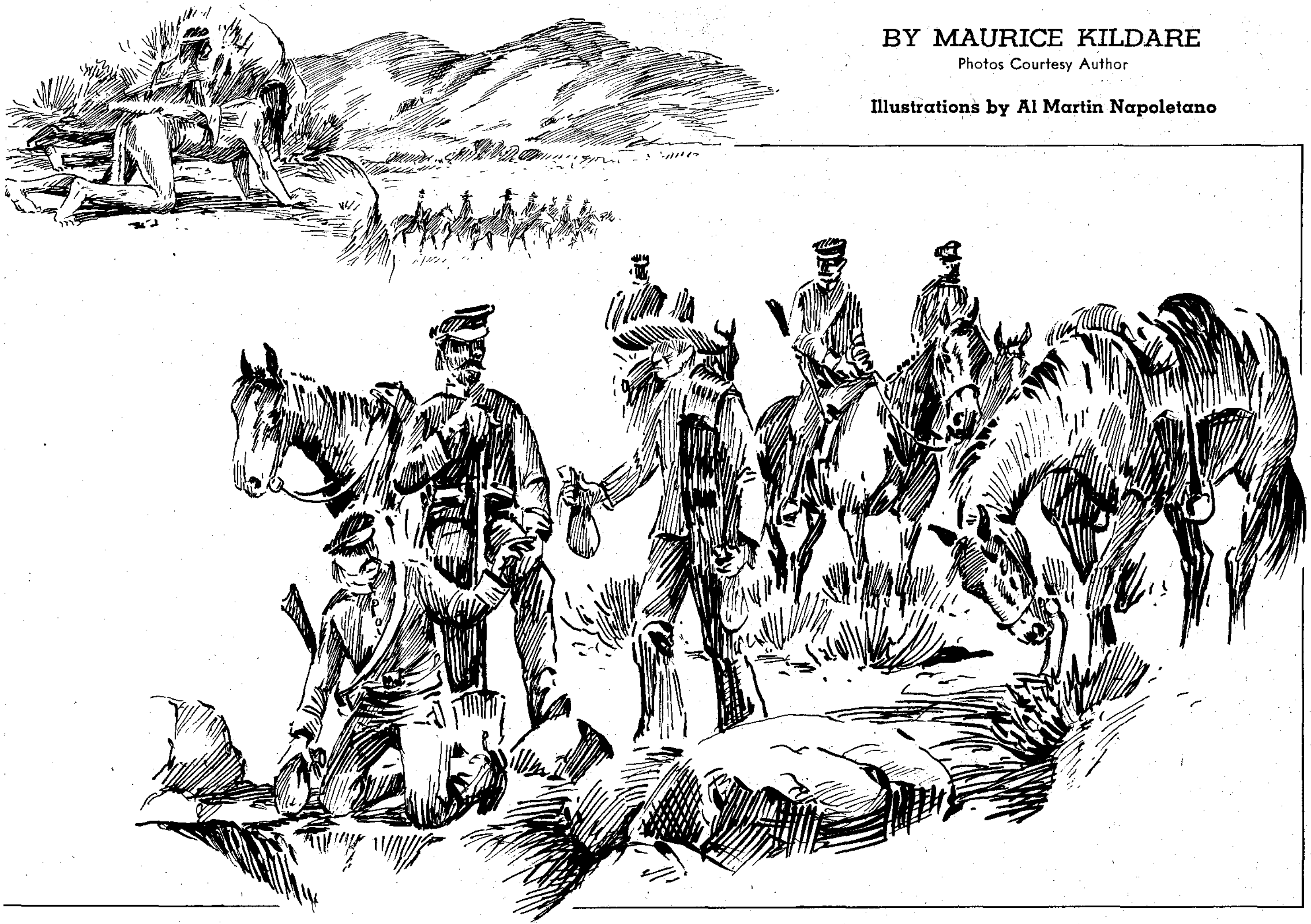
AS the Spanish name implies, Vallecito is a small valley surrounded by desert mountains, the Lagunas being to the south and the Vallecitos to the north. The valley contained lush grass for travelers' stock, but the most important asset of all was water. The Caliente Hot Springs are also close by.

From time beyond their memory Indian tribes used a footpath through the valley. When the Spaniards quit the de

BY MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrations by Al Martin Napoletano



Anza trail up from Mexico toward San Gabriel and Los Angeles, they came over this route.

In the autumn of 1780 Mission La Purisima Concepcion and Mission San Pedro y San Pablo were established twelve miles apart on the California side of the Colorado River in what is now Imperial County. But by July of the following year the Yuma Indians had revolted under cruel treatment, killed the four padres in residence, about 200 settlers and soldiers, and burned the missions to the ground.

Prior to this time Spanish soldiers and settlers in large groups had come up from Mexico and traveled west from Yuma on the route that led through Vallecito. The trail passed out of a box canyon into Felipe Valley to the springs at what later became Warner's Ranch. Branches forked off to the several missions on the coast.

Even before 1846 American trappers, fur traders and various immigrants used this trail. American troops passed over it on their way to the conquest of California. In the late 1850s the Butterfield Overland Mail stage route went through, carrying passengers and mail from San Francisco to St. Louis and back.

The rocky road generally followed San Felipe Creek and the Carrizo, especially the latter, for easy access to water. Along this route were changing stations and stopping places. The Vallecito buildings were built of adobe and grass sod. The next one farther east, Carrizo, looked almost like it. Ten years later the Civil War halted operations of the stage line.

Following the trappers and mountain men and a few hardy immigrants, prospectors were next over the route. Subsequently immigrant trains, crossing at Yuma, used this trail because of water at Vallecito. Freighters also took this road on their way to and from Los Angeles.

Of course there were other men, far less peacefully inclined, stopping at Vallecito. Outlaws were a constant menace.

CONSTRUCTION of the Southern Pacific Railroad across Southern California to Yuma in 1877 put an end to traffic over the old trail. Vallecito was one of the first stage stations to fade into oblivion, although it held on a little while longer when the stages of another line used it briefly.

That many treasures, from small caches to great hoards of valuables, are

(Continued on page 44)

FRENCH RUNAWAY IN

WHEN "Frenchy" Joe Mayer succumbed of a gunshot wound and was laid to rest, northern Arizona's businesses and courts closed for the funeral and hundreds of mourners who could not squeeze into the small Catholic church stood outside in the freezing cold to pay their last respects to the beloved pioneer.

It was December 1909 and, according to the Prescott *Courier*, the service was "the largest funeral ever held in this city. Tears were shed by both men and women as the remains were lowered into their last resting place, for Joe Mayer was not only a man whom all loved because of his kindly disposition and unostentatious charities, but he was one of the men who will go down in history as one of the builders of the great commonwealth of Arizona.

"In the town of Mayer, of which he was founder, he was regarded as a father by even the Mexicans and Indians, and on Saturday and Monday they came from all directions to take a parting look at the man who had often befriended them, and from whom they sought advice in all their troubles, and they wept bitterly as they saw his remains lying cold in death.

"No death has so touched the heartstrings of the people as that of Joe Mayer, and there is genuine mourning throughout Yavapai County."

Frenchy's real name was Joseph Hoffmire, a name unknown even to his most intimate friends and learned by his children only after his death. He was born in Olean, New York in 1846. His parents, Anthony and Marie Theresa Hoffmire, had emigrated to New York with their sons from Alsace-Lorraine. They were devout Catholics, dedicated to raising their many sons for the priesthood, and only French was spoken at home.

Shortly after his fifteenth birthday, Joseph had a heated argument with his father. The severity of the fight caused the young man to run away from home and to change his name so he could not be traced by his family. He never returned to his Olean home and never again set eyes on his parents.

In the forty-eight years that followed, the jovial little Frenchman became a restaurant man in the booming mining camps of the West, owned a stage station, founded and promoted a town, became protector of all outlaw Apaches in the area so they would not have to live on a reservation, and grubstaked hundreds of miners. Not the least of his

Left: Stage station-home built by Mayer on the west bank of Big Bug Creek.

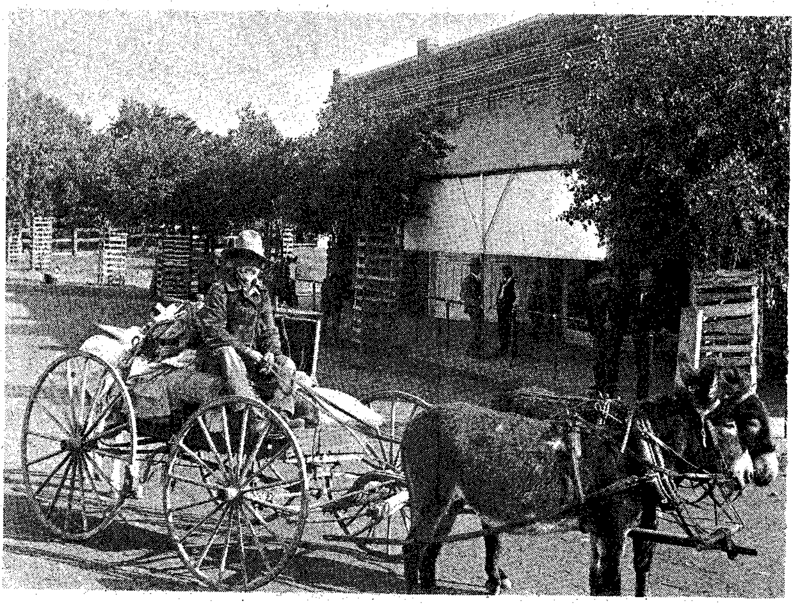
◆

Opposite page: This ornate bar was purchased in Europe and shipped around the Horn for delivery to the Mayer Saloon (below).

◆

Below left: Built in 1888 this hotel offered twenty-three rooms, plus a lobby with a bar and poker tables. The front veranda was an orator's podium for political rallies.

◆

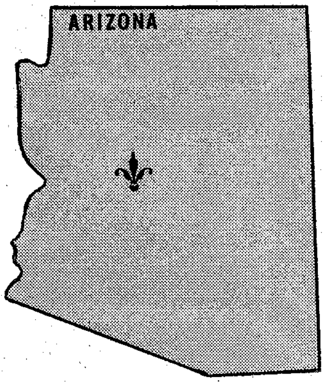


Below: Bewhiskered prospector pulls out from the Mayer General Store and Saloon. Hitching rails still stand in front of the old buildings.

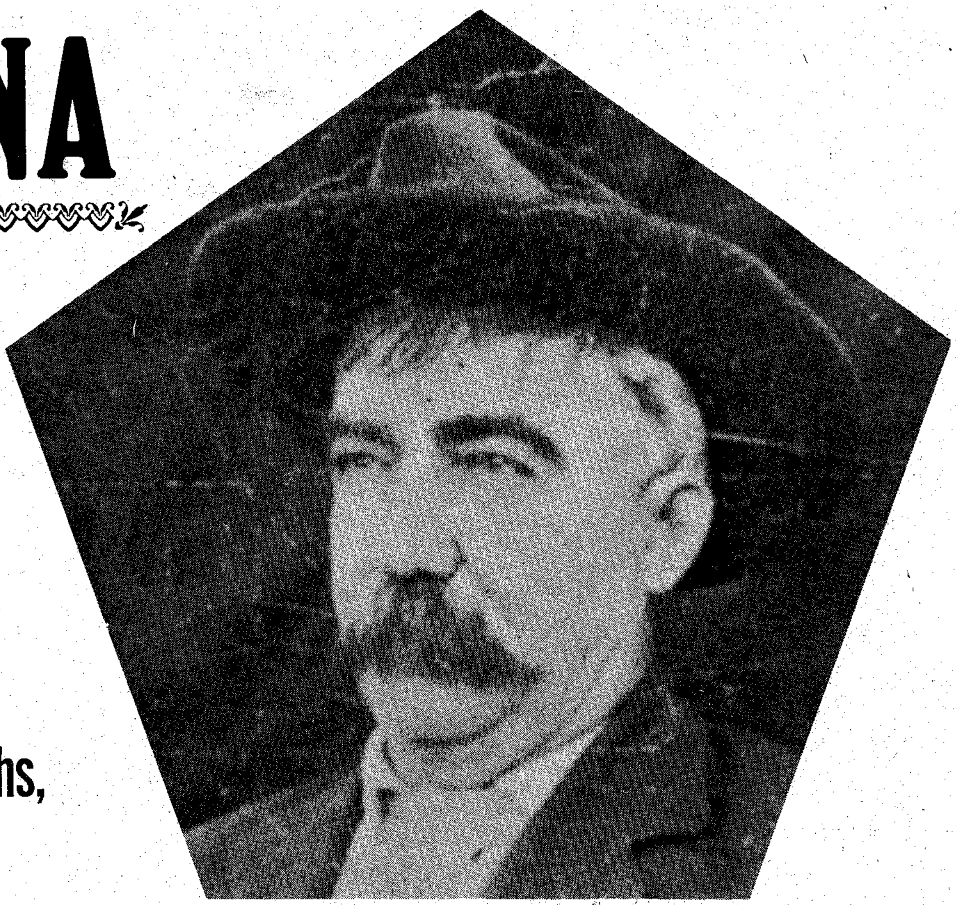
ARIZONA

BY DEE DAVIS

Photos Courtesy Author



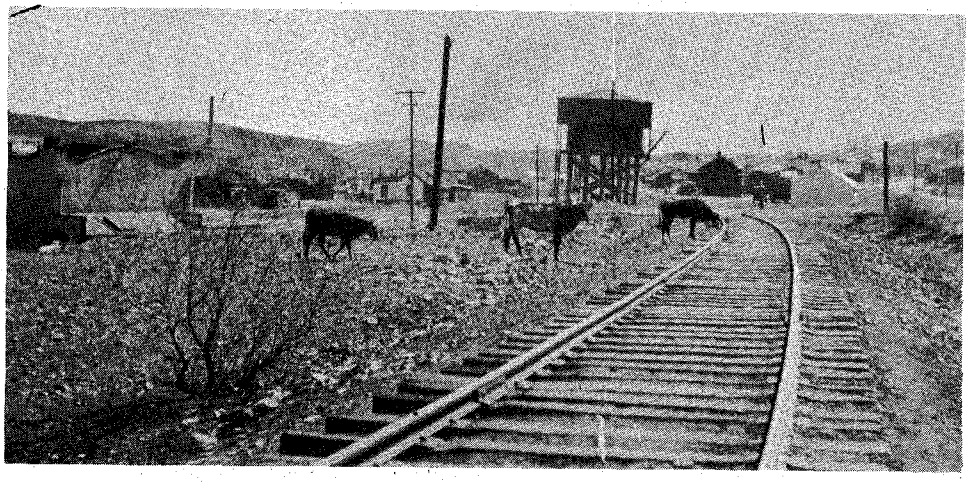
—friend of the sourdoughs, Joe Mayer specialized in grubstakes



Joe Mayer, who ran away from home to find adventure, romance, and riches in the Far West.

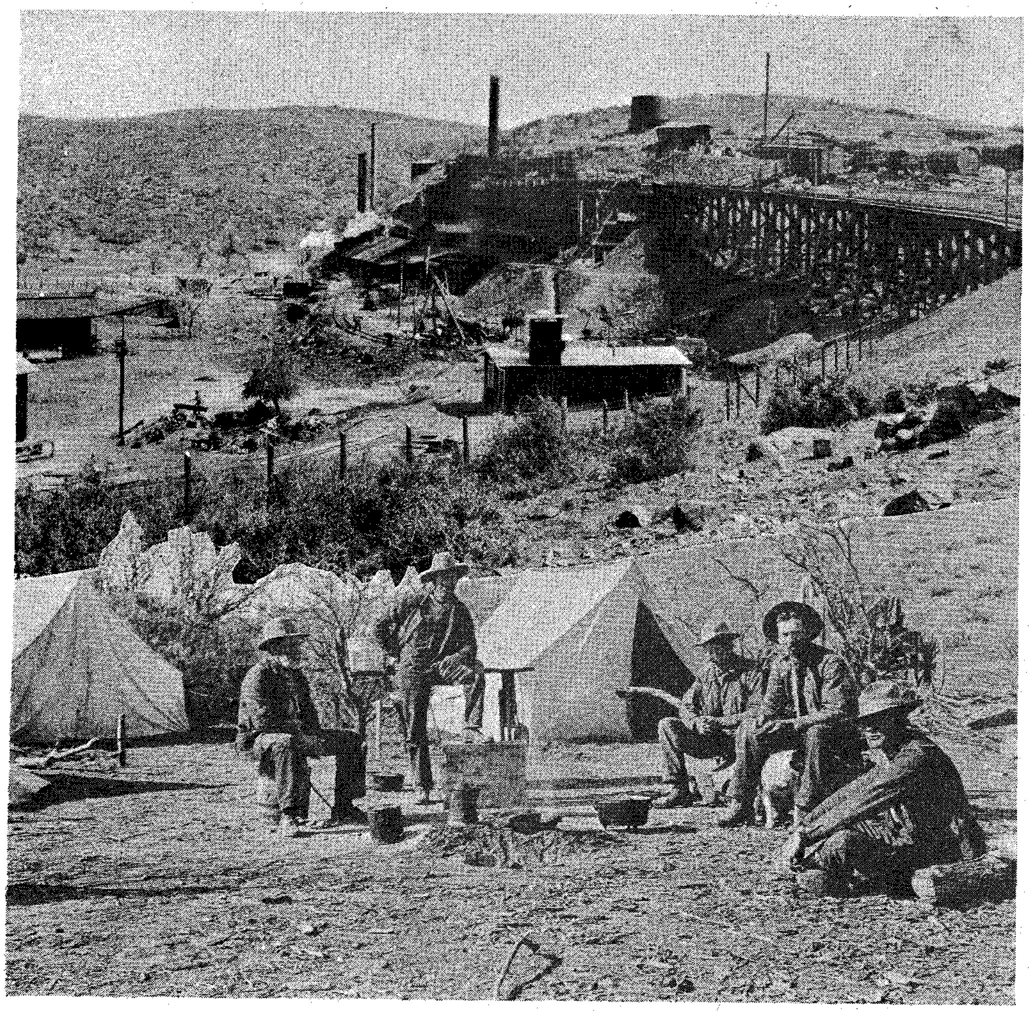
accomplishments was marrying a red-headed schoolteacher who once taught William Bonney, known better as Billy The Kid.

YOUNG JOE began his American adventure by hopping a train and traveling west until he was safe from the reach of his domineering father. He first found work on the grading line of the Union Pacific Railway, which was then building through Nebraska. Joe followed the work until reaching Omaha. There he



Right: Looking up the Santa Fe tracks toward the Mayer Depot. Two trains ran daily from Prescott to pick up stock and ore.

Below: The Great Western smelter and ore reduction plant as it looked shortly after the turn of the century.



Above: Mayer began as a virtual tent city inhabited by cowboys and miners. Men are unidentified.

heard stories of placer gold and quartz riches and decided to seek his fortune in Silver City, New Mexico.

This youth, with the crisp dark hair and friendly brown eyes, quickly learned he lacked the talent for silver mining. So he hired on as a cook's apprentice, thus assuring himself of three squares a day and the opportunity of rubbing elbows with the silver-hungry prospectors. He had rented a room in a private home and began to get acquainted with his new environment. He studied business techniques, pondered the needs of the early settlers, and saved his money.

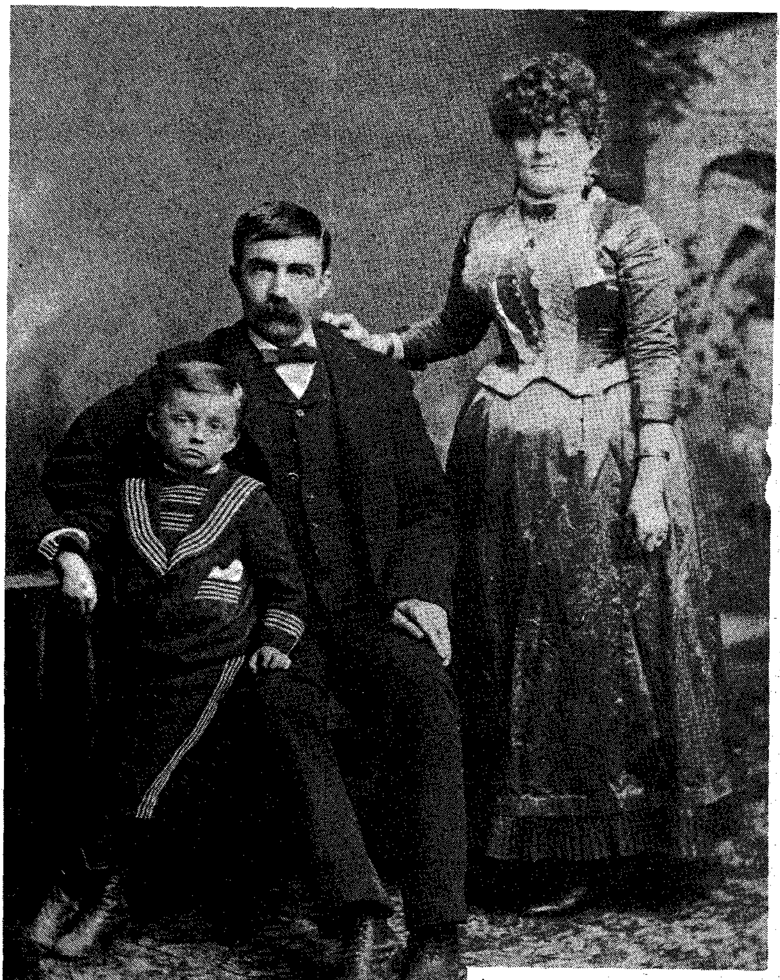
It was about that time that he caught the eye of pretty Sarah Bell Wilbur, director of the private Silver City School. The girl was little and curvaceous, with bright china-blue eyes and long red hair. Many legends had sprung up over her hot temper and determination.

Born in Rangley Lakes, Maine in 1852, she was the daughter of Martha Mary Young and Joshua Wilbur, both of English extraction and both natives of the United States. Joshua was a schoolmaster. But the call of the West had reached even that small Maine family. Joshua packed up his wife and daughter and they traveled by covered wagon to Denver, Colorado, where he suddenly became ill and died of pneumonia.

Martha's bachelor brother, Hiram Young, rushed to her rescue and moved her and her daughter to his home at Silver City. As soon as Martha had buried her grief and mustered her strength, she moved to Deming and opened a school.

Years later, Martha returned to Silver

Right: Donkey-drawn wagons brought new families into town. The men found work in the many rich mines encircling the town.



Above: Joe and Sarah Bell Mayer with their son, Wilbur J., in 1887.

* * *

Above right: Mayer daughters, Martie (left), who married Dr. Robert Looney; and Winnie, who still resides in the old stage-coach home at Mayer.

* * *

Right: Oldest daughter, Mamie, was secretary to Arizona's Governor Hunt and later became postmistress of Mayer.

City and opened an academy for the children of families flocking there from throughout the country in their quest for riches. From the time Sarah Bell was old enough, she assisted her mother in the classroom. Later she became a teacher in her own right.

After she and Joe Mayer were married they struck out for new frontiers, landing first on the Arizona-Mexico border and later in Tip Top, Arizona, one of the most active mining camps in Yavapai County. There they opened a restaurant and store. Their first two children were born in Tip Top—Mary Bell (Mamie) on Christmas Day in 1878, and Martha Gertrude (Martie) on November 10, 1881. But this was not to be home.

When Tip Top miners confided in Joe that ore deposits there were on the decline, he decided to scout around for a more promising place for his small family. He decided to start with Prescott, site of Fort Whipple.

Joe traveled by horseback to Phoenix and then by stagecoach up the Black Canyon toward Prescott—but his journey ended thirty miles south of Prescott at the Big Bug Creek Station. The beautiful valley at the foot of the Bradshaw Mountains and the ancient old stand of cottonwood trees intrigued him. Turning to the stage station owner, a Mr. Munsey, Joe asked, "How much do you want? I'll buy you out."

Munsey agreed to sell.

JOE MAYER immediately took charge of that little place, opened a corral, eating house, and offered a limited number of rooms to lodgers. Though he had but three buildings, his reputation among travelers spread rapidly and the route to Phoenix via Big Bug was selected as the most desirable of the two highways, mainly because Frenchy Mayer was considered a good fellow and an excellent chef.

Within a year, the young couple began prospering. Joe had built a stage station and home combined but it was wiped out by a flood. A mining dam had given way up Big Bug Creek. With quiet persistence, Joe salvaged what lumber he could and rebuilt farther up the creek on higher ground. By 1882 the settlement had become known as Mayer.

Joe built a twenty-three-room hotel and opened a saloon for the cowboys and miners who began pouring into the town. It became circulated around that Frenchy Mayer never turned a hungry man or child away from his door. He also became a friend to the sourdoughs and grub-staked hundreds. Many of these men hit it rich, with claims that figure prominently in the history of Arizona.

The chief wealth of the area was produced by the placer miners who were washing the rocky riffles of every mountain stream. Yet interest in stock raising was increasing and many cattle and sheep were being imported to graze on the lush grasses of the high valleys.

To show the mineral resources of the immediate area is to name but a few of

(Continued on page 40)

The Story of Red Lucas

(Continued from page 11)

home. Circling around to the main road, Lucas, Thomas, West, and the others prepared an ambush. The officers were going to take no chances.

As a boy Barber had had the leaders of his right hand severed. He could use only his thumb and index finger. But not only had that accident not hindered Barber's ability with a six-shooter in his right hand, he was equally deadly with his left. But as soon as Barber came into sight in the moonlight his number was up. The lawmen recognized him from the stolen racehorse, and one of the Siloam officers was the first to fire. The bullet hit Barber in the back and tore through the top of his heart. Even so, the outlaw managed to jerk out both pistols and pull off two shots over his shoulders before he fell to the ground dead.

"I'll see to the body and get word to his folks," Lucas volunteered to the other lawmen huddled around the still body in the middle of the road.

Placing the dead man in a wagon Lucas returned to Muskogee, shaved off the corpse's beard, dressed the outlaw in some clean clothes, and telegraphed his parents and sister in Vinita. The family had not seen their son and brother, dead now in his early thirties, for fifteen years until they made the trip from their farm to identify and claim the body.

Courtesy Kansas Historical Society, Topeka

MEAT MARKET

Winfield, Kansas in the 1890s. While returning a prisoner by train from western Oklahoma to Guthrie in 1894, Lucas and a group of lawmen made a stopover here and narrowly escaped being attacked by the town's citizenry who mistook the officers for outlaws.

DESPITE his duties as a deputy, Red Lucas managed by his own account to participate in every land opening in Oklahoma. He was an eager '89er and secured two good town lots in Guthrie, which he considered the wildest opening of them all. Where once had stood nothing but open prairie, Guthrie boomed to a town of 15,000 in a matter of hours.

Red Lucas had been joined by his brother Worrington for the Guthrie opening and, along with Bob Dalton and four other men, the Lucases were quickly elected to form some kind of law-and-order rule. The first task facing the officers was to clear the streets of tents which had been erected by lot-jumpers during the night. Lucas and his men had survey lines as guides to street boundaries so they started at Oklahoma Avenue from the depot up to First Street, then turned south and cleared those avenues. When the lawmen met opposition they simply cut the guy ropes of every tent that stood on street property. Their sidearms helped emphasize what they were doing.

Soon every other door in Guthrie was a saloon, but brothers Dick and Bill Reeves were the most enterprising. The two gamblers recruited every man who could swing a hammer to jump in and help them erect the first frame building in the new town on the corner of Harrison and First. The pair had a roulette wheel spinning even before the roof was completed.

More often than not saloons meant extra trouble for Red Lucas, and the Reeves brothers' place was no exception. Within the first week an old gypsy with $1,800 in savings came along and dropped in at the Reeves' gambling hall. The brothers proposed to the gypsy that he put a certain amount on a particular number and if he stayed nine times he could double his winnings. They didn't figure the old man for more than $800 and knew they could outstay him on that. The roulette wheel could be controlled with a squeeze spindle secretly located under the table so that the operator could stop the wheel on any color.

The gypsy stayed the nine times with $1,750 in; the capper had $1,750 in; a Sooner had $1,750 in as well. At that point the gypsy called for his money and winnings.

Dick and Bill Reeves quickly resorted to strategy. Shooting began in the rear of the hall so that the frightened crowd pushed out the front door, herding the gypsy along with them and allowing the Reeves brothers a chance to scoop up his money.

The gypsy hastened to find Red Lucas and Ed Putebaw, another officer, to relate his misfortune. Lucas and Putebaw rushed over to the hall with the old man only to find a mere $85 on the wheel, which the lawmen handed the gypsy. Word in the hall was that a man with a goatee had fled with the rest.

"Come on, we'll recover your money," Lucas assured the old man. "I've got plenty horses and a Winchester," the gypsy shouted.

The officers mounted their horses and prepared to begin a search. But at that instant Ed Putebaw's horse began bucking wildly. Several gamblers had rushed out of a tent and splashed some "high life" on the hip of Ed's horse. Ed managed to get off a shot at one of the gamblers, who ducked through a restaurant. Lucas meanwhile set out west and crossed Cottonwood Creek heading toward a soldier encampment in an effort to head off the gambler.

Soon deciding instead that the suspect probably would make his way back to his friends, Lucas turned his horse back to keep an eye on the large tent hotel two blocks down from the Reeves place. The tent hotel fed and slept about seventy-five gamblers. Stationing his men around the place Lucas entered to conduct a search. No man with a goatee was inside but one man who looked very pale and was wrapped in a sheet caught Lucas' eye. Asked what was the matter, the man replied that he had been very ill.

After leaving the tent Lucas decided to act on a hunch and returned inside. Confronting the "sick man" again, Lucas discovered that his paleness was merely the result of a fresh shave. As it turned out, the gambler's girlfriend had shaved off his goatee and made him up to look as if he were ill. But the money was nowhere to be found.

In the meantime a mob forming outside the tent had begun to holler for burning the Reeves' gambling hall, but Lucas was determined to keep order.

"Come on," he addressed the unruly crowd, "we'll force Dick and Bill to pay the gypsy his $1,750."

There seemed to be three square blocks of milling humanity crowded around the lawmen, but somehow Lucas made his way to the hall where he ordered the brothers to pay up.

The men wrote a check on one bank for $800 and another for the balance on a second.

"No good," the gypsy objected when handed the checks, tearing them up.

Again Lucas interceded, "Dick, you and Bill be here at 8:30 tomorrow morning when the banks open and see that those checks are good."

The next morning another crowd gathered with plenty of guns and in a hanging mood. Bill wrote another check for $800 which the gypsy took into the bank and cashed, giving the money to his wife who was standing nearby. Then he took the second check to the next bank and again returned with the money.

Finally the old man turned to Lucas. "What do I owe you?"

"Fifty dollars apiece to each officer," was Lucas' quick reply.

RED LUCAS remained in Guthrie as an officer until 1893, by which time

(Continued on page 64)

If success is measured by the size of a man's funeral, pauper Henry Meiggs was a millionaire after all!

BY ETHEL BANGERT

Photos Courtesy Author

Courtesy California State Library

Henry Meiggs, 1876.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY FUGITIVE

IT WAS late afternoon when the schooner *America*, all sails reaching hungrily for a breeze, finally caught wind and was underway. As passenger she carried "Honest Henry Meiggs"—on his way to becoming an exile extraordinary from an empire built on sand.

Meiggs had sailed with his family from San Francisco that day in the early 1850s after making one of the most difficult decisions of his life: to flee rather than face prison or a hanging rope. While he hoped to repay those whom he had defrauded, he knew he probably wouldn't even live to try, if they caught up with him.

How had this promoter, politician, and prince of good fellows come to be in such a situation? Meiggs had begun a good life in New York State; as a young man he had managed a lumber business. When the gold rush was on and his business failed he chartered a packet —the *Albany*—loaded it with lumber and set sail for Yerba Buena (as San Francisco was then called). On reaching the wood-starved city he sold his cargo at a 2000% profit!

Before risking his new capital, he prudently took a job in a lumber yard in order to study the opportunities afforded an ambitious bright man. In time, he decided on a course of action. He hired 500 men to go to the thickly wooded inland region and to cut, saw and float logs to his wharf at North Beach. He made another $500,000 on that canny operation.

Gradually Meiggs became one of the richest men on the Gold Coast. He became a social leader and political big wheel. He promoted concerts for his society friends, got himself elected to the city council, and became the very woof in the fabric of the new state's business life.

The spirit of daring and the rash speculations that spun San Francisco in a glowing whirlpool in those days soon imbued the soul of Henry with a love for wild and dangerous deals. He tried anything and everything to turn a dollar and sometimes it wasn't an honest one, either, in spite of his nickname.

He bought lots in North Beach, believing that if he offered enough inducement much of the population of the young city could be lured in that windy direction. As a city councilman he caused many streets to be built in that area and then, paradoxically, found himself brutally burdened with taxes and assessments because of those same self-sponsored lonely streets.

Even his flourishing lumber business could not provide as much money as he needed for all his schemes. Worse, the public looked the other way when North Beach real estate was mentioned. Soon he was bankrupt. However, for quite some time no one but Meiggs knew of his unpleasant condition.

CONSIDERING the value of this rare advantage, he decided to save himself with forgery. It wasn't too difficult to be dishonest in just this way because San Francisco ran most of its civic business on easy credit. Obligations were met by issuing to the creditors warrants which bore no interest and which were signed in blank by the comptroller and mayor.

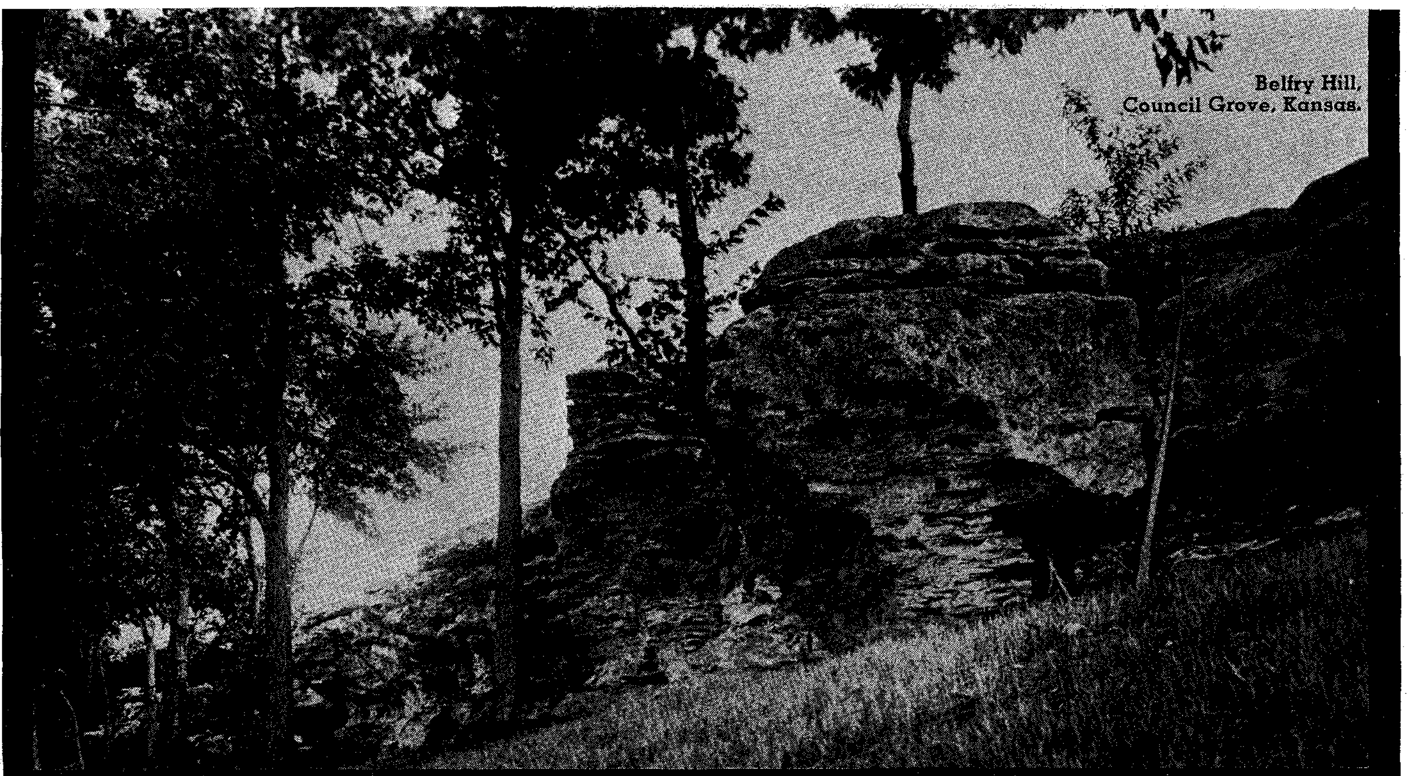
Time was saved by these two signing the warrants in advance and Meiggs, who had often used them legally before, did so again—only not quite so honorably this time. Because he was an alderman and city father of excellent standing, he was able to forge and pass the bogus warrants for a long time without discovery.

But his affairs became even worse. His indebtedness reached $800,000; the interest due on this sum alone was $30,000. Meiggs prayed for an upturn in the business world but it didn't come and he knew public shame and exposure were imminent. So he gave his creditors the slip, by sea, on the *America*.

When rumors of the swindle and his flight were out, angry creditors made a rush for the nearest wharf. They thought they had him, for they could see that the ship was tossing helplessly out near a bar, its sails slack.

A small steamer was soon crowded with wild-eyed San Franciscans armed with guns and with one thought—"Get Meiggs!"

(Continued on page 72)



Belfry Hill, Council Grove, Kansas.

MYSTERY PRIEST'S CACHE

The padre may have found the Spaniard's grave before he found his own...

ON an early October morning in 1862 Council Grove, Kansas lay silent. Autumn sunshine slanted against the high store fronts. In the distance a wagontrain could be seen approaching, its wheels whirling dust into the sky. Soon the little outpost was a scene of much activity. People from the caravan spilled into stores eager to exchange their gold specie for supplies needed for the rest of their journey to Santa Fe.

By mid-afternoon the town was once again deserted, leaving storekeepers jubilant and considerably wealthier. Some $6,000 had been spent in a few hours, one store alone locking $2,200 in gold in its safe.

The day had warmed when the post resumed its normal, quiet routine. A handful of local citizens were in the street going about their business, most of which seemed to be conducted behind the batwing doors of the saloons. Leaning on a hitching rail, looking the town over as if getting his bearings, was a stranger. He had left the wagontrain and stayed behind. As yet, he had attracted no attention.

After a few minutes, he walked toward the Pioneer Store, a large stone structure set off from the others.

He was short and slack-limbed, and a wide-brimmed hat shaded his bearded face. He appeared to be in his middle-fifties. His shoulders were slouched, and over one was a blanket fashioned into a pack. The stranger was clothed much as others on the caravan had been, except his garments were more threadbare and showed evidence of makeshift patching.

BY BEN TOWNSEND

Setting his pack down inside the door he walked to the far end where the storekeeper stood behind a cluttered counter.

"I want to buy a Bible," he said, his voice low but disclosing traces of an accent.

"A Bible?" repeated the storekeeper in surprise.

"Yes."

The proprietor turned and looked up at the rows of shelves going to the ceiling, stocked with everything imaginable. His eyes moved over their contents. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "There it is!"

Using a nail keg for a ladder, the storekeeper stretched and took down a Bible. He blew the dust from it, gave it a loud whack against his hip, and handed it over. After inspecting the binding, the stranger nodded approvingly and flipped through the pages.

"This is fine," he said, and paid the storekeeper in gold and walked out. The storekeeper furrowed his brow and watched him go.

Outside the man dropped the Bible into his pack, which he heaved over a shoulder. Then he crossed the boardwalk, hesitated briefly, and ambled up the street.

The storekeeper pulled a big day-book out from under the counter and opened it. Two weeks ago he had checked through it and had been reminded that the Pioneer Store had done $200,000 worth of business in two years. Of that, $12,300 had been spent for whiskey. He poked a quill in a rusty ink pot, shook it, and wrote, "One Bible—$1.75."

The storekeeper walked to the door and stepped outside, looking up and down the deserted street for the stranger. But he was gone. In the lazy, still afternoon he returned to his post behind the counter and stood there, puzzling over what had been in the fellow's pack that made him strain so hard when he lifted it.

THE frontier town the stranger had come to had been in existence since 1825. At that time, in the shade of a large oak, government commissioners signed a treaty with the Osages, gaining rights for big wagontrains to roll over the Santa Fe Trail on land belonging to the red man. Council Grove was the last stop until Santa Fe. There a wagon master could find anything from a bullwhip to a bootlace. All trains camped at Council Grove and spent gold for whatever they needed to finish the journey.

Each caravan meant hundreds of dollars for the storekeepers. Almost daily considerable sums of money passed through their hands. Those who had settled in Council Grove thus were not easily excited by the glittering metal that drew men to the West by the thousands; let others look for it, they reasoned. In time, it all seemed to come to Council Grove anyway.

One story, however, had long gripped every citizen, and soon the stranger would become connected with it. The legend went that on a nearby bluff, more than a century earlier, a Spanish priest was murdered and his bones buried. One version was that the riches he packed on a burro were destined for the King of Spain and consisted of gold, silver and rare gems. No trace of them had ever been found, though it was believed they had been cached by the priest before he was murdered.

Many had searched for his grave and the cache. Once it was thought the grave had been found. Men had stumbled upon an odd-shaped heap of rocks which they took to be the site. But Indians who had long roamed the area and who were familiar with the tale, shook their heads. "No," they said, "those rocks are not of the grave." Many years ago, they said, Indians had placed the rocks there to mark a trail.

Where was the Spaniard's grave? Where was his cache? The Indians professed not to know. It had been long before the time of any living Indian, they pointed out, though many thought they knew much more about the buried priest and his riches than they let on. In time, men stopped hunting for the grave, and with the passing years, even the story was almost forgotten.

Then the stranger from a passing wagontrain stopped off at Council Grove; and it was to this very bluff that he went without hesitation upon leaving the Pioneer Store. He seemed to know exactly where he was going.

The man turning up in Council Grove was Matteo Boccalini. He, too, had been a priest before he got to roving. He was to spend five months on the bluff, in the vicinity of Belfry Hill, and stories of him would spread the length of the Santa Fe Trail.

What little he revealed of his past sounded like a penny novel. He had had so many adventures that some folks believed he had invented them to throw everyone off the scent of his real motive —an attempt to locate the Spaniard's grave. But his tales of adventure were true.

Boccalini had been born on Capri, twenty miles south of Naples. Of well-to-do parents, he was sent off to Naples as a youth to be educated. At eighteen he went to Rome, studying at St. Peter's. By this time he had made up his mind to become a priest, and three years later he took the vows.

Yet, almost from the first he was a wayward padre. He had always been outspoken, and it wasn't long until he aroused the ire of other priests, especially the Jesuits. He said what he thought, much of it shocking to the ears of the clergy. Nevertheless, he managed to become a secretary to the Pope, an appointment which firmly cemented his relationship with the church hierarchy. But no matter; he was headed for trouble.

Boccalini was soon wandering from the narrow path prescribed for priests, and when he was discovered paying court to a black-haired beauty he was forced to leave the Church. He claimed that it was then the Jesuits vowed to assassinate him. He said that he found himself cringing in the dark shadows of Rome's narrow streets at the sight of a stranger; in the night the slightest sound would awaken him from sleep. He would sit up in bed, cold with fear. He moved from one part of the city to another. But eventually they would find him, and he would move on.

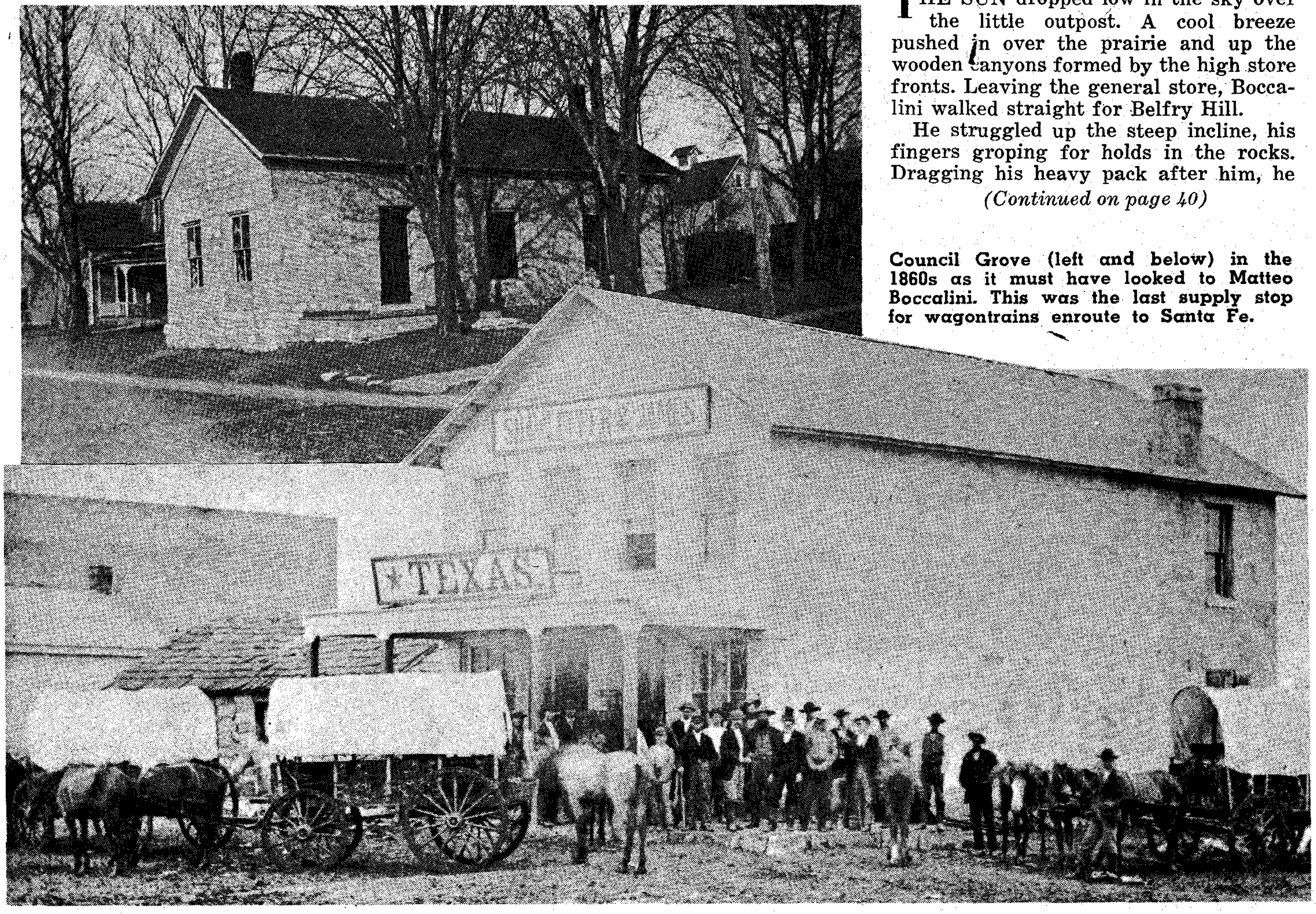
One night Boccalini vanished. After a lengthy wandering upon the seas, he came to America. He headed west, traveling afoot or taking passage on wagontrains. He spent some time with various Indian tribes, moving across the wilderness with them, but eventually the Indians would tire of his prying questions and he would be compelled to move on. On a languid, autumn day he reached Council Grove.

THE SUN dropped low in the sky over the little outpost. A cool breeze pushed in over the prairie and up the wooden canyons formed by the high store fronts. Leaving the general store, Boccalini walked straight for Belfry Hill.

He struggled up the steep incline, his fingers groping for holds in the rocks. Dragging his heavy pack after him, he

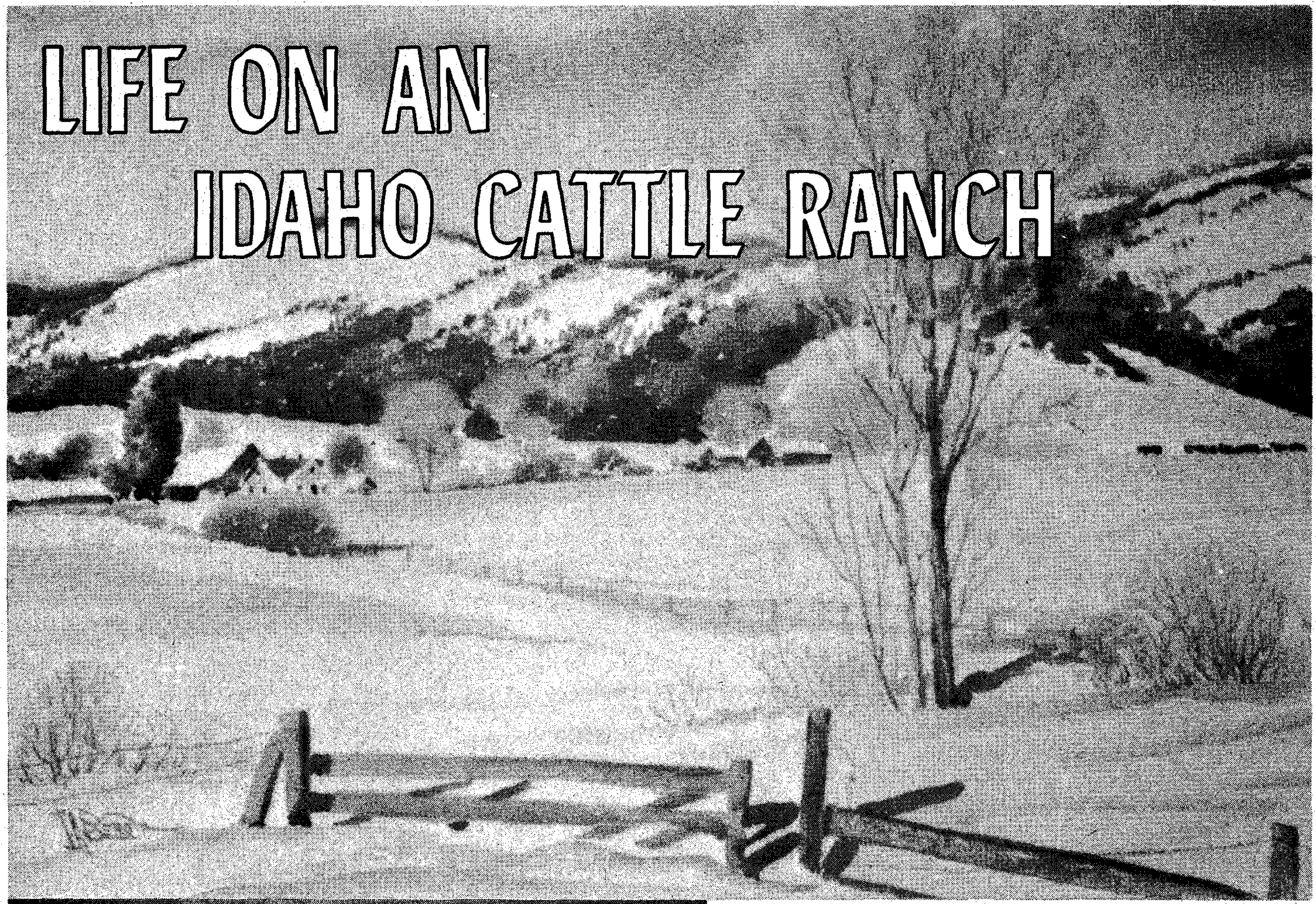
(Continued on page 40)

Photos both pages Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

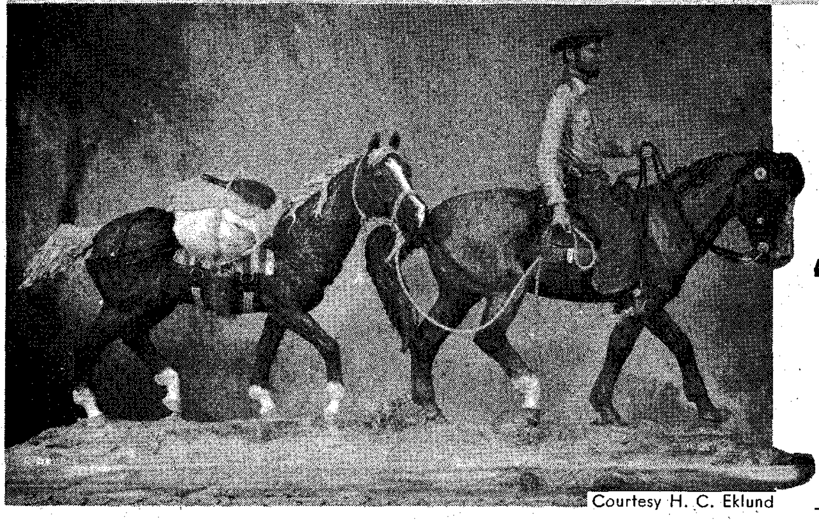


Council Grove (left and below) in the 1860s as it must have looked to Matteo Boccalini. This was the last supply stop for wagontrains enroute to Santa Fe.

LIFE ON AN IDAHO CATTLE RANCH



—where a man could get by with "only the clothes on his back and the saddle in his hand"



Courtesy H. C. Eklund

Top: Watercolor by Spokane, Washington artist Leon BeRoth, resembles the ranch on which the author grew up in Chilly, Idaho. The Clark home burned to the ground, and many of their pictures with it. Above: "The Drifter" by Curt Dennis depicts the cowboy during his days of drifting from one ranch to the next.

BY BUTCH CLARK

Photos Courtesy Author

I was born on a ranch on the East Fork of the Salmon River in Idaho where I grew up a cowboy, but I have never swallowed that saying: "A cowboy is born, not made." Some of the best cowboys I ever met were city-raised, and never started in at the ranch game until they were young men. Some of my brothers became A-1 cowboys, but one of them did not follow the profession at all, preferring to go into construction work.

My father, Joseph Orin Clark, had two ranches in Idaho, one a sheep ranch on the Salmon, one a cow ranch on the Lost River at Chilly, which is now a ghost area. My parents took up their ranches as homesteads, coming from Utah before the turn of the century. Their people had originally come from Pennsylvania and Virginia, my father Pennsylvania Dutch, my mother English. One of my grandmothers was a Virginian.

The first ranch we settled was on the Lost River close to Whiskey Springs and the old stage station of Dickie. It is on this ranch that my parents, and my brothers and sisters who died early in life from scarlet fever, whooping cough, and diphtheria, are buried. The cemetery tells the sad story, with the dates of children who never lived long, and whom I never knew since I was the baby of the family. And yet I remember a happy childhood.

As a lad, I had my share of chores. When I was six I was delegated the responsibility of keeping the milch cows out of the alfalfa in spring and summer. I took this work very seriously because my father treated me like a full-grown cowhand. He gave me a Morgan horse, small and gentle, called Little Dan, and from morning to late afternoon that horse was my friend and constant companion.

I would roll together a little canvas tarp and my slicker, which I would tie to the cantle of my saddle. I would have an early breakfast while my older brothers were milking the cows—about a dozen Jerseys, Holsteins and Durhams. Then I would put my saddle and bridle on Dan, put potatoes and corn and sandwiches which Mother had given me into my saddle bags, and with my dog, Joker, drive the cows about two miles from home to big pastures of grass. Before the heat of the day, I would dismount, take down my tarp, and make a little tepee for my headquarters.

While the cows grazed I would gather some wood, start a little fire and get some hot coals. After digging a hole in the ground, I'd put my potatoes and corn, still in the husks, on top of the hot coals and cover them with earth and ashes. There was plenty of water in that country, where springs and streams abounded, so drinking water was no problem. Neither were the cows, who grazed contentedly all day.

I would have plenty of time to fish, using a willow pole with a bit of string, and grasshoppers and angle worms for bait. If I caught any fish before noon I would clean them with my knife, put them on a willow stick, and roast them over the fire.

A day spent with Dan and Joker would go very fast. I would bring the cows in by late afternoon for my brothers to milk. I did this every spring and summer until my father felt I was old enough to graduate to harder chores.

In the fall, when haying time came, I would drive a team, pulling hay rakes and hay wagons. My folks put up at least a thousand tons of hay each fall. Some of the hay was from our own holdings, some of it was from leased land. We winter-fed about 150 head of Hereford and Shorthorned Durham cattle.

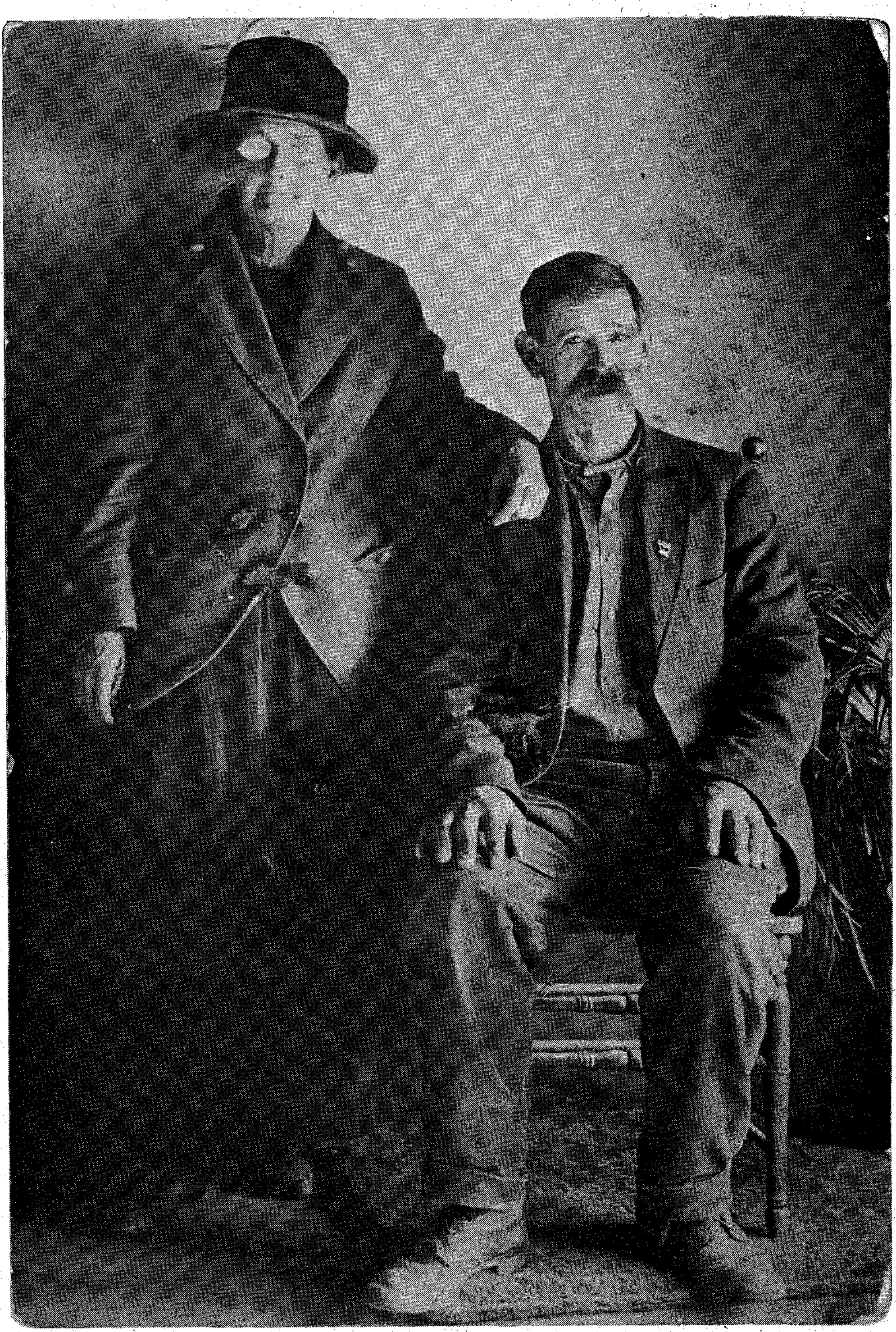
WHEN some of my brothers got old enough, they took over a homestead on the East Fork of the Salmon for the family, and on this ranch we ran sheep. Idaho had its own dissension among the cattle and sheepmen. In time my father was to become a constable, and he sincerely tried hard to keep the sheepmen and cattlemen from killing each other. I do not go along with that picture of the cowman always packing a rifle in his scabbard and a pistol on his hip. My father didn't. He did not believe in guns, for he said they never gave a man a chance to reason with another. When he went into the camps of cowmen and sheepmen he went unarmed, and both sides knew this and respected him for it.

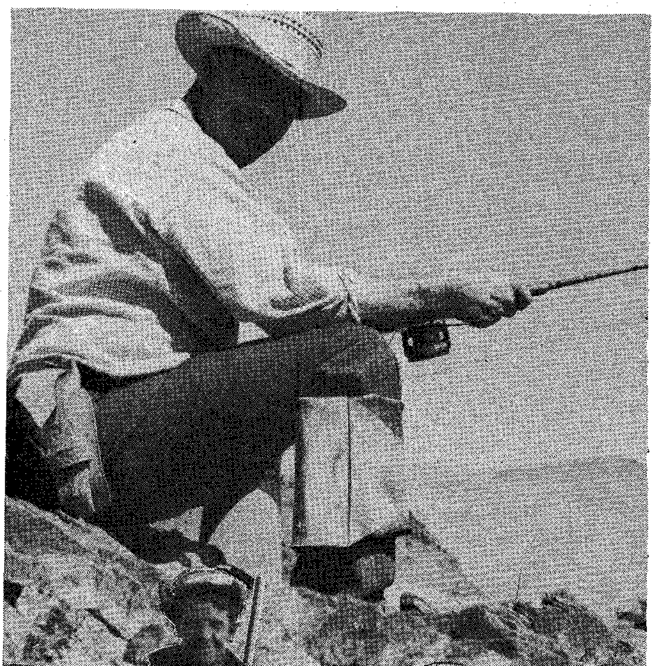
My father was not a big man; he stood only about five-feet nine-inches and weighed about 180 pounds. But he rode a big horse everyone knew, a Hambletonian called Jim. The horse had a broken tail, which it carried to one side.

My father had had his hip broken, and one of his legs was shorter than the other. Jim was an easy-riding horse, which made it possible to endure many hours in the saddle, even though Dad's old injury, which he got in a fight when a man kicked him, hurt him a great deal. He was a mild-mannered man, with gentle dark eyes and a handlebar mustache, and made friends wherever he went. He helped keep the peace in our country. He reasoned so well with the two warring factions—sheepmen and cattlemen—that there were few killings.

One of my brothers, Lee Clark, was in time to follow in my father's footsteps, serving for fourteen years as sheriff of Custer County in Idaho and receiving several citations from J. Edgar Hoover. Lee felt compelled, however, to wear a six-shooter, for with changing times, with bank robberies, horse stealing and dope peddling, sterner measures were required. While my father served as constable, most sheepmen and cattlemen began to resolve their differences, and today on those same ranges sheep and cattle are owned by many outfits, and graze the same areas.

When we were growing up, we had


Erminy and Joseph Clark, mother and father of the author, were early-day ranchers.



Three sons of the Clarks: George (above) was a cowboy all his life; Lee (above right) was sheriff of Challis, Idaho for fourteen years; and the author (right) shown with his dog and a wild goose.

none of the toys of modern children, and none of the recreations they have today, and I am often asked how we entertained ourselves. Well, when the gophers came out in the spring from their long winter's hibernation, we would make pets of them. We would build little miniature harnesses for them, and tiny hay wagons made of willows, and we would break them to work. When the grass got high, we would take scissors and cut the hay, and the gophers would haul it for us to stack.

Those gophers were just as tame as rabbits, and seemed to love us as much as we loved them. In fact, in the late fall, we would bring them to our root cellar to hibernate, and in the spring, our friendships with them would resume, and our play began again. We had individual names for them. We would build little derricks to unload the hay from the tiny wagons pulled by our gophers. In all our miniature play, we were at the same time imitating and making the things our parents used in grown-up work, and learning for ourselves how to make things with our hands.

The schoolhouse in the Lost River country was about five miles from our ranch, so we usually attended by saddle horse. I didn't like school my first year, when I was six years old, so my cousin Ferry Larter, also six, and I set fire to the schoolhouse floor. We wrapped a bunch of twine together, dipped it in coal-oil, and scattered it around the building on the inside one night after school was out, and set the twine afire. We wanted to burn down the building. We didn't succeed, but my father had to pay some carpenters to put a new floor in the school.

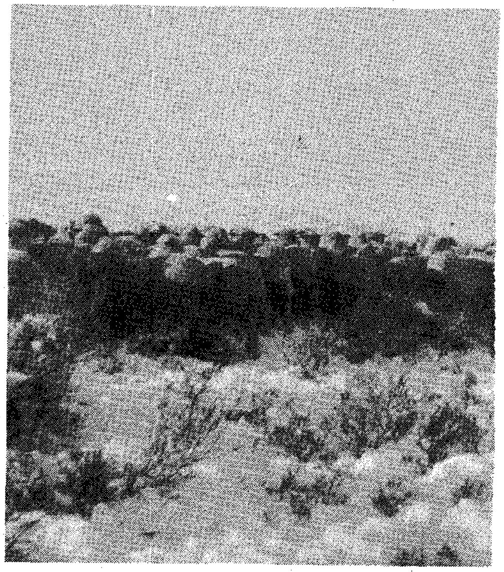
Ferry and I had a faculty, when we were small, of getting into mischief. That same year, when we were visiting Jim Hunter's blacksmith shop at Chilly, we found a medicine bottle with numbers running up the side. It was filled with whiskey—actually moonshine—which we proceeded to drink. We started home afoot and had to go through a bunch of barb-wire fences. Our clothes got torn from our backs, and the farther we went the drunker we got. By the time we got home all we had on were our shoes and socks. Dad was out in the field and Mother called to him, "Come quick! Butch has been poisoned."

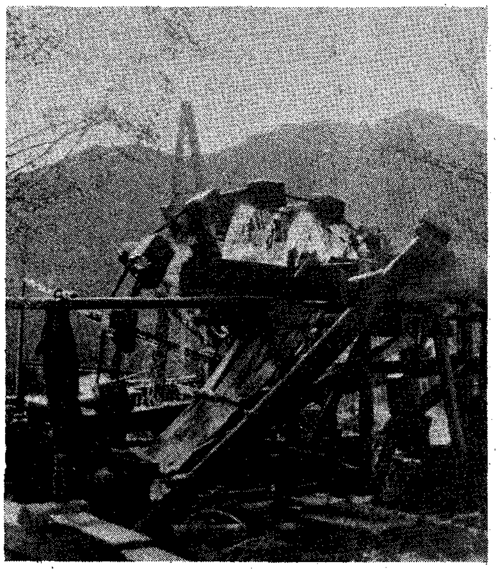
My father came on the run, but when he examined me he said; "Poisoned, hell! He's drunk." Mother mixed up some mustard water, and got it down my throat, and made me heave. I was never so sick in my life, which broke me of drinking for quite a number of years. Ferry, too.

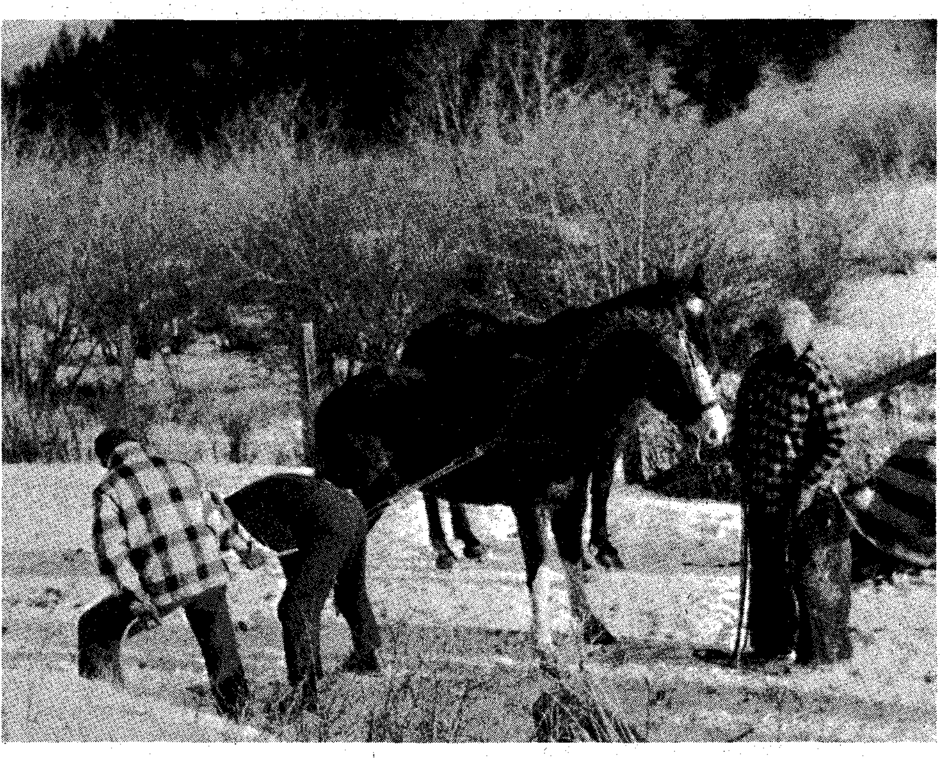
ALL of us kids had horses, and we loved and cared for them. We showed off considerably, especially in front of new sharecroppers who had moved into the locality, and more so if they had daughters. Sharecroppers often leased some of the bigger ranches in the valley, such as the Hunter spread. Mr. Hunter ran the mercantile store. He was too old for ranch work.

I had one mare I particularly loved and which I rode to school. I called her Freedom. She was a bay, also Hambletonian, and she was gentle and fast. In summer, we kids would gather at the river near which was a steep hill. We would run our horses off the hill and jump them in the river, although some of us never learned to swim.

One day when I came home from school, I tied Freedom to Mother's wash-





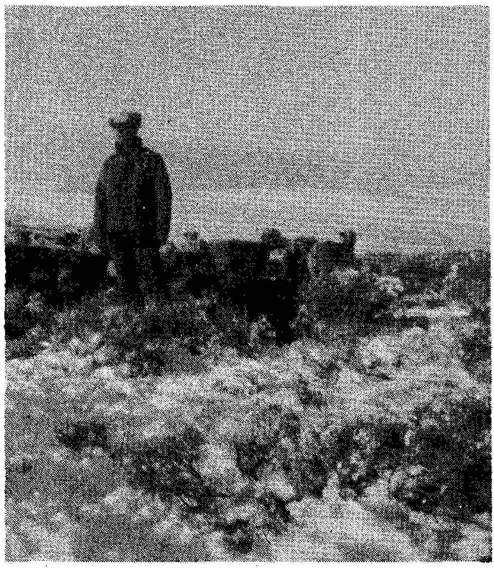


Above: An early waterwheel on the Salmon River in Idaho. Many homestead families built them to help irrigate their lands. Right: These cowmen are taking *shoes off their horses for the winter months.*

ing machine which was on the back porch. I went into the house, and accidentally slammed the door and spooked Freedom. That washing machine was scattered all over the place. Since the machine had a push handle which manipulated the agitator, and we kids had to take turns pushing it, my father thought I had spooked the horse on purpose; but mother never liked the machine anyhow, so I didn't get a licking.

In the fall, Dad would go to the city, which was Mackay twenty miles away, to buy our year's supply of groceries. He would buy barrels of flour, sugar and whiskey; cases of Arbuckle coffee, which Mother would not drink because of her religion; sacks of salt and boxes of dried fruit. We raised all our own vegetables, butchered our pigs and cured our own ham and bacon, and butchered our own beef. Mother and my sisters would can all our vegetables; they would make headcheese when we butchered the pigs, and would put sausage in big crocks which were sealed with grease. Alongside the house we had a large storeroom, which was like a cooler, where we kept everything perishable. The raw vegetables, however, went into the colder root cellar. My sisters and Mother made barrels of dill pickles from home-grown cucumbers, and they had crocks filled with home-made sauerkraut.

Below: Butch Clark with a sheepdog by his side guard the family flock.



Both our ranches were frequented by the Bannock Indians. Whenever we butchered, the Indians came to get intestinal parts of the beef which we didn't use. At the time the big salmon were returning upriver to spawn, the Indians would camp on our ranch on the East Fork, pitching their tepees so they opened to the east. In those days, you could spear salmon, which we often did and which the Indians did, also. The Indians would smoke some of their fish.

One visitor in particular we all loved was Chief Tendoy, who kept the peace between the whites and Indians. We also doted on his wife, who was sweet and kindly. From her my parents would buy us kids moccasins and buckskin gloves. My father and the chief were close friends.

We had a smoke house in which we smoked all our bacon and ham. We used apple wood which we harvested from our orchard. At our Lost River ranch, we never could raise fruit; but at our Salmon River ranch, we had wild cherries, plums, and several varieties of apples.

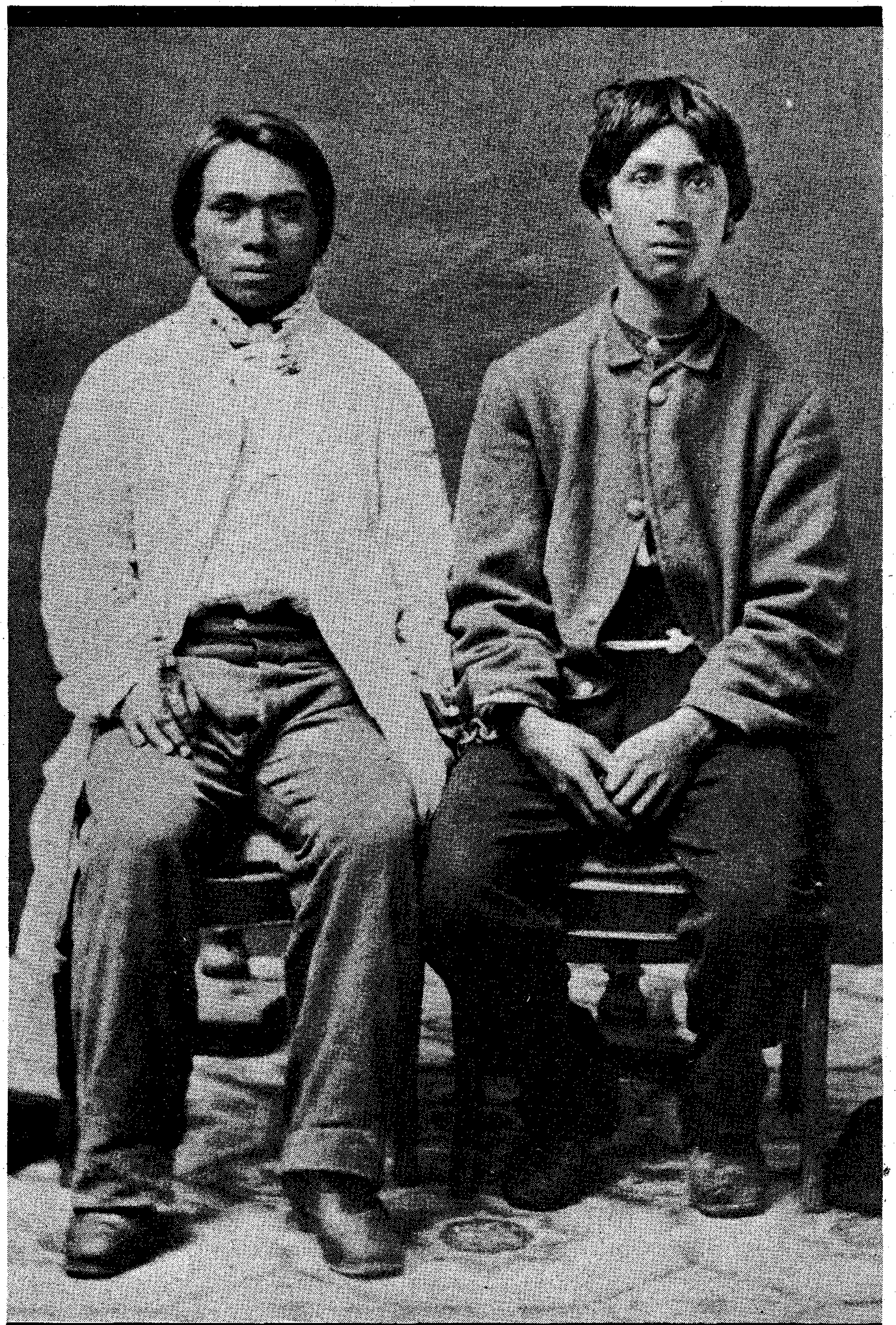
On his trip to the city, Dad would also buy us boxes of hard candy to see us through the winter, for such candy was also used for colds. The whiskey he bought in barrels was Sunnybrook, and it too was used as medicine. My parents did not believe in drinking, but the whiskey saved our lives during a flu epidemic which took many lives. This influenza hit when I was still little, but it didn't take any of our family. We all came down with it with the exception of an older brother, George, who nursed all of us through it. The Sunnybrook he gave us in hot toddies seemed to be what saved our lives.

Old Dr. Charles Baker, who lived in Mackay, would get to our little town of Chilly about once a month, sometimes, but my brother was the real saving angel. After he doctored all of us each morning, he would hitch up the rig and go to the neighbors, where he helped save their lives, too. He was then only about sixteen years old, but he was my hero.

In wintertime, although we were often snowbound, we could still get out, for we had stout teams of horses which could break through the snowdrifts and pull our sleighs, with us on them, to the ranches of our relatives. We had a lot of relatives, for when my people left Mount Pleasant, Utah, they came almost as a colony and took up homesteads not too far apart. On one weekend we would go to Uncle Hiram Ingram's, on another to Uncle Tom Coates', on another to Uncle Henry and Aunt Maude Farnsworth's; then they would alternate and come to our place. Our parents would play cards or pinochle, or sometimes they would square dance. When we kids got sleepy, our aunts and uncles would make a "Mormon bed" on the floor for us. They put feather ticks and quilts down, and put us little kids side by side. We would giggle for the first hour, but then we would fall asleep. Sometimes, depending on the weather, we would stay all night, and the next morning we would get up to a nice big breakfast and then head home to feed the cattle. Every one of the family went, so no one felt left

(Continued on page 52)

Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B. C.



Left: Joseph Nuana "Kanaka Joe" (on the right) and a friend, presumably Indian Charlie. Note the makeshift handcuffs.

KANAKA JOE

BY RUTH M. HERBERG

Photos Courtesy Author

Pioneer justice was in a quandary when this mere boy turned murderer. Did the youth or the populace deserve its protection?

THE PROBLEM facing the people of San Juan Island, a little over one hundred years ago, was one which gravely tested their principles and judgment. Murder was murder, but what should they do when it was committed by a misguided teen-ager? There was no juvenile court or trained counselors to advise them, but Kanaka Joe must receive as square a deal as his no-nonsense neighbors could give him.

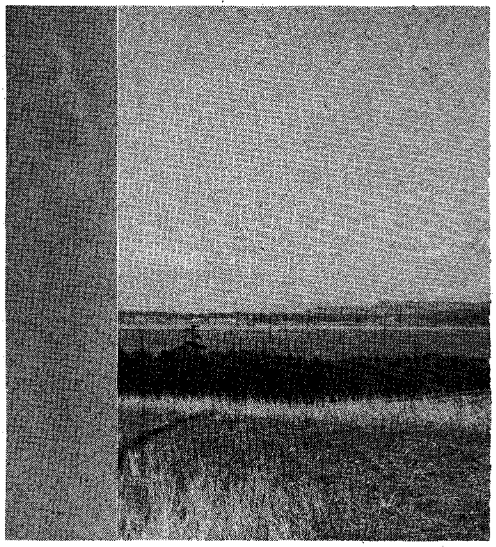
The term "Kanaka" goes back to the days when the Hudson's Bay Company established sheep on San Juan Island off the Washington coast and brought in Hawaiians as herders. These men, as well as their families, were known as Kanakas. A sizeable bay on the southeast coast of San Juan Island is still known as Kanaka Bay.

At the time of the British withdrawal from San Juan, several Hawaiians lived there and Kanaka Joe was one of them. His full name was Joseph Nuana. He had attended school for a short time with the other children, but no one knew his exact age. His father was Hawaiian and his mother an Indian from one of the northern tribes. Very little is known of them. Joe was stocky of build and his facial characteristics were more Indian than Hawaiian.

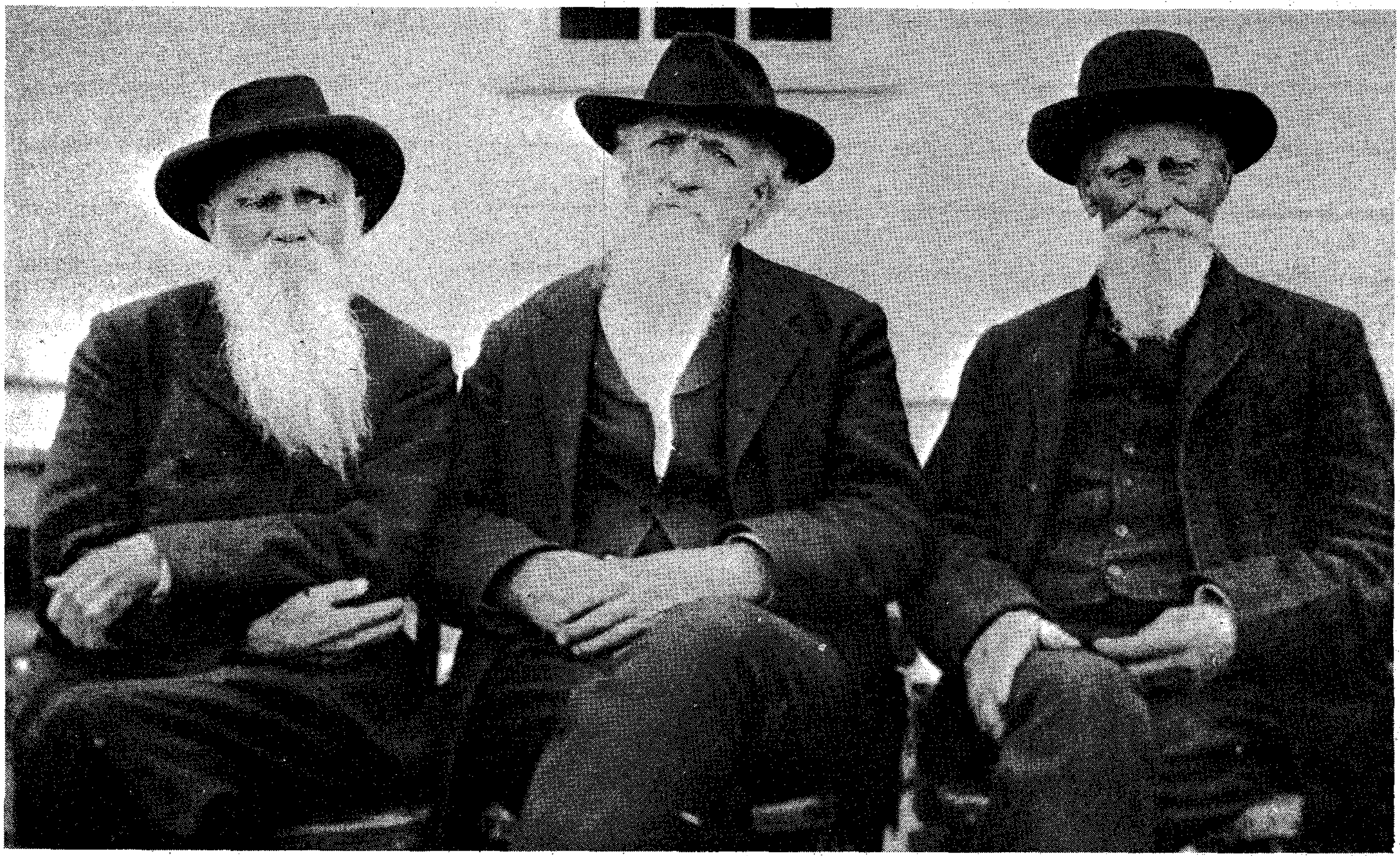
The American and British settlers were inclined to take the Kanakas for granted, and didn't suspect them even when William Fuller, an elderly Englishman, was found bludgeoned to death and half buried in a rockpile near his home. The only conclusion they could draw was that he had been murdered by vengeful Haidas whose war canoes frequently passed up and down the channel. Fuller was known to have had an altercation with the Indians some time before.

Several Britishers, among them Selina and Harry Dwyer, had established themselves on San Juan Island, and saw no reason to leave their homes (in 1873) even though they were officially in

Below and right Courtesy U. S. Department of the Interior, National Park Service



Courtesy San Juan Historical Society, Friday Harbor, Washington



Pioneers of San Juan Island, photographed prior to 1906. Left to right: Edward Warbass, Charles McKay, and Stephen Boyce.

American territory. They had come from Victoria, the largest town in the area at that time. Harry Dwyer was a tall smiling Nova Scotian, who had given up a life at sea to take up farming on the West Coast. He and Selina had decided that the island would be a good place to bring up their first child which was expected shortly. Their home adjoined that of their friends, Jim and Minerva Hannah.

On the morning of the second tragedy Harry Dwyer had apparently set out to plow his field. Shortly before noon his plow was found on its side with Harry lying beside it. His head was bloody and his body inert.

Jim Hannah with his wife and daughter were the first to arrive at the scene. Horror stricken, Jim questioned sharply, "Where's Selina?"

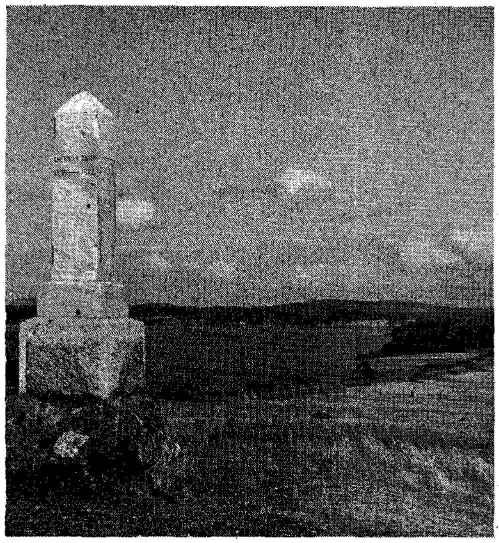
The house was ominously silent. The door hung from broken hinges.

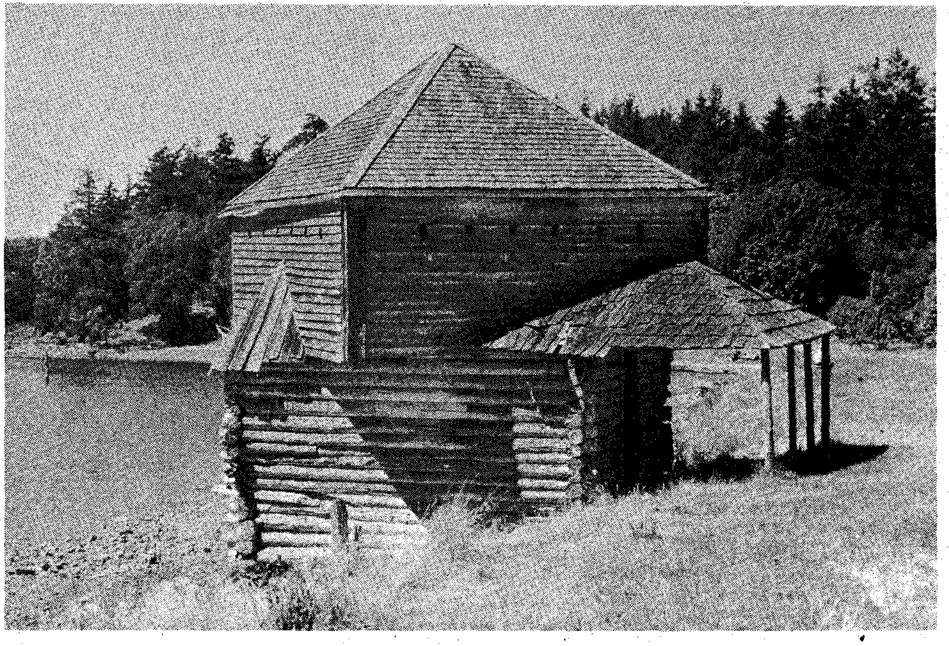
"Selina can't be left alone," he went on. "You two go to her while I go for the sheriff!"

Thus it became the fate of Minerva Hannah and her daughter Lila to find the bullet-ridden body of Selina Jane Dwyer. She presented an even more terrifying sight than her husband. Her head and face were bruised and lacerated almost beyond recognition. In her hand was the baby dress on which she had apparently been sewing when the attack came.

(Continued on page 41)

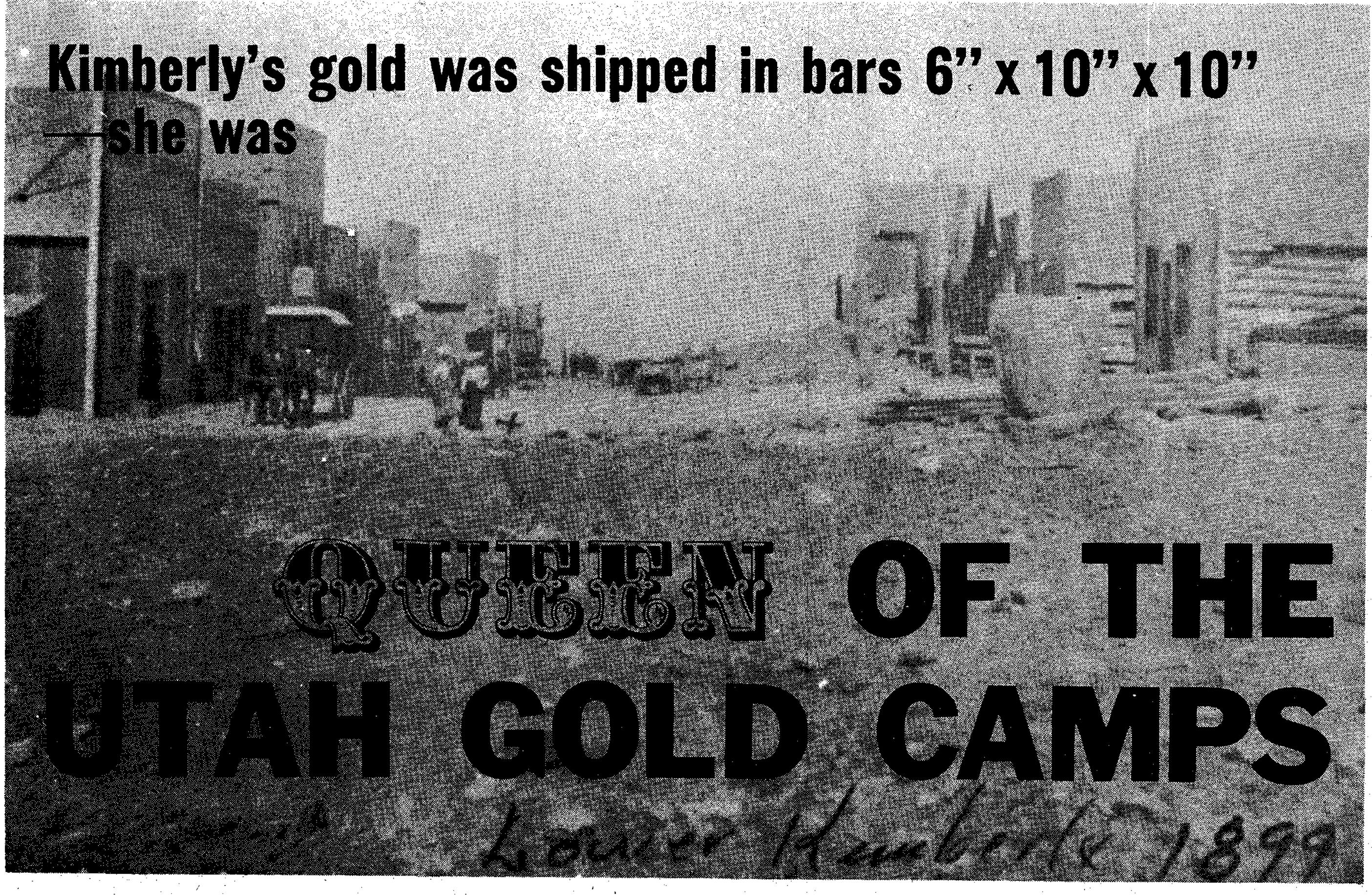
On San Juan Island, the English Camp (right) as it looks today, and the American Camp Monument (below) overlooking the south tip of Griffin Bay.

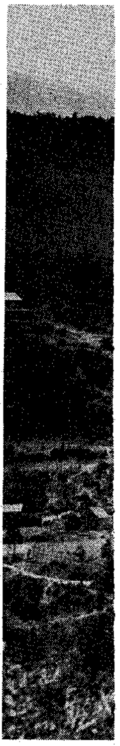




Kimberly's gold was shipped in bars 6" x 10" x 10" —she was

QUEEN OF THE UTAH GOLD CAMPS


Lower Kimberly 1899



BY GEORGE A. THOMPSON

Photos Courtesy Author

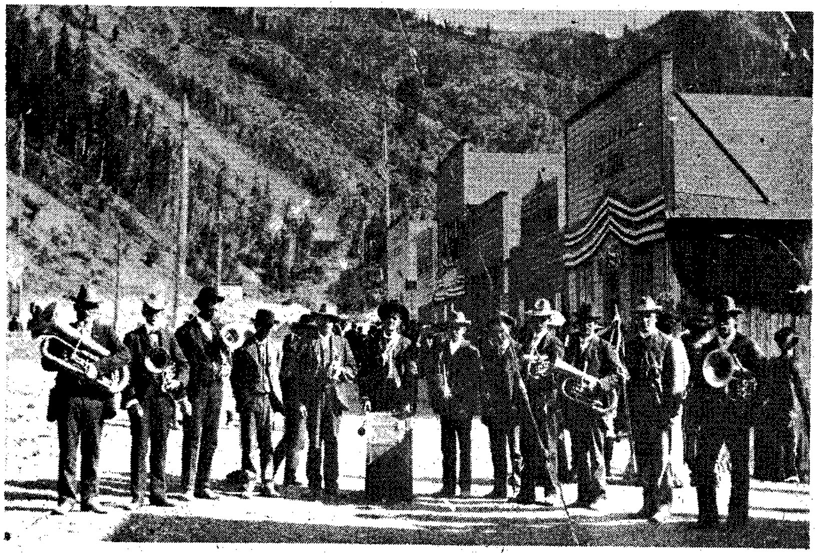
AT the north end of the Tushar Range, more than two miles above sea level in the shadow of Mt. Belknap, lies the old camp of Kimberly, Utah. Seventy years ago it was a wild and woolly place; today its gray weathered buildings tremble in the chill winds that whistle among the peaks of the Tushars. Kimberly was a gold camp, unlike many of Utah's ghost mining towns most of which were built on fortunes made and lost in silver. Little planning went into the building of Kimberly; it just grew. Its boom began during the early 1890s when William F. Snyder located his Bald Mountain Mine, though it really had its birth twenty years earlier at the rival camps of Bullion and Webster.

The Ohio Mining District was organized in 1868 on the east slopes of Piute County's 12,000′ high Tushar Range. Some of its early gold producers included the Bully Boy, Morning Star, and Union Mines. Ore dug by hard-rock miners at the Copper Belt Mine assayed 13 ounces of gold and 200 ounces of silver to the ton!

It wasn't long until a rough mining camp named Bullion City grew up in Bullion Canyon. By 1872 the new camp had more than fifty buildings and a population that numbered in the hundreds. Its growth was so rapid and its future seemed so bright that by the following year it claimed the county seat from Circleville.

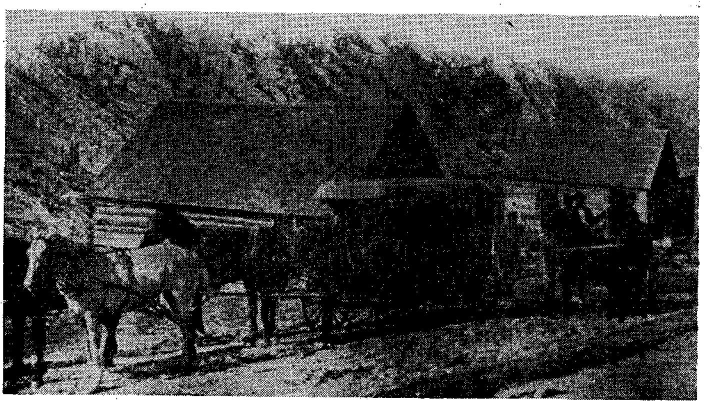
Two stamp mills were built and almost every day brought exciting new discoveries in the Ohio District's wild canyons. Sadly it was these new finds that hurried Bullion City to an early ghost-town fate, for almost overnight more promising rival camps sprang up.

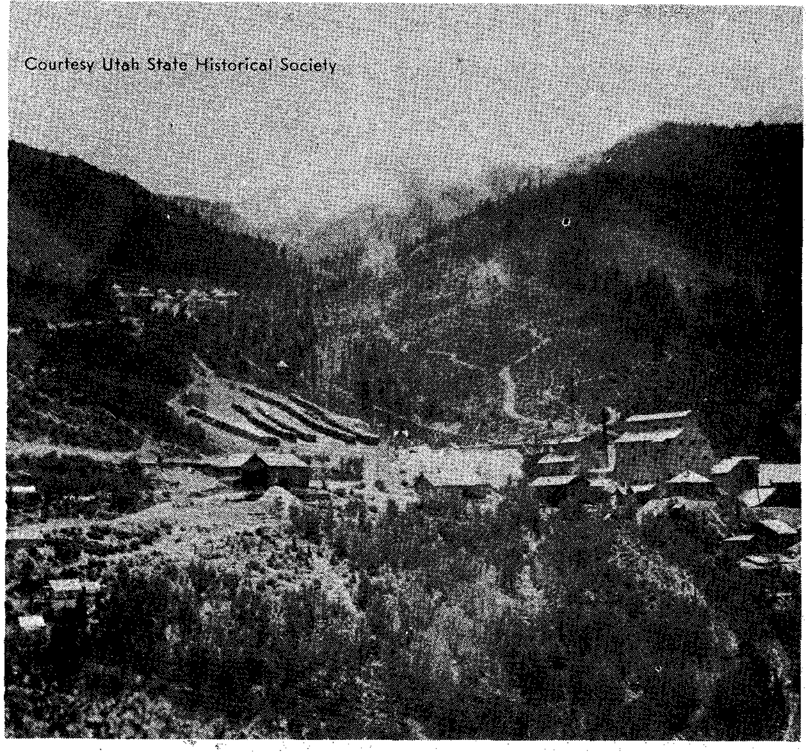
Several miles southwest of Bullion City, Joseph Smith discovered the famous Deer Trail Mine while trailing a wounded deer. Smith's find quickly proved to be one of the district's richest, and a new townsite established near it attracted many miners from Bullion City. Besides the Deer Trail's 50′-thick vein of high


Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

Left: The town band getting ready for a celebration at Kimberly.

Below: Shepard Brothers Stage arriving at Kimberly. A $20,000 gold bar was purportedly lost from an overturned coach enroute to the railroad.

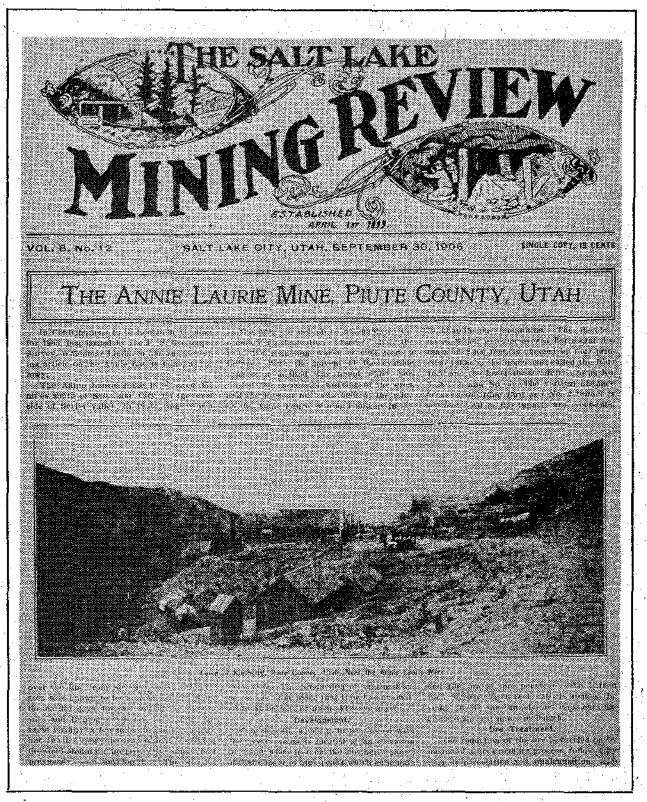




Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

Above: The new Annie Laurie Mill. Part of Upper Kimberly can be seen in the center background.

Opposite page: Main Street in Lower Kimberly was only a rocky road in 1899.



THE SALT LAKE MINING REVIEW

ESTABLISHED APRIL 1st 1899

VOL. 8, No. 12 SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SEPTEMBER 30, 1906 SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS

THE ANNIE LAURIE MINE, PIUTE COUNTY, UTAH

Above: An early issue of the *Mining Review*, showing a view of Kimberly.

grade ore, fabulous new finds were made at the Green-Eyed Monster, Rothschild, Uncle Sam, and Pluto Mines. At the Lucky Boy Mine 200 flasks of quicksilver were recovered from a gray-colored shale rock, one of the few commercial finds of the silver metal ever made in Utah.

But Bullion City's chief rival during its brief day of glory was Webster City, a new camp that grew up around the workings of the Daniel Webster Mine. Soon Webster City's stores, saloons, and other business houses equalled any at Bullion City. Among the early mines located at Webster City were the Great Western, Homestead, Niagara, and Miner's Relief.

With every day promising greater prosperity, Webster City made its move to claim the county seat from its rival. But while the two towns were battling for the coveted prize, both overlooked a tiny upstart camp called Snyderville which was blossoming at the north end of the range. Some of the richest finds in the Tushars were then being made in the newly organized Gold Mountain District, and daily the new excitement there attracted a rush of hopeful prospectors and promoters. As the new camp of Snyderville grew, Bullion and Webster faded.

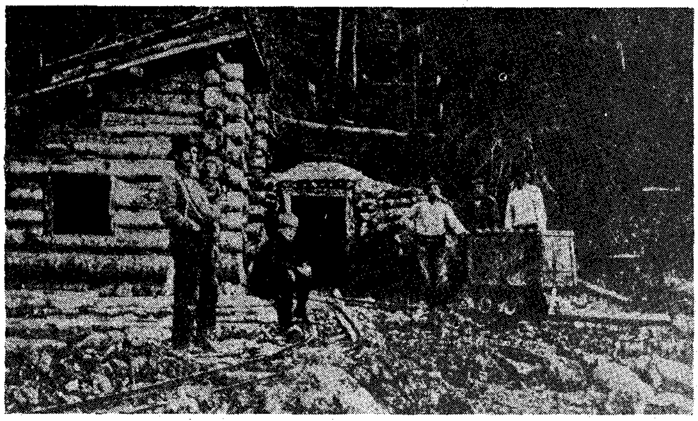
By the end of the 1870s Bullion City was almost a deserted village, while at Webster City store doors were nailed shut and cobwebs covered the windows of its saloons. Although their mines had produced a wealth of golden treasure, their miners, always fickle in their search for El Dorado, deserted them—and this left a sleepy little farm town named Marysvale to become the county seat.

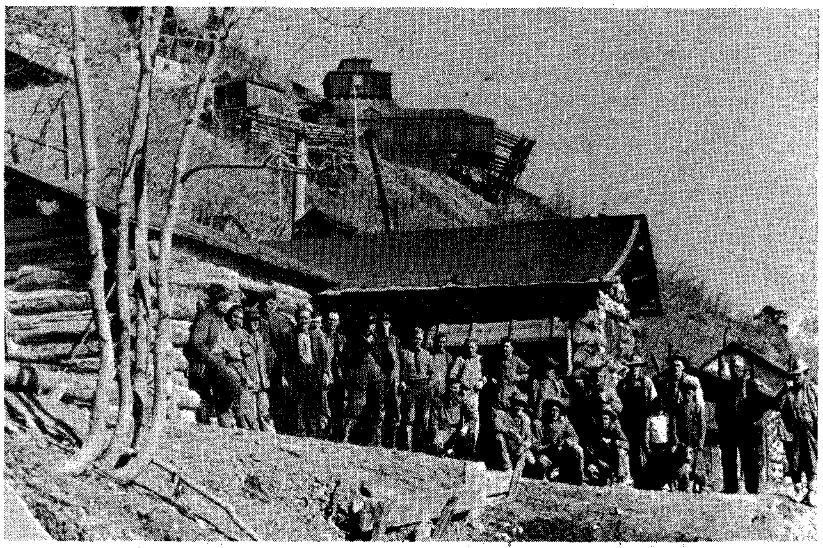
After William F. Snyder located his Bald Mountain Mine, other prospectors who hurried to the fledgling camp found gold outcrops such as the giant Mammoth ledge with its $7,000 per ton ore, and the fantastic Blue Bird claim, both of which quickly developed into bonanza mines. But Snyder's Bald Mountain Mine and Charlie Lammerdorf's Sevier Consolidated were destined to become the camp's most famous gold producers. The wealth of gold that Bald Mountain Mine brought Snyder was to be only a drop in the bucket, compared to what was to come.

(Continued on page 53)

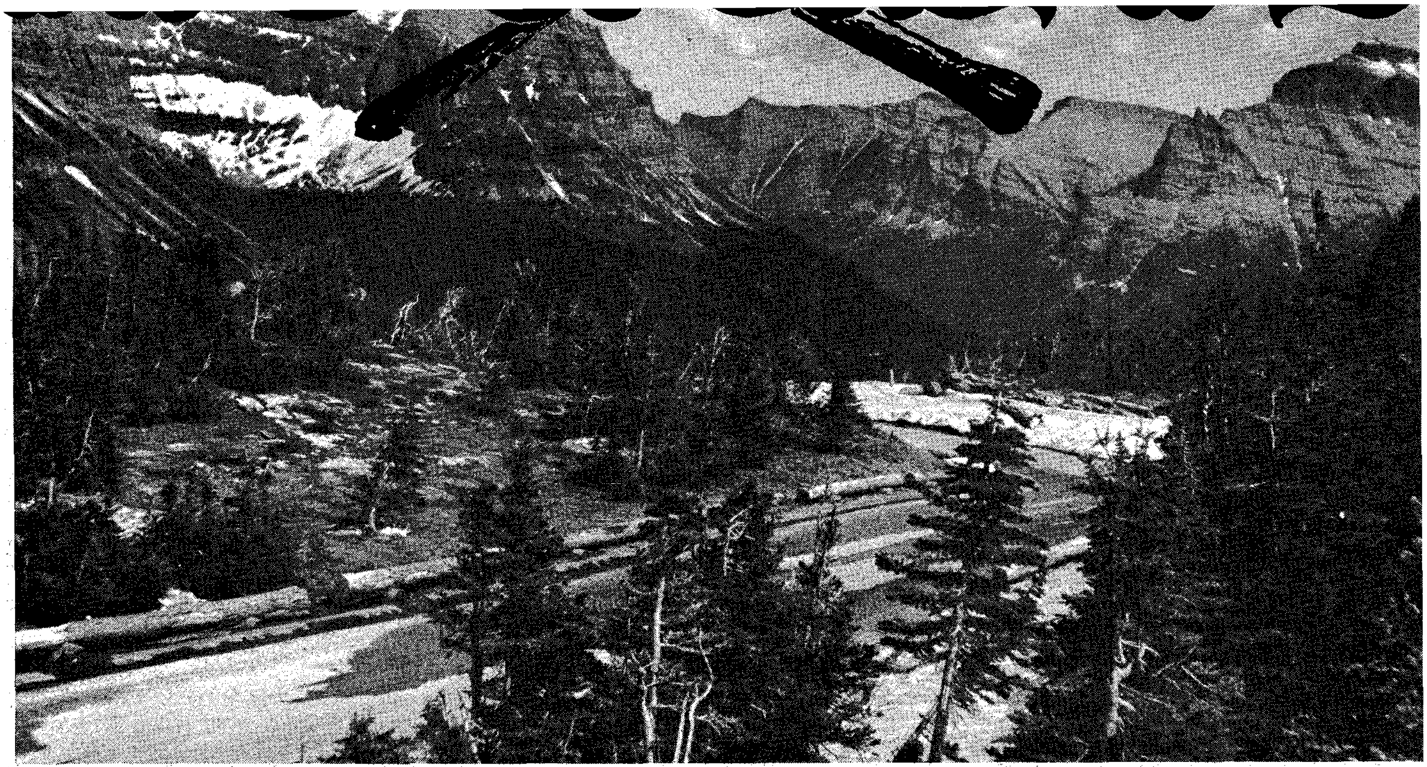
Right: The Deer Trail Mine, a rich gold mine when Bullion and Webster were boom towns. It is still worked by leasors.

***Below:* Miners at the Mammoth Mine prospect in the late 1800s.**





Courtesy Utah State Historical Society



Above: Logan Pass on the Continental Divide in Montana. Here the last peace powwow among Indians in North America was held.

THE LAST COUNCILS

By R. C. Henry

THE CHIEFS and the white men huddled in a circle, silent. But they were communicating in a manner only they knew about—they were the last of the sign talkers. Their fingers and hands moved in relatively simple motions, and they understood each other perfectly, although those watching, white and red, were ignorant of what thoughts passed back and forth.

The great councils of the Indians, and Indians and whites, are of historic note. Yet there are two lesser councils which, lacking an especial historic significance, marked the end of eras.

Both took place in relatively recent times, the early 1930s. One was the last council of the sign talkers; the other, the last peace council of any tribes of the United States.

Of the hundreds of Indian tribes few spoke a common language. The Iroquois Confederation of New York State communicated readily among various branches; the Blackfeet of the northern Great Plains and northern Rocky Mountains, a confederation of the Bloods, Piegans and Blackfeet proper, all spoke the same tongue; Selish, for which a dictionary has been compiled, was spoken by the Flatheads and the Pend d'Oreilles (Kalispels) of the northern Rocky Mountains.

These vast numbers of tongues gave rise, mainly west of the Mississippi River, to a sign language. It was in this way that white pioneers first communicated with the tribes. Not everybody was a sign talker; a proficient individual was highly regarded among the tribes, and a white trapper or wagonmaster or soldier who could speak fluently was of inestimable value to his fellows. Indeed, life or death many times depended upon him.

But the West became settled, the Indians concentrated upon reservations, and the sign talkers gradually died off. The end of the art, and it *was* an art, seemed at hand when General Hugh L. Scott, who long had concerned himself with Indian welfare, helped convene a last council of sign talkers at Browning, agency city of the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, Montana. This was in September 1930.

The old men huddled in a circle. No sound broke the council. They told each other stories of the ancient buffalo days, of the coming of the conquering whites, of the eventual defeat of the red men. As their hands moved nimbly a moving picture record was made for the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C.

White men present were General Scott, who knew sign talk, and three men who did not: Joseph M. Dixon, governor of Montana; Scott Leavitt, a Congressman who, among other achievements, is chiefly responsible for the establishment of Glacier National Park; and F. C. Campbell, agent for the reservation.

But the other sign talkers were all experts, and the last of the experts: Bitterroot Jim of the Flatheads; Deer Nose of the Crows; Tom White Horse of the Arapahoes; Dick Washakie of the Shoshone; and Mountain Chief of the Piegans. And Strange Owl, Cheyenne; Foolish Woman, Mandan; James Eagle, Arika; Drags Wolf, Hidatsa; Big Plume, Sarcee; Rides Black Horse, Assiniboine; Assiniboine Boy, Gros Ventre; Jim White Calf, Piegan; Bird Rattler, Blood; Fine Young Man, Sarcee; and Richard Sanderville, Piegan.

SIGN LANGUAGE was adequate for usual communication; it was, how-

Above: Memorial to the last powwow of the sign talkers, on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation at Browning, Montana. Close-up of two of the bronze footprints (inset).

Photos Courtesy Author

ever, difficult to express philosophical ideas. Since the Indians did not dwell too much on such ideas, there was little necessity for expression.

Signs were generally simple. A white man, for instance, was described by drawing the right forefinger across the brow, indicating a dividing line between white skin where it was protected by a hat and the sunburned face below. A snake was described by thrusting the right hand forward with first two fingers extended—the forked tongue of a snake. This sign could also be used to insult a man by calling him a liar—he "spoke with the forked tongue of a snake." The extent that he was a liar was emphasized by thrusting the forked fingers forward and back.

The sign for the Blood band of the Blackfeet Confederation consisted of gestures involving both hands—forked fore- and middle-finger under the nostrils, to indicate blood flowing from the nose, and a sweeping motion of the other hand toward the ground to indicate a trail of blood. The significance of the gesture was not really the grim one of blood; it is related that long ago the Bloods traveled widely looking for food one season, and when they returned to the rendezvous with other bands of the Confederation they brought many red berries which they had found. Since their mouths and chins were smeared blood-red and some of them left a trail of red berry juice behind, the name Blood was thereafter given to them.

At the same time the Blackfeet band of the Confederation (the confederation, generally known as the Blackfeet consists of the three bands—Blood, Piegan and Blackfeet proper) had traveled for many days over a prairie blacked by prairie fire. Their moccasins were black with ashes. Thereafter they were referred to by the sign of one palm attempting to brush clean the back of the other hand, meanwhile emphasizing the action by pointing frequently to the feet.

Following the last meeting of sign talkers, their footprints were cast in bronze and set in concrete, today serving as a feature of a memorial to the last powwow, located at Browning on the grounds of the Museum of the Plains Indian. Why this peculiar method was decided upon is somewhat vague, but it is the only monument to the one-time important sign language of the West.

ABOUT two years later, on the crest of the Rocky Mountains some sixty miles to the northwest of the site of the sign talkers' powwow, occurred the last peace council of any of the tribes of North America. The occasion was the completion of the Going-to-the-Sun Highway, a spectacular summer thoroughfare which bisects Glacier National Park. It is one of the world's most scenic roads, cut for much of its distance into the granite of the mountains and open to tourist travel from about the last of June to mid-September or early October when drifts that eventually may reach a depth of eighty feet begin to bury it.

As a feature of the ceremony marking the road's completion, it was decided to round up representatives of some of the Indian tribes of the region for a powwow. For many years the Indians of the northern Rocky Mountains had, of course, lived in peace. Yet no peace treaty had been signed so that, technically, they were at war. This, then, was to be the last peace treaty to be made among red men in North America.

Going-to-the-Sun Highway takes its name from a rugged peak of the same name. According to Blackfeet legend, adversity came upon the band one time. Their Great Spirit took pity upon them and sent a warrior, a chief, to aid them. Under his guidance, the band became strong again.

The chief, his task completed, left and climbed a lofty mountain to the west. The watching tribe saw him disappear in a cloud of snow and bursts of lightning. When the storm cleared they saw that the snow on the mountain formed the profile of the chief, who had "gone to the sun."

To the peace powwow came representatives of the three bands of the Blackfeet, and the Flatheads from western Montana. Historically the Blackfeet and Flatheads had been bitter enemies, with the Flatheads the underdog. However, no conflict between them had taken place since the middle of the last century.

There were also representatives of the Kootenai, Kalispel and Atsina. This last tribe was blood-kin to the Blackfeet, but that had not prevented bloody conflict at past intervals.

Among the notables was ninety-year old Kustata, a Kootenai. He was accompanied by a white man, Duncan McDonald, in his eighties, who had seen much of the history of the region. Other chiefs present were Bird Rattler, Two Guns White Calf (whose profile, according to popular legend, appears upon one side of the buffalo nickel, once a generally circulated coin in the West but within the past ten years almost entirely cornered by collectors), Chief Bull, Turtle, Black Weasel and Little Dog. They came not on horseback as of old, but by automobile. Unfortunately, a truckload of Blackfeet encountered an accident on the way and two of them were killed.

On Logan Pass, the high point at which the highway cuts across the Rocky Mountains, the Continental Divide of North America, they danced the grass dance, their plea to the god of the sun for a good year. They sealed their peace pact, and thus for the first time were technically no longer at war with each other—the last peace council among the tribes of North America.

TEXAS' FIRST TRAIN ROBBERY?

By Larry Holden

THE WIND was blowing cold and hard out of the north. The shrinking sun slipped behind the rolling landscape to the west as a pock-marked moon climbed skyward. It was February 23, 1878.

Eleven-year-old George Franklin Mathews and several of his companions were walking along the railroad track that stretched between bustling Dallas, Texas and Denison on the Texas-Oklahoma border. Laughing and balancing on the shiny rails, the boys were on their way to a Methodist meeting in the small town of Allen.

Photo Courtesy Author

George Franklin Mathews a number of years after he was a witness to the train robbery in Allen, Texas.

On the ragged slope of a hill just south of Allen the boys spotted four men in tattered clothes. "They'd taken off their guns and we thought they were hobos," said young George later. The "hobos" were none other than Sam Bass and three of his gang.

Rumbling down the track, on time, was the Houston and Texas Central train. Its whistle wailed in the distance. The locomotive's eye, a glaring white headlight, pierced the winter's early darkness. One of the men asked George "if that headlight was the Express coming north out of Plano." The alert youngster shook brown hair off his forehead and looked up at the man. "Yep, it is," he replied. The boys then loped across the hilltop, since the time for the meeting was near.

"After preachin' was over," commented George, "our deputy, Uncle John Whisenant, said he wondered why the train was still hanging 'round the depot." From the meeting place the gathering of people could see the lights of the train stopped at Allen Station. "Reason the train'd stayed there so long was Bass had made the trainmen switch the car off on a side rail to give the gang more time to get into it.

"Course everybody took out down there," recalled George. The people at the Methodist meeting thus became witnesses to a train robbery, thought by some to be the first train holdup in the state. The Collin County crowd watched the action of the drama unfold.

"The baggage clerk wouldn't open the car for Bass. So Bass took some dynamite and said he'd blow up the car and the clerk, too. So the clerk opened it," George continued.

As the Bass gang gathered their loot from the boxcar, Deputy Whisenant approached the cluster of townspeople at the depot. Assuming that the robbers would take everyone's money, he tossed his purse—containing $200—into a mass of dense undergrowth. "Uncle John didn't know it at the time, but Sam Bass had already shouted to his men not to take anybody's personal money 'cause he'd got what he came for," added George. "They'd hid their horses in a thicket across the road, so they raked in everything they could and left."

The outlaws galloped into the cover of night, heading north toward Denton County. It was reported later that the holdup netted the quartet about $1,280—approximately $320 each.

OTHER than Bass, the identity of the gang members who separated the Houston and Texas Central Express from its payload that brisk February night is not a positive matter. However, the Galveston *News* of May 5, 1878 listed Bass' gang members as Frank Jackson, Seaborn Barnes, Thomas Spotswood, Arkansas Johnson, Henry Underwood, Sam Pipes, and Albert Herndon. The *News* stated that Bass and Barnes participated in all of the four train robberies credited to the gang during a fifty-day span and within a thirty-mile radius of Dallas. The Allen holdup had started the string, tagged by many as the biggest season of train robbing that Texas has ever known. Jackson took part in three of the robberies, Johnson in two, and the others in one, according to the *News* account.

When young George got home that night he had plenty to tell his schoolteacher father, Owen Mathews, and family. And for decades to come, George remembered vividly the time he met Sam Bass.

George, who in later years was known throughout the county as "The Thresherman" because he operated a steam thresher before the turn of the century, never lost his innate sense of descriptive detail. At the age of ninety-one he described the losing of his sight twenty-five years earlier as being "like a coal oil lamp wick being turned down slow-like."

Even after almost one hundred years of life, George Franklin Mathews still laughed when he remembered about the deputy tossing his purse with $200 into a thicket. "It took till the middle of next morning, with everybody looking, to find it," he chuckled.

MY FIRST BLIZZARD

By Willard R. Brizendine

IN February of 1920 my father and mother and brother Arthur and I moved from California to Colorado and settled on a ranch near Colorado Springs.

On April 11 of that year we arose early, as was our custom. The wind was blowing and my mother was not feeling well. After breakfast she felt even worse and my father said he was going to walk across the meadow and get Mrs. Berry to come over to our house.

My father and Mrs. Berry arrived back at the house in about an hour during which time the wind had increased in force. In fact, my father said it had blown Mrs. Berry down a couple of times as they were coming back. My father then told my brother and me that he had to go to Fountain to get the doctor, so he hitched up a team to the wagon and started.

In didn't seem too long until the doctor arrived in a car (there were not too many then) somewhat ahead of my father, of course, who could not make as good time by wagon. Shortly after the doctor arrived, I heard a baby cry, which was a puzzle to me as there were no babies at our house. My father had arrived back at the ranch by this time and soon he came out and told my brother and me that we had a new brother.

By this time snow had begun to fall, the wind was blowing with increased fury, and the temperature was dropping. The only thing that I am not sure of is the duration of this storm, but it seems to me that it lasted from thirty-six to forty-eight hours.

I had never seen snow before and this was quite an experience for me. As the storm increased, visibility dropped and soon we could not see the outer buildings, some of which were quite close to the house. My father did go out to the milk barn and feed the cows there, but he had quite a time getting there and back on account of the fierce wind and his inability to see.

I believe it was the second morning after the storm started that we awoke to a typical sunny Colorado morning although it was very cold. I have no idea what the temperature was as not many people had thermometers in those days, including us.

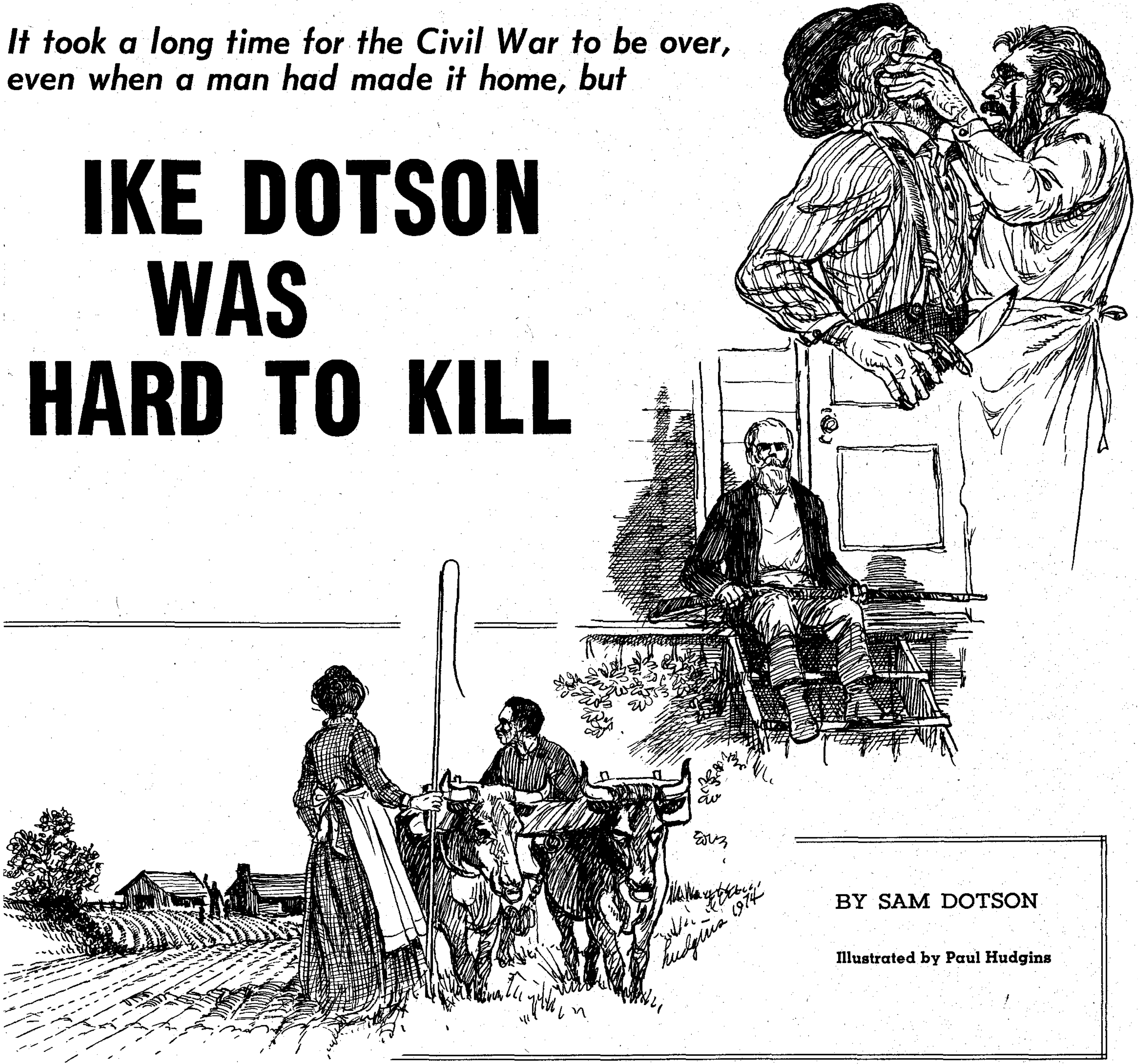
One of the first things we noticed as we began to look around in that strange white world was that the big cattle barn had blown down. We soon learned that several cattle had been killed or injured when it collapsed. I remember that my father hitched up four horses to a hay rack and took some hay about a hundred yards out in the meadow to feed some cattle there—those were the fortunate ones.

As the results of the storm began to come in from the cowboys (there were about thirty-five working on the ranch) we found out that the livestock had suffered terribly. About 300 cows and calves died during the storm and its aftermath. Many cows died because they had lain down and become so weak they couldn't regain their feet. I went with my father

(Continued on page 49)

It took a long time for the Civil War to be over, even when a man had made it home, but

IKE DOTSON WAS HARD TO KILL



BY SAM DOTSON

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

IKE DOTSON, Private in the 16th Texas Regiment, Confederate Army, lay on the ground. Gradually consciousness returned. It was dark. He was too weak to get up. Then he remembered. It was a battle on Wilson Creek in Missouri. An order to charge the Yankee position had come. The Confederates were running down the field giving the Rebel yell. Leading Ike's Company from Collin County was Captain Hes Worden. The Captain had his hat in his left hand and a sword in his right hand.

Now here Ike was. Everything seemed very quiet. Where was his brother George? Where were Sidney Laughan and his other Blue Ridge neighbors? Would he ever see Mary and his daughters again?

After what seemed like hours he heard footsteps. Then standing by him with a torch in his hand was a blue uniform. Ike asked to be taken to a hospital.

The blue uniform and the light he carried disappeared down the field. Sent after the Yankee were some of Ike's choicest Texas swear words. Then other footsteps and torches—someone telling others, "This one is alive!"

Ike felt himself placed on a litter and carried to a large building on a hill. There a doctor examined his wound and exclaimed, "Man, you are lucky! It looks like you stopped a minié ball."

This was August 1862. Shortly after the first of January the colonel in charge informed Ike that he was going to be paroled and allowed to return home until an exchange of prisoners could take place.

In the long horseback ride to Texas—he had to show his parole papers everywhere. At last he was in front of his own home! He tied his horse and knocked at the front door; it was locked. Becky, who had been their Negro slave, opened the door slightly and peeped out at the bearded man standing there.

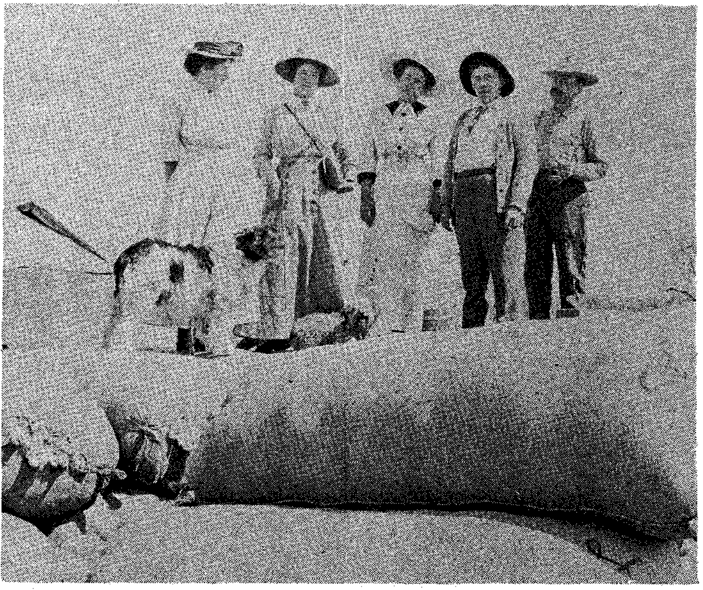
"What you want?"

"Don't you recognize me, Becky? Where is Mary?"

"Land's sakes, Mr. Ike, I didn't know you. Miss Mary, she help Wylie plow."

He saw his two daughters and Becky's three children standing back against the wall. His children slowly came to him to be drawn up in his arms. He carried them with him through the house to the back yard and the field. Sure enough, at the far end holding the plow was

(Continued on page 46)



At the Mayer corral and stockyards (above) a group of men bring in a herd for spring shearing. Standing atop bags of wool (right) from the left: Mrs. Erwin Treadwell, her daughter; Annie Mayer; Wilbur Mayer; and one of the herdsmen.

French Runaway in Arizona

(Continued from page 23)

the well known properties. The mines included the Henrietta, Butternut, Iron Queen, Hackberry, Boggs, Copper Queen, Lyon Copper Co., Arizona Blue Bell Peck, Hidden Treasure, French Lily, Little Jessie, Iron King, Silver Cord, and many others.

People called Joe "lucky." Everything he touched seemed to prosper. The town had begun as a tent city but as families moved in, more permanent structures were built. Of course, Joe's town quickly filled with the odd characters for which the West is noted. The saloon men and women were interesting characters. Ben Bishop, a very polite gentleman who tended bar for Tennessee Tom Anderson at the old Crown King Mine, would also bartend in Mayer on occasion, when he came to visit his nephew John Peels. Ben's language and manner were a trifle lofty for the bewhiskered miners. After a time, the Harvard-educated man became dejected over his prospects in life, and blew himself up with dynamite.

Harry Brown and Johnny Lindell frequently visited Mayer. Harry was a likeable man with a hearty laugh and a keen sense of humor. Joe's young son used to call him Uncle Hunchback because of the hump on his spine.

Johnny, a cold-eyed poker-faced man, handled most of the gambling games in the area. Years later he owned a saloon in Prescott. Joe's son Bur recalls how Johnny used to place Bur's little boy, Joe H. Mayer, on his crap table and give him silver dollars with which to play.

Joe Mayer hired a Chinese, Charlie Fong, to run the saloon kitchen. Charlie, who had been born in Egypt, wore a queue and Chinese dress most of the time. He was well versed in English and wrote a beautiful hand. A fine character, Charlie hit the pipe but in spite of it—or maybe because of it—he lived to over ninety years of age.

Dr. Robert Looney was the Mayer doctor until he opened his own hospital in McCabe. He married Joe's beautiful daughter Martie. A graduate of a Tennessee medical school, Dr. Looney had come to Arizona because of tuberculosis. He recovered and lived to practice medicine there for more than fifty-five years.

The two main ore trains in the area were operated by Al Francis and Jim Cash. They were as different in character as any two men could be. Al was an extrovert whose practical jokes were the legend of the territory. Jim, who ran the wagons from Peck Mine to Mayer, filled a man with buckshot who was paying too much attention to Jim's wife.

Then there was Dr. Jack McDonald, a Dartmouth graduate who was camp doctor until he went to work for Dr. Looney in his new hospital. "Doc" McDonald was always full of fun.

There was another man, known simply as "Babe." He had a ranch farther down the canyon toward Phoenix. One day he caught an Indian stealing corn from him, so he cut off his head with an ax.

AMONG Joe Mayer's closest friends were Professor James Douglas and his son, James S. of the U.V.X. fame. They were then personally interested in the management of the company and lived at Mayer.

An onyx quarry, the largest in the country, which lies just outside the town of Mayer, was first opened by a company in which Joe was associated with "Bucky" O'Neill and the McCann brothers. Joe also owned a half share in the Henrietta Mine at one time.

In 1904 the enterprising Frenchman platted the town and recorded it with the Territory. He really sponsored one of the West's first land promotions, touting Mayer as a healthy, dry climate in which to live.

Through his efforts, the Santa Fe Railway was persuaded to build a line there from Prescott; then he convinced Erwin D. Treadwell, general manager of the George A. Treadwell Mining Company, to put in a smelter and ore reduction on the outskirts of town. In addition, Mayer supplied the funds for the first schoolhouse and piped in fresh water for all the residents.

Joe and Sarah Bell had two more children after moving to Mayer. There was Wilbur J., born October 19, 1882 and Winifred (Winnie), in December 1892.

Joe Mayer's life came to a sudden close a brisk December morning in 1909, when he accidentally shot himself. According to his wife, he was awakened by a noise that came from the rear of the house. They had noticed skunks prowling near their house in search of roosting chickens, so grabbing his .44 six-shooter Joe walked out into the yard in a heavy downpour of rain. He must have stumbled in the mud, for the gun was discharged, the bullet penetrating his left breast above the heart. His son-in-law, Dr. Looney, who was living in Prescott, rushed to his bedside.

Before lapsing into unconsciousness, Mayer assured his family that it was purely an accident and that he didn't want his friends or relatives to entertain any other idea. They then decided that the deep gash on his head and face must have been suffered when he fell to the ground.

The fortunes of the town of Mayer fluctuated with the growth and activity and depressions of the mining business. It also suffered, as did the rest of Yavapai County, from the evil after-effects of dishonest wildcat promotions.

But Winifred Mayer Thorpe, who now lives in the old family home, is witnessing a new prosperity in the old Arizona town, as interest increases in old mines, and retired persons seek a cool, clear climate in which to live. Joe "Frenchy" Mayer, my great-grandfather, would not have wanted his town to die and perhaps, now, it never will.

Mystery Priest's Cache

(Continued from page 27)

inched his way up until he was at the uppermost ledge.

Before him was a hollow, and he rested in its opening, gaining his breath. He dug out his blanket roll from his pack and spread it out just inside the cave entrance. Then he built a small fire and hunkered over it, boiling coffee and roasting a piece of meat. When he finished eating, night had descended. The stars were crisp and the air had turned cold. He crawled into his blankets.

At dawn Boccalini was hard at work

with a pick. He loosened boulders and carried them to the east face of the bluff. There he began laying a wall. When it reached a rock overhang, it formed a comfortable hovel. And no one could approach without being seen. The cave's opening faced the north. From it Boccalini looked out over the wide plains. He could pick out the Santa Fe Trail snaking to the horizon. There was no way he could be surprised by an unwanted visitor.

When his shelter was finished, Boccalini set about exploring the area around it. Here and there he dug into the earth but always seemed to abandon the holes after a few feet. Most of the time he sat in the cave's entrance, as if guarding against intrusion.

Often he pored over old maps and manuscripts, which no one ever got to see close up. Other times he removed from a hiding place valuable gold and silver artifacts, reportedly brought with him from the Vatican. These he kept protected by wrapping them in cloth, and when he removed them the sun bounced off them blindingly.

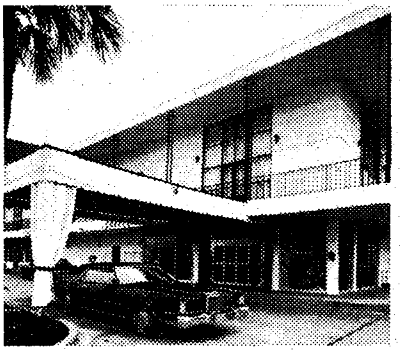
The cave was his house, his world. Only when his stores were exhausted did he go down the slope and into town. He conversed little, but gradually a few citizens got to know him slightly. To them he talked of his past. Boccalini paid for his purchases with gold. He never seemed to run short of it, to the puzzlement of everyone. Naturally, some suspected he had found the Spaniard's cache.

The source of his gold was never discovered. No one ever dropped off anything for him from the wagon caravans. He never begged; he never stole; yet his gold *did not run out.* Many men would have given much to have had a look inside his pack. His presence revived stories of the buried Spaniard, and a few took up hunting for the grave.

It was rumored that while in the Vatican, Boccalini had access to its ancient archives, which possibly he did. Had he come across information which indicated the Spaniard's trove was so valuable it was worth coming to America to retrieve?

Townspeople pointed out that he undoubtedly had known of the bluff long before he arrived. Else how could he have gone straight there on his first day in town? Coincidence? They shook their heads. Had Indians given him information? Though the red men claimed not to know where the priest was buried, most believed they did. After all, such events were told from one generation to the next among Indians. More and more the idea grew that Boccalini was directly connected with the dead priest's trove.

ONE blustery March morning Boccalini climbed down the bluff and walked into Council Grove for supplies. Just as he turned into Pioneer Store, he stopped. Up the street he had caught sight of a figure in a long robe. Ducking behind the corner of a building, he watched until he had made certain the man was a Jesuit. Again, they had found him. Whether the stranger in the flowing robe had seen him, Boccalini did not know. But he took no chances. He walked hurriedly to the back of the building, then began running as fast as his legs would carry him toward the bluff.



IN NEW ORLEANS

IT'S THE ALL NEW

FONTAINEBLEAU

MOTOR HOTEL

On your next visit to exciting New Orleans enjoy the fabulous Fontainebleau. 500 luxury rooms, three swimming pools, unforgettable food, nightly entertainment, and ample free parking. It's *The* place to stay.

THE FONTAINEBLEAU

Tulane & Carrollton Avenues
New Orleans
Tel. (504) 486-6111

Boccalini reached his cave and hastily gathered his belongings, cramming them into his pack. He stood on the bluff and scanned the prairie. Dust was rising from a wagontrain making its way toward Santa Fe, and he set out on foot to join it.

He was never seen in Council Grove again, but not until many months later would the people in the outpost learn of his fate.

Boccalini climbed on one of the wagons at the edge of town and paid the teamster his passage. Arriving there safely Boccalini spent a few days replenishing his pack. Teamsters later said they had seen him on several occasions as he went about outfitting. Then he disappeared into the rugged mountains near Santa Fe.

Two years passed before a wagontrain returning east pulled into Council Grove, bringing news of Boccalini. He had been found murdered in the New Mexico mountains where he had gone and taken up abode. When discovered, a long-bladed knife protruded from his chest. The murderer was never known.

Boccalini long was a topic of travelers over the Santa Fe Trail, and many theories were advanced. Some believed he had found the Spaniard's cache on the bluff at Council Grove; when he fled, he had been followed and had been murdered for the trove. Others thought his story of being pursued by angry Jesuits was true, and that at long last someone in the Order had caught up with him in the mountains of New Mexico. The actual circumstances may never be discovered. Perhaps that is the way Boccalini wanted it. He came to the frontier as a mystery man. With his death the cloak of mystery surrounding him was even greater.

Kanaka Joe

(Continued from page 33)

Just inside the bedroom door was an open trunk with scattered contents. Propped against the wall was a shotgun, its stock smeared with blood.

The news spread quickly across the island. Since Harry and Selina were British nationals, authorities at Victoria were notified. Governor Douglas sent over a special officer to work with Sheriff Warbass in collecting evidence. Robbery must have been the motive, else why the ransacked trunk and the two missing watches? Measurements of footprints left in the damp soft earth of Dwyer's field were taken. These indicated a size 7 shoe.

Nothing more could be done until after the funeral, which was held in Victoria in the church where Harry and Selina had been married. On the way back to the island Minerva Hannah took Sheriff Warbass aside.

"Did you know that Kanaka Joe borrowed our gun last week?"

Warbass snapped to attention.

"Where is it now?"

She shook her head in doubt. "I let him take the little pouch of shot, too."

The boat had hardly touched shore when Warbass started for Kanaka Bay. He found that Joe had gone over to Victoria the previous day to have a good time with his friend, "Indian Charlie." This information, of course, was immediately relayed to the Victoria police.

They spotted Kanaka Joe walking unconcernedly down Yates Street. He was much surprised when taken to headquarters, and in the course of questioning mentioned Charlie several times. Charlie had been in trouble before, so the police were familiar with his haunts and he was soon apprehended.

Charlie protested that Joe was framing him, but the two were handcuffed together and kept under close surveillance in the Victoria jail.

THE hearing, before a Victoria magistrate, was held in early June, with a defense attorney appointed by the Crown. When questioned about the gun, Joe muttered evasively about pigeon hunting. His shoes were found to match exactly in length and width the footprints found beside the murdered Dwyer. This seemed to be exactly the pronouncement for which the defense had been waiting.

"Are we to judge a person by the size of his shoes?" he asked. "And what sort of measuring stick was used anyway?"

The prosecution had to admit that the footprints had been measured only by hand span.

The defense snorted, "You said a while ago that the whole population of the island had visited the scene. How do you know which footprints belong to whom? Couldn't any number of people wear size 7 shoes?"

As the hearing progressed the Magistrate seemed inclined to regard the whole matter as a trumped-up charge. To Sheriff Warbass, however, who had intimate acquaintance with the details, dismissal was unthinkable. Anyone might be the next victim if Joe were released. Warbass made a final appeal. "Your Honor, I am sure I can bring in conclusive evidence if given more time. May I have one more week?"

In the interest of justice this request could not be denied, so Joe was sent back to jail for another week, and Indian Charlie was released under strict surveillance. Warbass actually had no idea where he would get more evidence, but in good conscience he could not let the matter go by default.

Back on the island, Charles McKay heard the outcome of the hearing with a sense of dismay. He was a Nova Scotian also, and an old-time friend of Dwyer. Nevertheless, he was not lacking in compassion for Joe since his farm lay near Kanaka Bay and he was well acquainted with the conditions under which the boy had lived. In talking with Warbass McKay said quietly, "He's really only a child."

"Yes," agreed Warbass, "and not a very smart one, but our responsibility is to protect the rest of the people on our island."

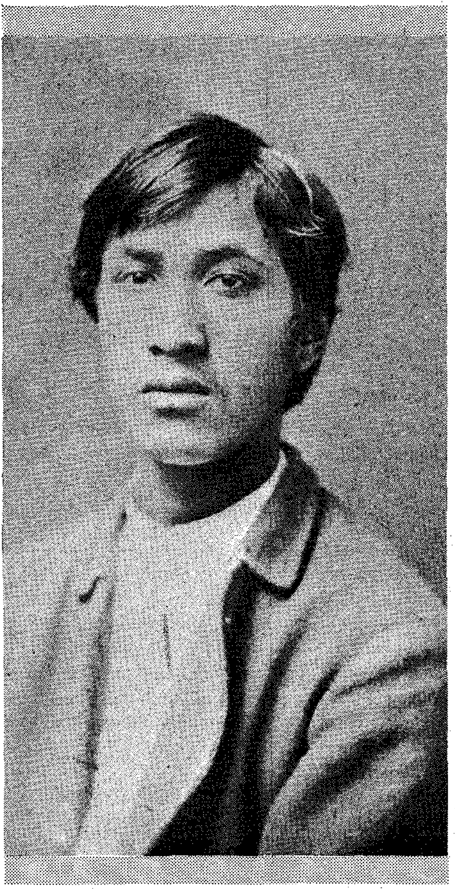
After considerable thought, McKay decided to catch the next tide to Victoria and somehow get the truth from Kanaka Joe personally. His approach may not seem entirely ethical but he knew the type of boy with which he was dealing.

"That blankety-blank Charlie!" McKay began. "Everyone knows he did it! Outrageous that he was released and you are still here." He patted Joe's shoulder sympathetically.

Joe rose to the bait. "Yep, I saw him do it. I saw him shoot both of 'em. I helped him break down the door. Charlie kicked her in the face three times!"

McKay's eyes narrowed. Was Joe (as he suspected) using Charlie as a screen and really telling what he himself had done? Joe's next words cinched the point.

Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.



Kanaka Joe shortly before he was hanged at Port Townsend, Washington.

"I picked up the gun and set it in the corner. There was a lot of blood on it!"

"Why don't you get all this down in black and white so you can get out of this place?" McKay suggested.

The boy's jaw dropped. He had never thought of that.

A guard was called in and Joe talked freely and in detail in the presence of the Canadian authorities, even boasting about how the gun had jammed the first time and how Charlie had had to pump lots of lead into Dwyer. He incriminated himself completely.

"What about the watches?" prompted McKay.

"Oh, Charlie's got them!"

The police soon found the watches, and Charlie was again questioned. Yet there could be no doubt about his alibi. He proved to the complete satisfaction of both American and Canadian authorities that he had not even been on the island the day of the murder. His release was immediate, and it is believed he lit out for his tribe on the northern mainland.

Kanaka Joe, in his effort to put the blame on Charlie, was actually telling the truth about himself. Sheriff Warbass produced the ammunition pouch which he had found in the bushes beside the Dwyer house.

"Have you ever seen this?" he asked. Joe shook his head, but a glint of fear showed momentarily in his eyes. And that night realization must have come to him, for the following day he called in the authorities and made a complete confession.

"I killed William Fuller, too," he said, almost as an afterthought.

When asked why, he could only shrug his shoulders, but he was willing enough to tell the details in the case. He and his pal had set out quail traps near Fuller's home. Fuller soon destroyed the traps because they caught his chickens. The resentful boys lured Fuller outside by telling him that one of his sheep was caught in the bushes. They then shot him and pounded his head with rocks.

"Where's your pal now?"

Joe again shrugged his shoulders. Investigation showed that this boy, too, had vanished into the security of the northern wilderness.

Extradition of Joe to the American side was only a matter of routine, but Sheriff Warbass wanted no slip-up. He arranged to have Joe's leg chained to a stanchion aboard the *Eliza Anderson* for the crossing to Port Townsend, where the American trial was to be held. That trial, at which all the evidence was again presented, lasted three weeks. No motive other than petty thievery was ever established.

Kanaka Joe was convicted of murdering three innocent people, and was sentenced to die by hanging. Stephen Boyce, who was given the responsibility of supervising the affair, was never sure whether the boy's remarkable composure made his job easier or harder. The scaffold was set up at Point Hudson, just outside town.

At a little after 9:30 on a cloudy November morning in 1873, Kanaka Joe walked toward his death, his hands unbound. Two guards and a Catholic priest walked beside him. He had promised the latter to give no trouble.

A large silent crowd, including many Clallam Indians, had gathered. Since there was no tribal connection, their interest was mainly curiosity. This was the first and last hanging ever to be held in Port Townsend.

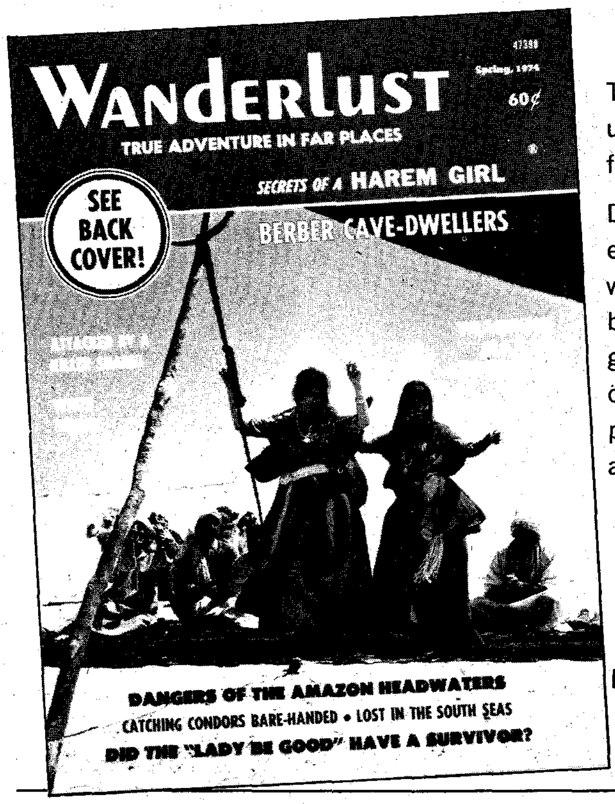
Kanaka Joe ascended the platform. His voice was calm. "I'm sorry for what I have done! Goodbye, everyone!"

His composure held until Mr. Boyce secured his hands behind his back. Then the boy's stoicism wavered, and his expression changed to fear and despair. The priest spoke quietly to him. It was five minutes past ten o'clock when this manifestly confused young man paid the supreme penalty for impulsively taking three human lives.

IF YOU LIKE TRUE ADVENTURE —YOU'VE GOT IT!

JOE "HOSSTAIL" SMALL'S

WANDERLUST


47388
Spring, 1974
60¢
Wanderlust
TRUE ADVENTURE IN FAR PLACES
SECRETS OF A HAREM GIRL
SEE BACK COVER!
BERBER CAVE-DWELLERS
DANGERS OF THE AMAZON HEADWATERS
CATCHING CONDORS BARE-HANDED • LOST IN THE SOUTH SEAS
DID THE "LADY BE GOOD" HAVE A SURVIVOR?

✶ TRUE ADVENTURE IN FAR PLACES ✶

The only magazine of its kind on earth—something brand new under the sun—true swashbuckling travel-adventure stories of far-away places with hard-to-pronounce names!

Dadburnit! How can we "explain" a magazine? We can't even explain the lust to wander, but that's what it's all about. There was something in our old caveman grandpappy that has never been bred out—a restless longing to match wits on unfamiliar ground! So this is not just another "travel" magazine. Note the contents of issues Nos. 1, 2, and 3. If they quicken your pulse, pick up No. 3 at a newsstand or BE A CHARTER SUBSCRIBER and save! If it isn't on your favorite newsstand, ask why.

SPECIAL CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION RATES!

QUARTERLY NOW; BI-MONTHLY SOON!

6 ISSUES FOR $3.00

✶ **EXTRA SPECIAL!** 12 issues, **$5.00**

—this saves you $2.20 over regular rates!

WANDERLUST No. 1: True articles with pix on GALAPAGOS ISLANDS, ALASKA, TUNISIA, ARABIA, BRAZIL, SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, HONDURAS, PAKISTAN, AMERICA, TURKEY, and COLOMBIA.

WANDERLUST No. 2: VENEZUELA: Death in the Diamond Mines. PHILIPPINES: Bitten by a King Cobra! MEXICO: Smuggling Chinese into the U. S. NEW GUINEA: Mudmen: Photos shocking—story true. SPAIN: The Real "H. R. Hughes"—Mrs. Clifford Irving. SOUTH SEAS: Somerset Maugham's Closest Call. AFRICA: Congo Cuisine (Cannibalism). ASIA: A Girl Alone Crosses Afghanistan on a Motor Bike! CHINA: The Terrifying Side of Hong Kong. EGYPT: Gold of the Pharaohs. VIET NAM: U. S. Civilians Fight for Their Lives. BURMA: Man-eating Tiger. HAITI: Exploring the Voodoo Nation. ARCTIC: Canada's Remote Port Radium. ETHIOPIA: The Great Rift Valley. WORLDWIDE: A Beautiful Girl's Never-ending Lust for Adventure.

WANDERLUST No. 3: SAHARA DESERT: Did The "Lady Be Good" Have A Survivor? ANDES: Catching Condors Bare-Handed. MOROCCO: Secrets of a Harem Girl. SOUTH PACIFIC: Lost in the South Seas. ECUADOR: Dangers of the Amazon Headwaters. ASIA: "Cherry Night" in a South Vietnam Bawdy House. WESTERN U. S.: Mysterious Life and Death Struggles of the Animal Kingdom. BAHAMAS: There's Another World Under the Sea. TUNISIA (Cover Story): Berber Cave-Dwellers. AUSTRALIA: Attacked by Killer Shark! BOLIVIA: Lake of Death—Underneath Its Placid Waters Lies a Fortune in Gold Nuggets! HONG KONG: Boat People—Outcasts Secure on a World of Water. SWITZERLAND: White Terror—Smothering is a Mean Way to Die. MEXICO: Tracking the Mayan Treasures.

BE A CHARTER SUBSCRIBER!

Order on a separate sheet of paper if you don't want to cut this magazine.

Wanderlust P.O. Box 3338-FT / Austin, Texas 78764

Enclosed $__________ for my subscription to Wanderlust magazine
for (check one): ☐ 6 issues for $3.00 ☐ 12 issues for $5.00

Please start my subscription with the issue checked below:
☐ WANDERLUST #1 ☐ WANDERLUST #2 ☐ WANDERLUST #3

NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY__________ STATE__________ ZIP__________

Vallecito's Treasures

(Continued from page 19)

not buried in and around Vallecito would be highly improbable. The white man had two hundred years to do so, and certainly did.

One of the oldest known is a cache of gold dust and nuggets from the two destroyed missions. The padres got it from Indians who obtained it on the east side of the river in the famous dry gravel beds that later produced millions. When the missions were destroyed, the Yumas seized at least a thousand pounds of the yellow metal and, according to their legends, threw all of it into the river.

The bloody massacre stunned Spanish authorities. Several punitive expeditions were dispatched from Mission San Gabriel. But the first Spaniards to reach the scene were a party under Alferez Cayetano Limon, who was unaware of the tragedy until informed of it by friendly Indians three days' travel from the Colorado.

Within about two miles of Mission Concepcion he left the herd of horses intended for the colonists under the guard of two soldiers, and proceeded with the rest. Though not molested, he was watched continually from every adjacent sandhill.

While Limon was surveying the burned mission and other buildings, all of picket post log construction, a Diegueno Indian whose life had been spared by the Yumas appeared from hiding. The Indian said he had been one of the padres' servants and had learned to speak Spanish. The Indian begged that he be taken away with Limon's command.

When told that he could leave with them, the Indian related details of the carefully planned attack. He also revealed that the Yumas got some of the padres' gold and took it away. But, he said, there was one cache they failed to find.

Elated, Limon and his men dug it up. It consisted of almost another thousand pounds of gold. This weight was apportioned out in small amounts so that the soldiers could carry it on their horses back to camp.

When they arrived there, however, the soldier guards were found dead, their bodies stripped of all clothing and mutilated. And all of the horses had been taken.

In desperate circumstances, with very little food and overloaded with the gold, Limon started back along the trail with his soldiers. The next day they were attacked by 400 Yumas led by Salvador Palma. A running fight of sorts developed, ensuing into the next day. The Spaniards could not run their few remaining horses very fast due to their being over-burdened. They were forced to make a stand at Carrizo Creek.

That night Limon managed to crawl through the surrounding line of Indians. Early the next morning he unexpectedly met a large band of traveling Indians who were friendly. Although they had no horses, the Indians returned with him to the Carrizo. On sighting this rather formidable array the Yumas promptly retreated eastward.

Two soldiers had been wounded critically and Limon was forced to hold up in the small valley. Five of the horses died. The few remaining animals left were footsore and could hardly hobble, let alone carry a heavy burden. Everything possible was discarded; the gold was buried in several deep holes. Just where it was stashed in relation to the old stage station is anybody's guess. The decimated party, in sorry circumstances, barely managed to reach San Gabriel.

Courtesy Philip Johnston

Thomas Rawson with one of the trap guns he found. It had been used to guard the outlaw hideout.

It was Limon's intention to retrieve the gold with a larger force, but orders came through from Mexico halting any further expeditions to the Colorado from Alta California. The matter of subduing the Yumas would be handled from Sonora.

Limon, the only survivor who knew exactly where the gold was buried, never got a chance to return. And apparently subsequent authorities knew nothing about the buried treasure.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pedro Fages came up from Sonora with 110 soldiers and 96 Indian allies. Although unable to subdue the belligerent Yumas, he did rescue seventy-four captives, most of them women and children, and returned to Mexico.

FOR more than a hundred years a legend has existed in Southern California that a large party of Spaniards were massacred along the Carrizo and into Vallecito. Indians of the region claimed that their distant ancestors had been responsible. This happened in 1812, a matter of record.

According to the Indian version this bunch of Spaniards were more or less bandits. Some were deserters from the army in Sonora.

Planning to escape into California the gang robbed several pueblos and a couple of mission churches. Their loot was not only gold from the pueblos but church vessels fabricated of gold and silver. It is said that some of the crucifixes and statues of saints were five feet tall.

Traveling north the renegades raided a village of peaceful Indians and seized all the young women. Contemptuous of what the Indians could, or would, do, the Spaniards proceeded leisurely, crossed into California, and struck out over the ancient trail.

Behind them boiled a real tornado. When the pursuing Indians neared their quarry they encountered a local tribe who had been watching the Spaniards. Very promptly the two bands joined in the series of attacks which followed.

A surprise sortie accounted for almost half of the party and most of their livestock. The majority of the Indian women escaped during the fighting. The Spaniards were struck time and again in quick charges from rocks and brush as they fled, and were finally wiped out.

The Indians from Mexico were bent on the recovery of their women, not treasure. According to the Indians who joined them, the Spaniards had thrown away the heavier pieces of valuables or buried them on sites strung out over a good many miles of the trail.

There is a story, however, that at least two of the Spaniards did escape with their lives. They reached San Gabriel and then Los Angeles, from where they disappeared into hiding.

There is also another version of this story—that the Spaniards were deserters from ships on the coast, joined by soldiers attached to the southern missions. This gang reportedly robbed their own missions and then tried to flee eastward and down into Mexico. On the way they were attacked by Indians who had grown bitter from harsh treatment at Mission San Diego.

The remnant of deserters was finally rounded up in Vallecito, and it was on the site of their last stand that the gold, statues, and other treasure was buried. According to legend, the fighting lasted for two days, by which time all of the Spaniards were wounded. On the last night two, who were not seriously injured, managed to crawl out, deserting their dying comrades. After considerable suffering they managed to get back to Los Angeles. It was from these two that the story circulated.

Just how this cache came to be known as the "San Felipe" treasure is a moot question. The deserters, or outlaws from Sonora (take your choice of which gang buried the treasure) did not halt in San Felipe Valley nor did they reach San Felipe Creek. They were finished off in Vallecito.

Mroczkowski investigated the legend for many years before concluding that there must be considerable truth in it. His find on the Carrizo proved that he was on the right track. Although engaged in the insurance business he is an experienced hunter and has recovered a number of plants, especially on old mission grounds for Church authorities.

However, his find does not necessarily mean that the icon and cross came from the Spanish outlaws' loot. Long before the first Anglo ever passed along what later became known as the Immigrant Trail, travelers had been over it to and from Mexico. Two-wheeled carts as well as pack trains covered it, and many of them carried altar vessels, stat-

Pastime or Profession . . .
join the world's most enjoyable and most profitable activity!!

TURN THOSE FANTASTIC DREAMS OF ADVENTURE INTO REALITY . . .

UNCOVER TREASURES LOST FOR CENTURIES WITH A RELCO METAL/MINERAL DETECTOR

- Detects gold, silver, iron, coins
- Works through earth, vegetation, water, beach sand
- Powered by inexpensive battery
- So powerful they detect even a single coin
- Easy to operate. Weighs about 3 pounds
- Many top-quality models to choose from
- Lowest prices. Buy factory-direct and save
- Instant financing available; small down payment

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

FREE: Write or call day or night for big free catalog, L. P. phono record and unusual souvenir coin. Phone (area 713) 682-2728
RELCO, Dept.D-350, Box 10839, Houston, Tex. 77018

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

ues of saints and other religious items, along with gold.

THE treasure story which has gained the widest circulation in magazines, newspapers and books is also the one that Fish believed in.

After the Butterfield Stage Station closed, an outlaw, his wife, and a Diegueno servant woman arrived at Vallecito. Sizing up the area and surrounding mountains it struck the man as an ideal hideout for a horse-stealing gang.

Formerly operating in the southern Mother Lode Country and around Los Angeles, this outlaw, always unnamed, had collected more than $80,000 in gold loot.

The lush water and grass would keep stolen stock for a rest-over period before being driven the short distance into Mexico. To this end he made plans and started his wife south with a party of Mexicans who came along, saying he would follow after forming the necessary gang for his new enterprise. After his wife remained some time in Mexico and he did not show up, she rode back across the international boundary to Vallecito. The Indian woman was still there and said that the husband was dead and buried.

According to the Indian's story, on the day of the wife's departure the outlaw said he would be leaving for Los Angeles the following morning, and put his money in two ollas on a white mule to cache it so that he couldn't be robbed. (Apparently he wasn't prepared to trust his own gang.) The Indian woman saw him ride into Potrero Canyon, now known as Treasure Canyon. Some hours later she looked toward the canyon opening and noticed the outlaw's riderless horse standing at the end of a rocky ridge.

She went there, finding the outlaw dead from a broken neck suffered when his horse spilled in a rock slide. Several Diegueno Indians came along and buried him at her request.

The man's wife searched the canyon for almost three weeks before giving up the quest as fruitless. The Indian woman and several of her relatives also hunted unsuccessfully for the cache.

In 1948 at the upper end of that same rocky ridge a treasure hunter using a metal detector found a large number of gold and silver coins. The earliest dates were Spanish, in the 17th and 18th centuries, but there were some U. S. coins, too, none dating later than 1885. Because of the American money, Fish never believed the recovered coins were part of this outlaw's cache.

In the fall of 1858 four prospectors reached Vallecito with two mules packing raw gold. They camped east of the station. Around midnight people at the building were aroused by a number of gunshots. Investigating after sunrise they found that three of the prospectors were dead in their soogans and the fourth was about to breathe his last.

The dying man husked out, "Robbers followed us. They didn't get our gold. We buried it every night in case of a robbery try."

The prospector was attended as well as possible under the circumstances but died in about a half hour without saying more. All of the bodies were buried beside the road. Of late years it has been assumed the graves contain the remains of outlaws who tried to rob a stagecoach, but no such record has come to light, not that there were no outlaws riding through Vallecito. Many times some hid out in the rugged fastnesses of the surrounding mountains.

There are other graves around the old stage station which now has been restored and listed as a State Landmark. One is of a bride-to-be en route to meet her fiance in California. She was buried in her wedding dress.

A man named John Hart died there in 1867 and his grave is marked with a slab. Two men, brothers-in-law, killed each other with a shotgun and a Colt's revolver in late October 1870. There are other graves, some of the sites unknown today, and they could be those of outlaws.

ONE of the outlaws who hid out nearby entered history without a name. He appeared and vanished periodically. Supposedly he returned from robbery forays with a gang and buried his loot in a canyon cave. He lived in a one-room stone cabin originally built by some prospector at the box end of the canyon.

When he rode away the last time, never

to return, Indians took his two mules and a fine saddle horse. They claimed to have spied on him often and were sure that he packed some kind of valuables in a sack to the cave.

In 1934 Thomas Rawson, a rancher near Hemet, found this cabin while searching for unusual rock specimens, gem stones and fossils. The old trail leading upward to the cabin was closed in on the sides by huge boulders. It could not be approached except via the narrow trail.

Rawson found something else on each side of this trail—two trap guns fastened to boulders. The seven-inch barrels had been cut from an old musket. One end contained a trigger arrangement, being fired by a percussion cap. This was claimed to be the unknown outlaw's hideout but no cache of loot was found in or around the cabin.

Many gold hunters who struck it rich in California returning east to their homes followed this trail rather than take a more dangerous one to the north. A few of them were killed by bandits on the road into and out of Vallecito or by the war-like Yumas who lurked in the Sand Hills Desert.

Immigrants, like those on the Oregon and Spanish Trails carried money, usually in gold. Although no big finds have been reported, it is certain that immigrants, fur traders, freighters and others made caches overnight, some of which were not picked up when moving on.

However, the so-called "Spanish treasures" along the route that was first used by Fages after his expedition to the destroyed missions on the Colorado, through Vallecito, are more likely to be true. They could be anywhere, on the Carrizo where the icon was found by Mroczkowski, in Vallecito, the box canyon, and Felipe Valley.

The Spaniards in moving north to Alta California were notorious for overloading their stock and wheeled carts. These caravans traveled slowly, were always half starved, and their animals wore out on the long trek up from Mexico.

Courting disaster by not being adequately equipped, they were often forced to abandon all the weighty items possible. In many cases they were carrying gold to pay the soldiers in Alta California, or carrying items made of gold and silver to the missions. This stuff was buried when they had to struggle onward, usually by walking.

There are dozens of stories of Spanish caravans coming to grief in or near Vallecito. Also there are yarns of American prospectors and immigrants enduring the same suffering. In the 1850s and 1860s there were well-documented accounts of men who came to grief trying to reach Los Angeles. They buried their valuables and then were either killed by Indians or died from exhaustion crossing the terrible desert.

After surveying all the evidence, including the scores of phony stories of Vallecito treasure, I can draw only one conclusion—the stuff is there and somebody is going to find it.

The September
FRONTIER TIMES
will be on sale July 20

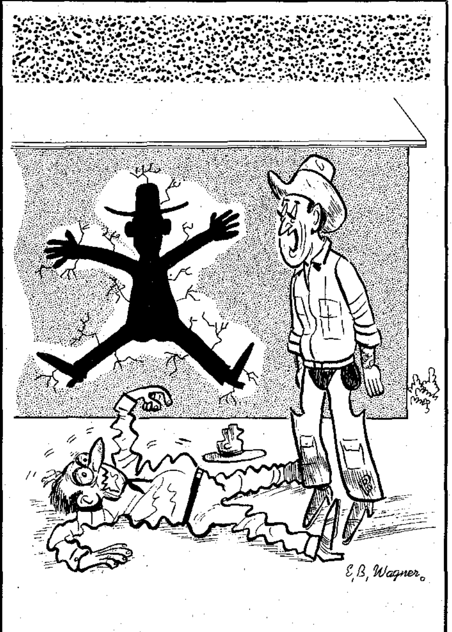
Ike Dotson Was Hard to Kill

(Continued from page 39)

Wylie, Becky's husband. Mary was driving the oxen with a stick. He understood it all now. Becky was too heavy to trudge such long distances, so Mary saw to it that they got ready for another crop. Ike looked around his farm. It seemed smaller than it used to seem.

Ike, Becky and the children all waited impatiently as the oxen took their time. Mary saw them and wondered why they would be standing with a man looking down the field. But no one had to tell her who the man was when she reached the end of the furrow. Mary recognized Ike in spite of his beard. No more plowing that day, or the next, or the next after.

When it was time to plow again, Ike drove the oxen. It was not long before the crop was all planted. Then word came that an exchange of prisoners had been made, and Ike could return to soldiering.



"Slipped my mind, Sam—we changed stalls. 'Man Killer' is in where 'Gentle Nell' used to be."

He might have been permitted to resign because of his wounds, but he got on his horse and struck out for the Confederate forces in the Indian Territory. He served the balance of the war.

While Ike had been gone this time a son, James Pinckney, was born. George Washington Smith, Mary's grandfather, lived close by. He owned a large farm and many slaves, and had helped Mary and Wylie and Becky during Ike's absence.

Smith, a native of Tennessee, had come to Texas with his family from Alabama in 1834. Because he had been a resident of Texas that early, he had been awarded a league and labor of land from the Texas Republic. In addition, he had been a private with the Texas army at the Battle of San Jacinto and had also served in the Mexican War as sergeant with Jack Hays' Texas Rangers, under both Taylor and Scott.

Ike Dotson had not been home but a short time when Mary urged him to take off his grey uniform. It was dangerous to be seen with one on. The whole state was overrun by Carpetbaggers from the North and by Southerners who joined the Carpetbaggers against their own people. These latter were called Scalawags.

After Ike's uniform was laundered and pressed, Ike put it where it wouldn't be seen too easily. He also avoided any discussion of the war among strangers; mostly he stayed at home and helped Wylie with the farming.

Captain Bob Lee, whose father and family lived in an adjoining county, came home after hostilities had ended. Melinda, his wife, was Mary Dotson's half-sister. (George W. Smith was grandfather to both girls.)

After Bob Lee had been home a while, he learned that Lewis Peacock, from Kansas, had become the leader of all the Carpetbaggers and Scalawags in the four counties—Collin, Grayson, Hunt and Fannin. Soon Lee was recognized as the leader of ex-Confederate soldiers and Southern sympathizers in the same four counties. For four years the trouble between these two factions continued. It is estimated that as many as a hundred men died in the feud—including both Peacock and Lee.

Reconstruction in Texas was a terrible period, as far as my family was concerned. Ike Dotson's parents had come to Collin County, Texas in 1845 or 1846. Sam McKinney's family (my mother's people) left Western Arkansas for Texas about the same time. Also with Sam McKinney was the family of his father-in-law, John Griffith.

None of these families had any slaves. The slaves of Ike and Mary were given to them by her grandfather, George W. Smith.

To illustrate the tension under which Southerners lived during the time the Peacock faction was in league with the Military State Government, was one incident concerning Mary's grandfather.

George was sitting on his front porch one afternoon, and he just happened to have his rifle in his lap. Up rode either Peacock or one of his lieutenants, plus a half-dozen men all armed.

"Mr. Smith, has anybody come along here in the last hour or so?"

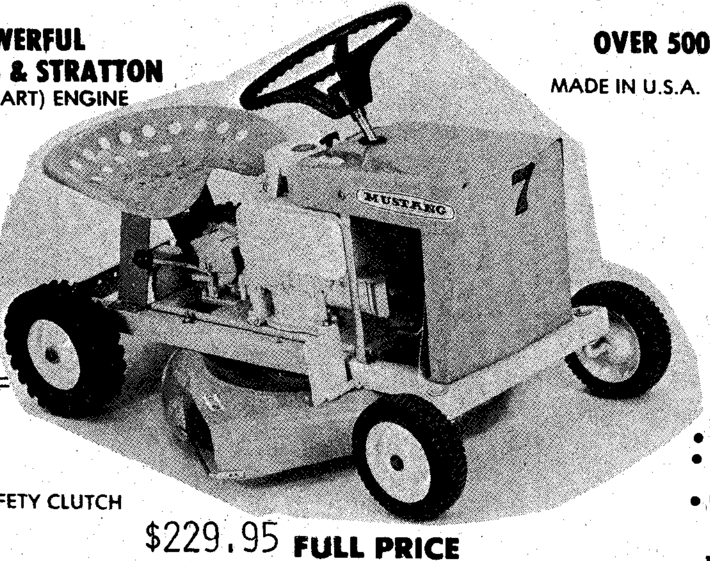
"Not a soul."

"Well then, you won't mind if we search your premises?"

"I'll kill the first man who tries it."

"All right, Uncle George, we will ride on." And the riders departed. At that time, Bob Lee and one of his friends were in the kitchen eating.

Just west of Desert Creek on the south side of the road from Blue Ridge to McKinney, the county seat of Collin County, was Ike Dotson's farm. North of the road, across from the Dotson farm, was the Sam McKinney farm. Sam McKinney had fought in the Confederate Army all during the war; but when he came home, he too had hidden his Con-



NEW
1974 MODEL

RIDING LAWN MOWER

- TROUBLE FREE CHAIN DRIVE!!!
- RUGGED!! THREE-POSITION TRANSMISSION
- ALL TIRES SEMI-NEUMATIC!
- LARGE 3x10 TRACTOR GRIP REAR TIRES!
- EASY HEIGHT ADJUSTMENT, VARIABLE FROM 1½" to 3½"
- COMES COMPLETELY ASSEMBLED IN CRATE.
- BEAUTIFUL BAKED ON RUST PROOF ENAMEL FINISH.
- SAFETY CLUTCH

BIG POWERFUL 7 H.P. BRIGGS & STRATTON
(EASY SPIN START) ENGINE

OVER 500 MUST BE SOLD

MADE IN U.S.A. **"MUSTANG"**

ONE FULL YEAR NATIONWIDE FACTORY WARRANTY

BIG 25" CUTTER AND MOWING DECK! WIND TUNNEL DESIGN

COMES COMPLETE WITH ILLUSTRATED PARTS LIST AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

- AUTO TYPE STEERING
- BALL JOINT ADJUSTABLE TIE-RODS!
- HEAVY GAGE ALL STEEL CONSTRUCTION

ACCESSORIES AVAILABLE

STURDY GRASS CATCHER
NO MORE RAKING, WITH OUR HANDY, OPTIONAL UNIT AT.... **$22**

SNOW REMOVAL PLOW
MAKES HARD SNOW REMOVAL JOBS EASY! OPTIONAL, AT ONLY.... **$33**

$229.95 **FULL PRICE**
TAX & FREIGHT PAID TO YOUR DOOR
RUSH CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:

WHILE THEY LAST!
COMPLETE... INCLUDE FREIGHT PAID TO YOUR DOOR!

UNIVERSAL LAWN SALES
2812 Pio Nona Ave. **(Phone) (912) 781-4553**
Macon, Georgia 31206

GREATEST OFFER EVER MADE TO PUBLIC

federate uniform, taking no part in the feud. However, John Griffith, his father-in-law, was a staunch supporter of Lee. He often carried a basket of food into the thicket where Lee was hiding out.

On top of the food in the basket were placed piles of ears of corn, and John would go around calling his hogs in a loud voice. When he reached a certain hollow tree, he would look all around to see that no one was near. He would then place the food in the hollow tree and return home.

Undoubtedly Peacock was aware that John Griffith was not on his side. One afternoon a leader in Peacock's organization had some half dozen or more men, all armed, surround the McKinney home. They demanded the right to search the house for Bob Lee and his followers, but though they made a thorough search of the house and premises, they found no one.

Then Ike Dotson learned that some Collin County cotton-raisers had been carrying their cotton to Jefferson in East Texas and receiving a good price there. He spoke of it to Mary. She called his attention to the fact that Billy Dixon and his cousin, Charlie Dixon, had started to Jefferson not long ago and had been bushwhacked—and Billy killed—before they were halfway there.

But so many reports kept coming in about the high prices paid by steamboats from New Orleans coming upriver through Lake Caddo to Jefferson for the cotton, that Ike decided to take a chance. He loaded his wagon, hitched up two ex-army mules, and was on his way. Ike made the trip without incident, and sold his cotton. While in Jefferson he bought some pine lumber for his new home.

Before he left Jefferson, he bought a copy of the Jefferson *Jimplecute*, the local newspaper, in which he noticed an ad that interested him. It mentioned a new plow being manufactured in Jefferson. The plow was made from iron mined in the county. When Ike saw the plow, he bought it, and that plow returned to Collin County on top of the lumber. His "tenant" Wylie was delighted with the new plow and the ex-army mules recently bought. Wylie and Becky and their children now lived in a small house to themselves.

Ike and Wylie did well with their farming operation with the army mules. No one had to help Wylie plow. Becky continued helping Mary with the housework.

THEN a tavern in Blue Ridge came up for sale. With so many killings, the owner was willing to sell cheap. Ike had never run a saloon or other business but he knew there was plenty of good money going for whiskey, and his luck had held so far. He bought the saloon.

Soon Ike's business was so good he hired two bartenders. Ike, with an apron around his body, looked after the customers who were away from the bar. He never went armed, though he was aware that probably many of the men dropping in were Peacock men. Ike had been in the army when Peacock and his Kansas red-legs had come to Texas, but the business was prospering and Ike thought his risk was worthwhile.

One afternoon a lone stranger came in and went to the bar. He then took his liquor to a table in the corner where two other men sat. The other men had been there before, but Ike didn't know who they were. Unarmed as usual, Ike went about his business.

In a short time, the stranger met Ike near the middle of the room. Instead of passing Ike and proceeding to the bar, he suddenly grabbed Ike around the waist and pulled him close to his body so their faces were almost touching. The stranger drew a Bowie knife from his belt and stabbed at Ike's throat, splitting Ike's cheek from his eye to his chin.

Quick as a flash Ike thrust his two thumbs into the man's eyes and pulled both eyeballs out into the palms of his hands. The Bowie knife fell to the floor.

The stranger, almost hysterical, began to beg, and his two companions didn't dare interfere. It didn't take long for both the stranger and his table companions to promise to leave the place and never come back if Ike would turn loose the eyeballs.

Ike knew that his bartenders were armed, so he released his hold and the man was led away by his friends, seeking a doctor.

Ike Dotson wiped the blood from his face and went about his business. The Civil War just hadn't ended yet in Texas, but Ike was a hard man to kill.

WANT TO KNOW THE TRUE STORY ABOUT YOUR OWN GREAT-GRANDFATHER?

OBTAIN HIS CIVIL WAR RECORDS

Give your family and yourself pride in your heritage. These records are not about some one else's part in history—they're about your own family.

The documents will tell you the true story of your ancestor's participation in the Civil War. Authentic happenings have been recorded for each individual soldier such as: the when & where of battles fought, wounds suffered, hospital confinements, muster rolls, payroll records, Roll of Honor members, etc. Documents are signed by the soldier in some cases.

Our fee is only ten dollars and should no record be found there will be a five dollar refund. Fill out the order form below:

Your Name & Address__________
Ancestor's Full Name__________
State in which he lived__________
Town or County if known__________
Approx. Date of Birth (Year)__________

Note: You may find the answers to these questions in old Bibles or from your oldest living relatives.

Mail to:
REESE-LYTLE RESEARCH
P.O. Box 7251 Houston, Tex. 77008

FAMILY BIBLE

LARGE PRINT EDITION IN THE BEAUTIFUL LANGUAGE OF THE KING JAMES VERSION.

As the pioneers moved West, they carried their family bibles with them, carefully preserving and protecting them to hand down to their descendants. We are proud to be able to offer this Bible, worthy of taking its place among your treasured heirlooms. There is a large family record section so that you can record important events as our ancestors did. The hard cloth binding is durable, beautiful, and a large 6⅞ by 9½ inches.

An unusual feature is the extremely large, bold, clear type—a sample of it is shown below.

I will bless the LORD at all
his praise shall continually

The youngest beginning reader and the oldest family member will appreciate the ease of using this Bible with its maps and extensive reference material. This Family Bible will make a gift to be cherished now and for generations to come.

$8.25 POSTPAID

FAMILY BIBLE
WESTERN BOOK CO.
P.O. Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764

TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Helping Hand

I have a copy of an 1881 Texas Stock Manual, which lists names, post office addresses, brands and ranch locations. A lot of these addresses or towns no longer exist. I have helped several people in your "Trails Grown Dim" and would be glad to help anyone I could with this. Also have an old Bible, copyright 1886. It belonged to F. M. Moyer, born 1866, married Leoto Van Over in Cumberland County, Illinois in 1891. I would give this to the Moyer or Van Over kin.

I would like to receive information on early maps of the Texas Panhandle.—James W. Vallaster, Box 941, Fritch, Texas 79036

Ballard

I would appreciate any information on an old, lost friend, Alford Ballard. If still alive, he would be fifty-four or fifty-five years of age. He was born in Cement, Oklahoma then moved to De Ridder, Louisiana in the early 1930s. In the late 1930s he moved out West. He has one sister, Flossie, living somewhere out West.—George Smart, Route 1, Box 143, Ragley, Louisiana 70657

Shelton

I would like to hear from anyone knowing the whereabouts of James Bertiss Shelton. He is eighty-five to eighty-seven years of age. This man is my grandfather, although he doesn't know about me. In 1910 James married Mattie Gibson in Oklahoma. They had one daughter, Opal, who is my mother. James and Mattie were divorced in 1914, and no word from him since then. I will appreciate any information about him. If anyone has definite information of him, they may call me collect at—674-1585.—Frances Opal McNeil, 151 El Ray, San Antonio, Texas 78227

Faubion

My grandfather, M. M. Faubion, was born in Tennessee about 1877. As a youngster he went to Texas and then returned to Tennessee. Although a barber by trade, he worked in railroad construction in North Carolina and there met and married my grandmother, Lillie Rogers. He later lived in South Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky. In 1933 he returned to Yancey County, North Carolina where he barbered, mined, and ran a general store until his death in 1940. He is buried in the Ballew graveyard in Yancey County. If any readers have information concerning my grandfather or any of the Faubion families, I would appreciate hearing from them.—R. M. Faubion, Box 921, Greenville, South Carolina 29602

Peterson

I am seeking the descendants of my great-great-grandfather, Benjamin A. Peterson, and his wife, Bathalinda (Shaul) Peterson. They settled at Hadley, Illinois around 1850. My great-grandfather, Benjamin Franklin Peterson was buried at Barry, Illinois in 1928. His wife's name is Alice. Benjamin F. Peterson's son, George, was last known to reside at Fallon, Nevada in 1938.—Dorothy Clemetson, Route 2, Box 273, Walla Walla, Washington 99362

Blackstone-Yarbrough

I would like to hear from descendants of Harvey Blackstone Yarbrough. As a teenager he came to Texas from Coosa County, Alabama soon after the Civil War. Went from Texas to Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah with a wagontrain. He dropped his last name, Yarbrough and took his middle name, Blackstone, as a last name. Blackstone was his mother's maiden name. Thereafter he went as Harvey Blackstone. He had at least one son, Robert Lee Blackstone (Yarbrough). Robert Lee was a World War I navy man who married a girl from Nova Scotia. They came to Texas about 1924-25 visiting relatives.

Robert Lee had a book on Blackstone family history which traced the family back to Massachusetts and Rhode Island and beyond. Harvey Blackstone Yarbrough was my great-uncle. All letters will be answered.—P. B. Creekmore, 8603 North 30th Drive. Phoenix, Arizona 85021

Riley

I would like to hear from anyone who might have known Marshall Clifton "Slim" Riley, my great-uncle. He rode the rodeo trail in the 1910-1920s. I also understand he at one time held thirty-five rodeo records, but can't verify the facts. He was the son of Franklin O. Riley of Castlewood, South Dakota. I have photos with dates and can place him at the Wessington Roundup (no date), Calgary Stampede, 1919 and others, such as the Pendleton (no date) and Rock Rapids, Iowa Roundup (no date).

I also understand Slim was a silent movie actor and doubled for Bill Hart and Tom Mix. My family didn't recall much about Slim and I hope someone can help me with information.—Richard

F. Riley, 206—6½ Street S.E., Rochester, Minnesota 55901

Burningham-Wilkins-Wood-Cox

I would like to hear from any descendants of these families, Elizabeth (Lizzy) Wilkins Burningham, sister of Simon P. Wilkins, who was married to Bernice (Betty) Elizabeth Wood. Elizabeth Burningham was married to Caswell Burningham and lived around Fort Worth, Texas. They had children, Viola, Ramsey, Caswell and Cally. I am trying to get information on the father and mother of these Wilkins.

Information would be appreciated on Mrs. Tinny Wood who married Pink Sanders and lived around Fort Worth, Texas. Also information on relatives of Samuel Houston Wood. Lucy Wood married a man named Crockran and had children, Israel, Rufus, James, Will and Johnny. John Wood had children, David, Henry, Acy, Johnny, Tom, Lextia, Esther, Mary. Henry Wood married Stella Cox. Mary married a man named Antonia Rhodes. And one Wood daughter married a John Hair.

Who was the wife of Samuel Wood? Her last name was Cox. She had brothers and sisters. Clarence Cox lived in or around Comanche County, Texas. He had children, Jim, Douglas, Arnold, Jack. A brother, Paul Cox, had a wife Rody and children; Horace and Marian Cox who lived around Utley, Texas; a sister, Rosie Cox who married a man named Underwood and lived around Rising Star, Texas. Some of the Wood family settled around Hamilton County, Texas.—Mrs. G. M. Holland, Route 1, Box 146, Galveston, Texas 77550

Hughes

I am seeking information about my great-grandparents, Charles Henry Hughes and Mary Jane Johnson Hughes. Charles was born September 1840 in either Ireland or Troy, New York. Charles and Mary Jane raised a family of six in Elmira, Solano County, California and moved to Willows, Glenn County, California in 1881. Nothing is known of his parents, brothers or sisters (if he had any) or where he lived before coming to Elmira, other than the fact that he did at one time live in Troy, New York.

Mary Jane was born in England. Her father's name was William. She came to the United States at the age of eight. I have no other information.

All information will be greatly appreciated and all letters will be answered.—Mrs. Patricia Begrin, Box 645, Willows, California 95988

Vaughan-Work-Jennings

Cyrus Vaughan was a wagon-maker. He was my great-grandfather, born in Ohio in 1811, probably in Richland, Jefferson Township. He married Miss Catherine Vandeventer, August 1853, in Davis County, Iowa and already had children by a previous marriage(s). There was Jackson; Cyrus Beech, born in Indiana in 1842 and Adaline, born in Illinois in 1850. She is believed to have married a Rucker. Beech was known throughout Missouri, Iowa and Nebraska for his prowess as an Indian fighter. Cyrus lived to be almost 98. He married Catherine at age forty-two and she died when he was fifty-eight, and he remarried. He and Catherine had five children: William Wallace; Abraham; Ruth who married Preston Breckonridge and lived in Henryetta, Oklahoma; Alice, who married Henry Kaiser of Atchison County, Missouri; and her twin brother John, who died as an infant. William married Ariel Jane Work prior to 1879. They homesteaded land in McPherson County, Kansas and had four children: Willis Wellington, my father, on July 15, 1879; Joel Malton born in Atchison County, Missouri in 1883; Cyrus Grover, 1887; Ethel, 1891. Ariel was born in Pennsylvania in 1859-60 and had several brothers and sisters, among them Julie (Julia) and Wesley, who is buried in Wytak cemetery August 18, 1933, in Nebraska City, Nebraska. Willis married Mary E. Jennings in Atchison County, Missouri, November 25, 1902. She was the daughter of Jeremiah Jennings and Rebecca Emmaline (Dawson). Jerry's father was Isaac Jennings who was thought to be born in England and his mother was Julia Abbot. Please help me with names, children and dates. —Mrs. Opal Brown, 5817 Swan Creek Drive, Tacoma, Washington 98404

"I keep telling you, dammit—IT AIN'T THAT BAD!"

Crosby-Thomas

I wish to hear from anyone who knew my uncle, Owen Crosby, a cowboy from Miles City, Montana. His parents were Emmett and Claire (Williams) Crosby, my maternal grandparents. Uncle Owen was shot and killed by a policeman near Madison Square Garden when I was three-years-old. He was on crutches at the time and was trying to make peace between a drunken cowboy and a quarrelsome cab driver; I think Uncle Owen had been injured while bulldogging. This occurred in 1931. Owen's sister had an old Western magazine with an article "The Killing of Owen Crosby," which I would love to find! Owen was about twenty-eight or thirty-years-old when he died. He was a good and kind person described as a peacemaker. I would be truly grateful to hear from anyone who knew Owen. I would appreciate any old photos, postcards, letters, clippings or anything related to his rodeo riding, death, the policeman mentioned, funeral, etc. I will copy any of these at my own expense, and return originals to the sender if so desired.—Joyce McFarland, 12044 Preston, Apt. 22, Grand Terrace, California 92324

Lane

James R. Lane, (1847-1898), son of Jacob (1800-1881) and Mary Ann Barbara LeFevre Lane, was my grandfather. He was born in Bath, Illinois and died in Forsyth, Montana. He was a deputy sheriff and is in the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Miles City, Montana.

Eleven of Jacob and Mary Ann's thirteen children grew to maturity. We be-

(Continued on page 72)

Nuggets

(Continued from page 38)

and other ranch hands to watch them get the cows up. This was accomplished by grabbing the cow by the tail and lifting and prodding at the same time. Many animals were saved from death by this means.

Another big job was the skinning of the dead animals. I'm not sure what cowhides were worth but at least that much could be salvaged, and anytime a cowboy wasn't busy he jumped on a horse and rode out to skin a cow or two. The best skinner was Chick Ryder, my dad said. Chick could ride a mile out in the pasture, skin a cow and be back in thirty minutes; this was considered quite a feat.

As soon as the weather began to warm up, the odor permeated the area. I guess the coyotes and buzzards enjoyed this, but not the people. For many years after this storm, skeletons of cattle were scattered all over the range.

At corrals and ranch buildings, cowhides were draped everywhere, and the sight of those hides combined with the smell was very unpleasant. Coyotes (and there were many at that time) would really sing a song after dark, especially if we had another snow; something about snow seemed to energize them. One of my earliest memories of Colorado was what I would call the "coyote chorus" at night. We don't hear much of this today although we still have coyotes in Colorado—just not as many of them.

Concerning my brother who was born during this great blizzard, an interesting thing happened. My father asked me what we should call him. I said, "Ain't this the West?" My father said that it was so I said, "Let's call him West," and so he was named Roy West.

It has been more than half a century since that great storm; no doubt there have been others as bad since, and I am sure there were others as bad or worse before. My brother, who was born in the midst of it, has now been with the Lord for several years. As for me, I have passed through a war and a few other things, including storms, but I shall never forget my first blizzard.

WARHOUSE SALE . . . . OVER 50% OFF!

IMPORTANT: Sorry, we can't include orders for less than five magazines or scarce issues priced at more than 60¢ in our warehouse sale.

Presses and printing are too complicated to explain, but what's important is that we've got a large number of some issues, and only a few of others. IT'S NO GIMMICK! List your choice of back issues (of those marked 60¢) on these two pages and the following page, and get in on these bargains.

*

Order 5 or more @ 45¢ each
(A 25% savings)

Order 20 or more @ 35¢ each
(Almost half-price)

Order 30 or more @ 30¢ each
(You SAVE 50%!)

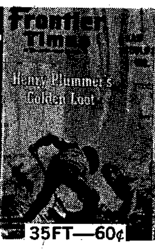
Order 40 or more @ 25¢ each
(OVER 50% OFF!)

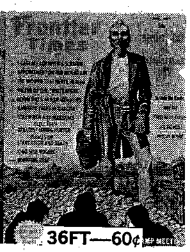
31FT—$1.00

32FT—$1.00

33FT—$1.00

34FT—60¢


35FT—60¢

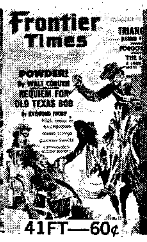

36FT—60¢

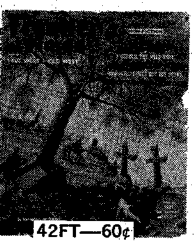
37FT—60¢

38FT—60¢

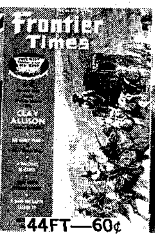
39FT—60¢

40FT—60¢


41FT—60¢

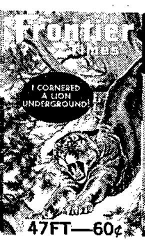

42FT—60¢

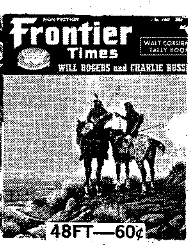
43FT—60¢


44FT—60¢

45FT—60¢

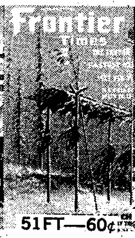
46FT—60¢


47FT—60¢

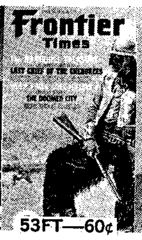

48FT—60¢

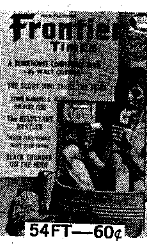
49FT—60¢

50FT—60¢


51FT—60¢

52FT—60¢


53FT—60¢


54FT—60¢

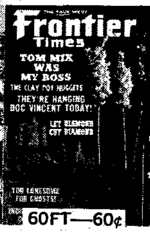
55FT—60¢

56FT—60¢

57FT—60¢

58FT—60¢

59FT—60¢


60FT—60¢

61FT—60¢

62FT—60¢

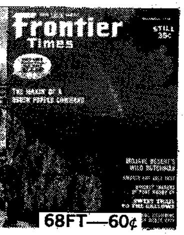
63FT—60¢

64FT—60¢

65FT—60¢

66FT—60¢

67FT—60¢


68FT—60¢

69FT—60¢

70FT—60¢

71FT—60¢

72FT—60¢

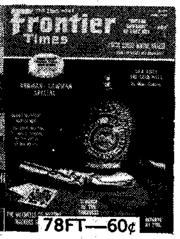
73FT—60¢

74FT—60¢

75FT—60¢

76FT—60¢

77FT—60¢


78FT—60¢

79FT—60¢

80FT—60¢

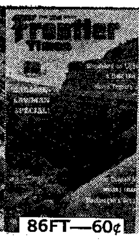
81FT—60¢

82FT—60¢

83FT—60¢

84FT—60¢

85FT—60¢


86FT—60¢

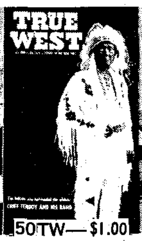
87FT—60¢

88FT—60¢

We thought "Warehouse Sales" were gimmicks. Now, OUR warehouse is nearly full! You can save more than ONE-HALF at this warehouse sale. WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SPACE! Take your pick of the 60c issues — order 40 or more for over 50% Savings!

47TW—$1.00

48TW—$1.00

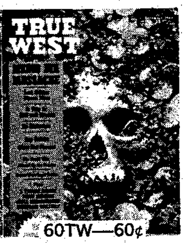
49TW—$1.00

50TW—$1.00

51TW—60¢

54TW—$1.00

56TW—60¢

57TW—$1.00

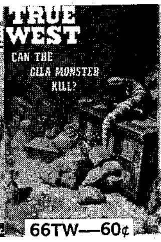
59TW—60¢

60TW—60¢

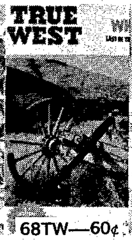
61TW—$1.00

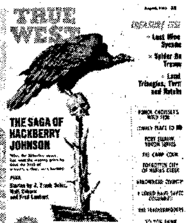
62TW—$1.00

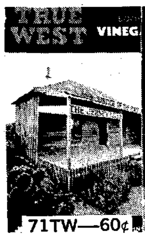
63TW—$1.00

64TW—60¢

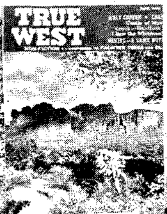
65TW—60¢

66TW—60¢

67TW—60¢

68TW—60¢

69TW—60¢

70TW—60¢


71TW—60¢

72TW—60¢

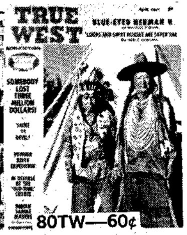
73TW—60¢

74TW—60¢

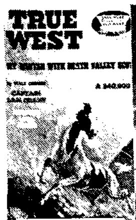
75TW—60¢

76TW—60¢

77TW—60¢

78TW—60¢

79TW—60¢

80TW—60¢


81TW—60¢

82TW—$1.00

83TW—60¢

84TW—60¢

85TW—60¢

86TW—60¢

87TW—60¢

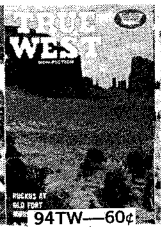
88TW—60¢

89TW—60¢

90TW—60¢

91TW—60¢

92TW—60¢

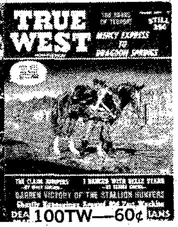
93TW—60¢

94TW—60¢

95TW—60¢

96TW—60¢

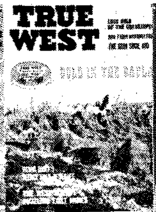
97TW—60¢

98TW—60¢

99TW—60¢

100TW—60¢

101TW—60¢

102TW—60¢

103TW—60¢

104TW—60¢

105TW—60¢

106TW—60¢

107TW—60¢

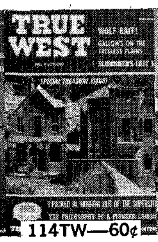
108TW—60¢

109TW—60¢

110TW—60¢

111TW—60¢

112TW—60¢

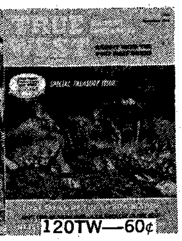
113TW—60¢

114TW—60¢

115TW—60¢

116TW—60¢

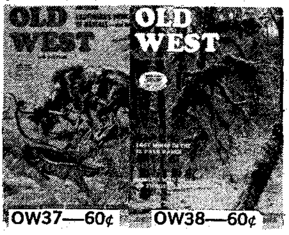
117TW—60¢

118TW—60¢

119TW—60¢

120TW—60¢

OLD WEST WAREHOUSE SALE!
See preceding pages for details and prices on our Warehouse Sale bargains —
SAVE OVER ONE-HALF!

OLD WEST
OW1—60¢
OW2—60¢
OW3—60¢
OW4—$2.00
OW5—60¢
OW6—60¢
OW7—60¢
OW8—60¢
OW9—60¢
OW10—60¢
OW11—60¢
OW12—60¢
OW13—60¢
OW14—60¢
OW15—60¢
OW16—60¢
OW17—$1.00
OW18—60¢
OW19—60¢
OW20—60¢
OW21—60¢
OW22—60¢
OW23—60¢
OW24—60¢
OW25—60¢
OW26—60¢
OW27—$1.00
OW28—60¢
OW29—$2.00
OW30—60¢
OW31—60¢
OW32—60¢
OW33—60¢
OW34—60¢
OW35—60¢
OW36—60¢



THEY SIMPLY WON'T LAST LONG . . .
SO ORDER NOW!

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS,
P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764

Life on an Idaho Cattle Ranch

(Continued from page 31)

out. We all had a wonderful sense of belonging.

Even though we were almost a colony, there were times we could not help each other, as the winter of 1917-18, when conditions were so severe that our cattle froze standing up. The winter was so long that we all began running out of hay. The banks folded up. We had no money to buy hay—and there was no hay to buy. What cattle we could sell we sold. What would not sell, my father cut their throats so he wouldn't see them starve to death.

My father had about five sisters, all married, and they and their families were very close to us. He had one brother, Byrd, whom we called "Sunnybrook" because he liked whiskey, although he was a Mormon. Mother's sisters, too, were married and living near us. Mormon families were big. Had all my brothers and sisters lived, there would have been thirteen of us.

When anyone died, neighbors gathered for miles around to bring comfort and consolation. We had no mortuary, but Hunter's Mercantile had a dance hall upstairs which would be converted into a funeral parlor. While our folks were upstairs at the wake, we kids would go into old Jim Hunter's root cellar where he stocked cases of Becker's Beer, which was marvelous. We would sneak some and hide it in the barn. Whenever we got thirsty, we would slip into the barn for some beer. I swear it was the best beer in the whole world.

Among my cowboy brothers, one was very gifted at bronc riding. I think he would have had a future in the rodeo world had he lived, but when World War I broke out, Ray went overseas with the Infantry. He was killed in the Argonne Forest in France. My mother knew he was dead before word reached us. When someone rode up our lane one day, my mother, who happened to be looking out the window, said, "Ray is dead." Sure enough, the man coming to our house carried a telegram which said my brother had been killed in action.

After Ray died, there were only seven of us left, five having succumbed to disease when tiny. Now only two of us remain; my brother Bill is in Guatemala.

During our growing up, we had rodeos every weekend on the different ranches, with us kids riding calves or roping them, and our older brothers trying to stick on bucking horses. Mother made home-made root beer, and we would set up a "bar" in one corner of the corral. We would have home made fudge, and the ones who rode and performed the best got extra helpings. Girls could ride, too, and Dad's weaner calves and colts got quite a workout.

We weren't all well-off enough to have spurs, so we would take a leather hames strap and put a staple through it, and rivet a strap behind so it couldn't push back. Those were our spurs. Our best Christmas presents were usually candy and oranges. Sometimes we would get a sleigh or a wagon. The girls would get dolls.

To us boys the biggest excitement of the year, outside of Christmas, was the fall roundup. We would be allowed out of school for a week. Our cattle would summer on Willow Creek Summit, which was high in the mountains between Chilly and Challis. To get to our summer range we had to go through Orinson Gulch. We had no cow camp but slept, cooked, and ate out. We would round up all the community cattle, bring them to my father's Chilly ranch, and cut them out. Ranchers and their wives and families would come from all over to help with the cutting of stock, feeding, and cooking. Our brand was a capital X—two Cs backwards. I don't know now who has my father's old brand.

In the spring we would have wild horse roundups. There were a jillion wild horses. Each rancher and his kids would round up their own horses and brand the colts. If there were any slicks, we kids would be given them.

About the worst whipping I ever got in my life my father gave me when my cousins and I began fooling with branding procedures. One summer when us kids were out on the range, we got the smart idea to have some fun with our elders by earmarking the different calves with different earmarks. We would rope one of my dad's calves and put Uncle Claude's earmarks on it; then we would catch one of Claude's, and put Bert Coates' earmarks on it.

In the fall, when our folks gathered all the cattle, there were more mixed brands than you could shake a stick at. The folks began thinking someone was trying to steal from them, and for a while things were hot and heavy, but my father had a suspicion we kids were at the bottom of it, and he finally got a confession from us. There was a bunch of us who had to stand up to eat our meals, our rumps got tanned that good. We never tried anything like that again.

ONE very cold winter in Chilly, the water in the well froze about three or four inches thick. My dad had to go down into the well to cut out the ice, and he fell. My brothers heard him hollering and ran to save him. When they got him out, he was frozen stiff, but the arthritis which had plagued him before never bothered him again. He used to say it was frozen out of him.

When I was about six years old, Mother determined that it was time for me to be baptized. My aunts and uncles felt the same way about my cousins, so there were eight or nine of us little buggers ready for baptism. Our folks dressed us in clothes that looked like nightgowns, and we all gathered at Whiskey Slough for the dipping. Mush ice was floating on the water, and I didn't like the looks of it. I think it was my cousin, Bert Coates, Jr. who was a Mormon elder, who dunked us. He held me by an ankle, and put me down into the cold water, head and body and everything but the ankle. When I emerged, the first words I shouted were, "You s-o-b!" He dunked me again, and twice more I shouted it, and my mother was mortified. But I think my father was tickled, because ever after that, when it was told, he had to turn away.

I never proved to be a good Mormon. I liked the things of this world too well—coffee and tea, whiskey and beer, gambling and swearing. I was called "Jack" Mormon, and I never mended my ways.

My darling mother died when I was twelve years old, and life lost a great deal of its meaning for me. She was the center of our family's world, and with her gone, nothing was the same.

In my teens, I began to ride for different cow outfits which would trail their cattle in the fall to the nearest railroad and then ship them out. The Union Pacific came to Mackay and one fall I was hired by an Italian rancher, Andrew Marrifio. We were to ship the cattle to Los Angeles, and Andrew had three or four of us go with the train.

This particular cow train stopped to gather cattle all along the way. We cowboys rode in a drover's car on the back of the train. So, too, did Andrew. We stopped in Las Vegas, Nevada to water and feed the cattle and to see the city. When Andrew got back on the train, he had a jug of "Dago-red" wine. Most of the drovers began to sample it, and we got a little high. The train was making good time over the desert, although we had to slow down for several passenger trains. Andrew got the urge to visit the restroom, which was next to another door which opened outside. He went down the aisle, but he opened the wrong door before we could stop him and stepped out into nothingness. Luckily it was one of those times we had slowed for a passenger train. We were probably only doing about eight miles an hour.

With Andrew gone, we almost panicked, but managed to pull the cord to brake the train. We hollered and screamed, and finally the train came to a complete stop. When the brakeman was told what had happened, he had the train back up. We got out with flashlights and lanterns. Andrew was found walking by the tracks, headed back toward Las Vegas. He wasn't hurt, but he was shaken. So were we.

At every stop a railroad inspector would come back to the drover's car to try to question Andrew, who would only say: "Me no speakum English."

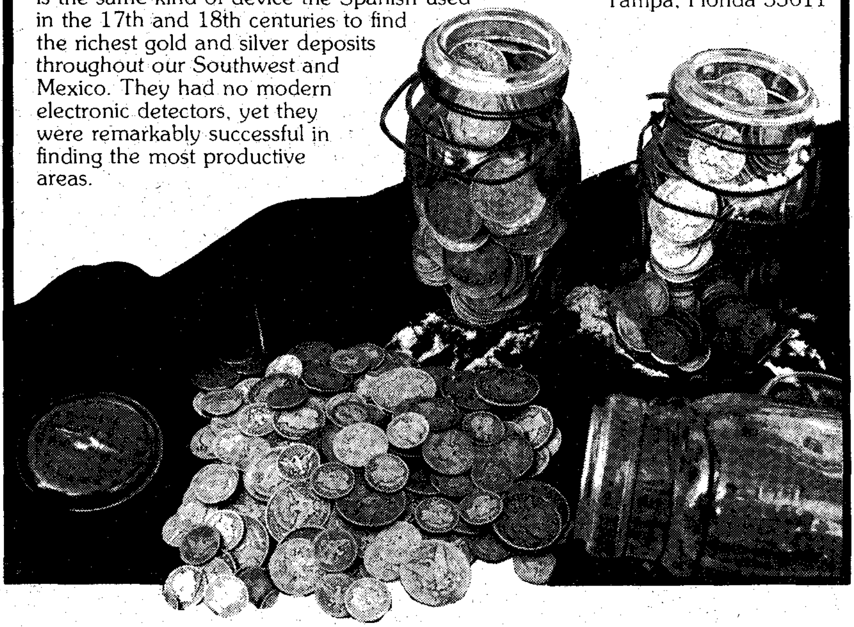
I wouldn't have missed those years for anything. I would not have wanted any other mother or father than God gave me. Life was good and we grew to be self-reliant and honest. I have not needed the material things of this world to be happy. From my cowboys days until now, I have needed only the clothes on my back and a saddle in my hand. I envy no man. I have loved God's house—the great outdoors—and it is there my worship of the Almighty seems the most sincere and complete. I will not miss leaving this very modernized world. I have lived my life as I saw fit to live it, and I will go out of it with peace and thankfulness to my Maker. The West was good to me.

GOLD & SILVER
LOCATE IT FROM A LONG DISTANCE

With the SPANISH DIP NEEDLE, Gold and Silver treasure or ore deposits can be detected and traced from a long distance away. Many successful users report picking it up from over a mile away. This instrument is no Johnny-Come-Lately. It is the same kind of device the Spanish used in the 17th and 18th centuries to find the richest gold and silver deposits throughout our Southwest and Mexico. They had no modern electronic detectors, yet they were remarkably successful in finding the most productive areas.

Send for my FREE INFORMATIVE PAMPHLET and read about this remarkable device.

CARL ANDERSON
P.O. Box 13441 B
Tampa, Florida 33611



Queen of the Utah Gold Camps

(Continued from page 35)

IN 1899 Snyder sold his mine to Peter L. Kimberly, a wealthy Pennsylvania steel mill owner, for $210,000. Kimberly renamed the mine Annie Laurie, and Snyderville became Kimberly, Utah's richest gold camp. By 1902 the Annie Laurie Mine had 300 men on its payroll, at the unheard of wage of $3 per day, and

FOR THIS, MEN HAVE

Crossed continents—and double-crossed friends—

Conquered nations—and surrendered their souls—

Settled states—and unsettled hearts and minds—

Been cursed and cured—known power and pain—

Sacrificed, squandered it, lusted for it, lived for it—and many, many have died for it.

But the lure and the lore live on—the desire for it never diminishes—

IT'S GOLD!

This is the special excitement, enchantment and adventure we're attempting to bring you in our 7th Edition of GOLD! ALL TRUE—AND HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE TITLES IN OUR SUMMER, 1974 ISSUE!

GOLD!
60¢
TRUE WEST Frontier Times OLD WEST
TOUGHER THAN THE YUKON
BLACK HILLS SURVIVOR
GOLD FIELD TIPS
SPANISH GOLD MINE FABULOSO
GHOST VOICE OF SILVER MOUNTAIN
PHANTOM CREW OF A TREASURE SHIP

GOLD! #7

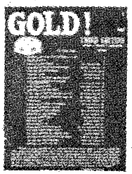
A MAN THE NORTH COULDN'T SCARE . . . SPANISH GOLD MINE FABULOSO . . . SEVEN TROUGHS' BONANZA . . . TREASURE IN THE BERRY PATCH . . . GHOST VOICE OF SILVER MOUNTAIN . . . RENSHAW, BLACK HILLS SURVIVOR . . . GOLD FIELD OUTFITTING, 1860 . . . LOOKING FOR A LOST MINE? . . . PHANTOM CREW OF A TREASURE SHIP . . . PRIESTS AND OUTLAWS IN THE FRANKLIN MOUNTAINS . . . THE GUNNISON MASSACRE . . . A LADY PROSPECTOR'S DUST AND DIAMONDS . . . THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE . . . AND MORE!

Get extra copies for yourself and for all your friends who share your interest. Don't forget to order the Special Treasure Package!

GET ALL SIX OF THE PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF GOLD! EVERY ONE A COLLECTORS' ITEM!

GOLD! #1

GOLD! #2


GOLD! #3

GOLD! #4

GOLD! #5

GOLD! #6

60¢ AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND, OR USE THIS COUPON TO ORDER.

GOLD!
WESTERN PUBLICATIONS
P.O. Box 3338—FT
Austin, Texas 78764

If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper

PUBLISHED BY TRUE WEST Frontier Times OLD WEST PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

☐ Enclosed is $__________ for __________ copies of GOLD! #7 @ 60¢ plus 25¢ postage and handling for each copy ordered.

☐ GOLD! Special Treasure Package!
GOLD! #7 plus all 6 of the GOLD! back issues—only $4.20 postpaid!

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS______________________________

CITY_______________ STATE_______________ ZIP________

that same year Kimberly refused an offer of $5,000,000 for the great mine.

Old Snyderville became "Lower Town," while new homes and stores built on the mountain front above the Annie Laurie Mine became known as "Upper Town." Peter Kimberly built a mansion he called "The Lodge" where elegant parties and grand balls were held. Ladies in silk dresses sipped wine from silver goblets while handsomely dressed gentlemen played whist for high stakes.

In 1902 construction began on a modern 250-ton-per-day cyanide mill at the Annie Laurie Mine. It was soon followed by another modern plant owned by Lammerdorf's Sevier Consolidated Company. The Annie Laurie produced $600,000 in mineral treasure in 1904, with half that amount paid to stockholders in dividends. Times were never better, and mine owners at Kimberly bragged that their mines contained enough ore to last for 100 years.

The bright new town supported daily stage service and two newspapers, the *Free Lance* and the *Nugget.* A stout, iron-barred jail was built at the edge of town, but was seldom used, even though Butch Cassidy and other riders of "the owl hoot trail" frequently visited the town's saloons. A power plant built on nearby Fish Creek furnished electrical power, making Kimberly one of the first towns in central Utah to be electrified.

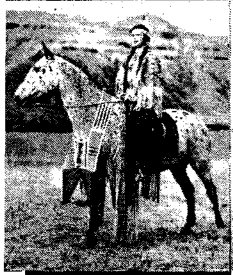
Gold from Kimberly's mines was shipped in bars, 6″x10″x10″ valued at over $20,000 each, on the Shepard Brothers Stages to the railroad at Sevier, eighteen miles to the northwest. The heavy yellow bars were stacked on the floor of the stagecoach, between the passengers' feet. An armed guard always rode ahead of the coach. One day the stagecoach overturned on a steep grade below town, sending a fortune in yellow gold tumbling down the brush-covered slope. Though a careful search was made, some old-timers say that one bar was never found, and still lies hidden somewhere on the rocky mountainside. To search the steep brush-covered canyon walls would be an all-summer job, but an eighty-seven-pound gold bar just might make it worthwhile.

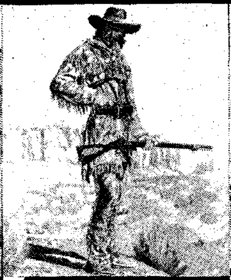
In 1905 the mines at Kimberly were running three shifts, twenty-four hours a day, and no one suspected that the boom days were about over. However, in June 1905 Peter Kimberly died, and the Annie Laurie Mine was taken over by a British company, whose officials one old-timer claimed, "didn't know any more about mining than a hog knows about Sunday."

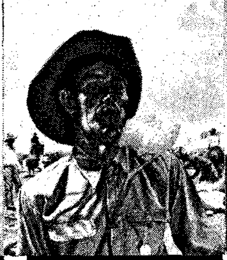
Then a day came when the payroll wasn't met, and rumors were heard that the new owners were in bad financial trouble. When payday finally was announced, the outraged workers were paid in company scrip instead of the gold coin they were accustomed to; and, although the paper money was supposed to be "as good as gold," stores would accept it only at a discount—and what was even worse, most of the saloons wouldn't take it at all! A Salt Lake City firm finally attached the Annie Laurie Mine for $450,000 in unpaid debts.

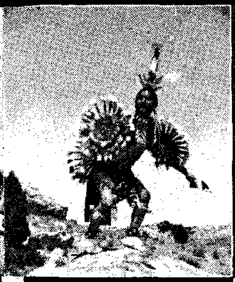
Lammerdorf's Sevier Consolidated was being hard-pressed, too, for payments on its new mill. Things were really getting shaky when the great money panic of

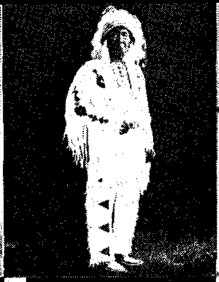
WESTERN COLOR PRINTS!

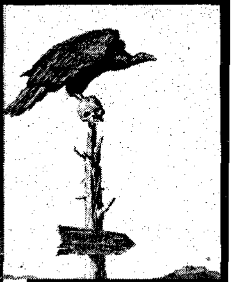

1 Nez Perće On Appaloosa

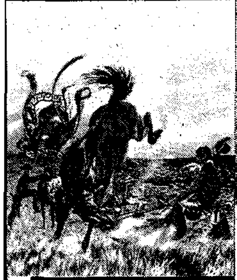

2 The Scout

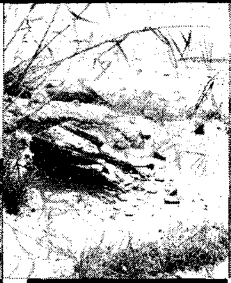

3 Branding Time

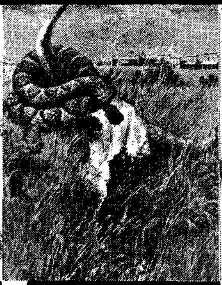

4 Ceremonial Dance

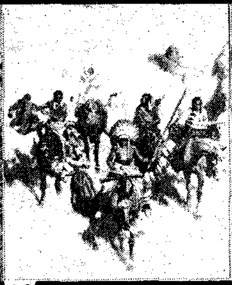

5 Tribal Costume

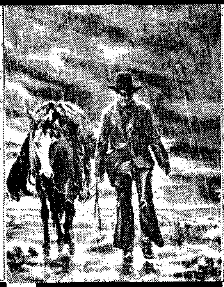

6 Pointing Toward Trouble

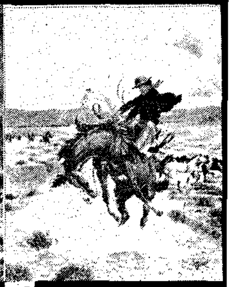

7 Brisk Causes Frisk

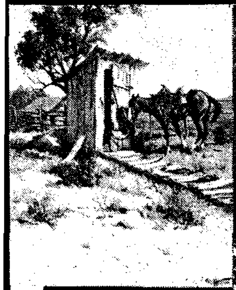

8 Gold On Padre Island

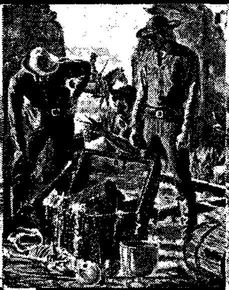

9 Stay Out Of My Territory!

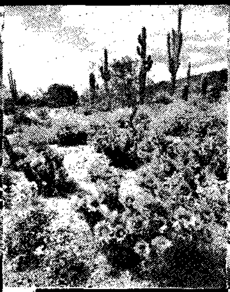

10 The Captive

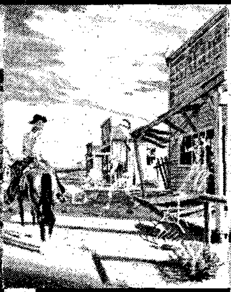

11 Lightning Got Him

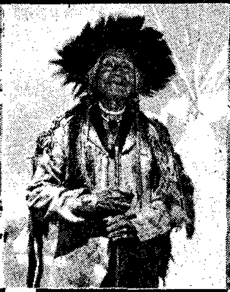

12 No Time To Lose

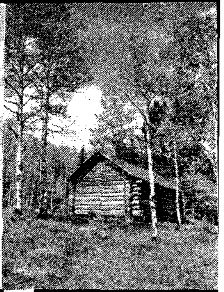

13 Cowboy Chores

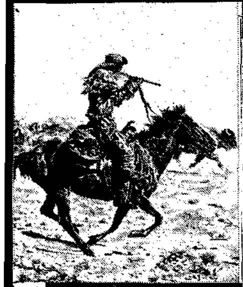

14 Spanish Treasure

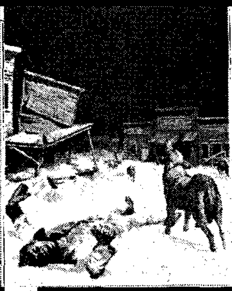

15 Spring's Drama In The Desert

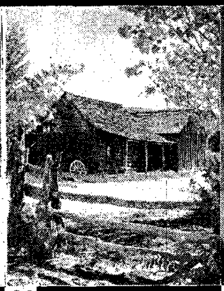

16 Old Memories

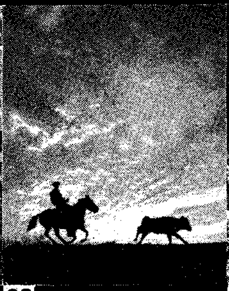

17 Flathead Indian

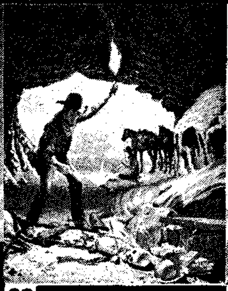

18 Autumn In Colorad

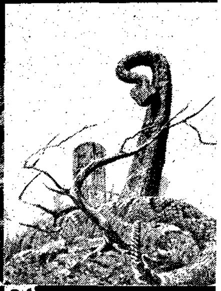

19 Buffalo Hunter


20 Lobos Hold A Wake


21 Old Homestead


22 Cowboy At Sunset


23 Lucky Shower


24 Welcome To Boot Hi

CUT OUT COUPON OR LIST ON A SHEET OF P

★ REDUCED RATES! ★

BEAUTIFUL COLOR PRINTS—COVERS OF PAST ISSUES OF TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES AND OLD WEST—PRINTED ON HEAVY DUTY PAPER, 10¼" X 14", READY FOR FRAMING . . . AND AT ROCK-BOTTOM PRICE, TOO.

1	$1.00	12	$ 8.00
4	$3.00	20	$13.00

Western Publications, Inc.
P.O. Box 3338-CP
Austin, Texas 78764

Circle prints desired

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City________________State________Zip________

1907 hit. One by one Kimberly's small mines closed, until at last even its giants were forced to shut down.

Kimberly became a ghost town. Its deep wet mine shafts began caving in while hoist engines and ore cars turned red with rust. By the time the money panic ended, Kimberly was just another has-been mining camp.

A few old-timers who recall the boom days, when saloons never closed and gold bars were shipped by stagecoach, are quick to point out that the mines are not worked out. The gold is still there; what is needed is another Peter Kimberly. Perhaps—but a visit to Kimberly today is a discouraging one. Its buildings sag wearily with the weight of years, and its streets are lost in the encroaching brush. No one would guess that Kimberly was once "Queen of the Utah Gold Camps."

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

diamond and race track, and now it is not even a ghost. I would like to hear from anyone who went to school there as I did. —Harry Hellekson, Box 2365, Edson, Alberta, Canada

Frederick Douglass Papers

On September 1, 1973, an eight-year project to collect and edit the Papers of Frederick Douglass began at Yale University. Sponsored by Yale University and the Association for the Study of Afro-American Life and History, the project is supported by the National Endowment for the Humanities and the National Historical Publications Commission. The goal of the project is to publish a multi-volumned edition of the speeches, letters and essays of the foremost black American of the nineteenth century. We invite historians who, in the course of their research have discovered Douglass letters, to contact:—Professor John W. Blassingame, Frederick Douglass Papers, 2103 Yale Station, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut 06520

The Beautiful Northwest

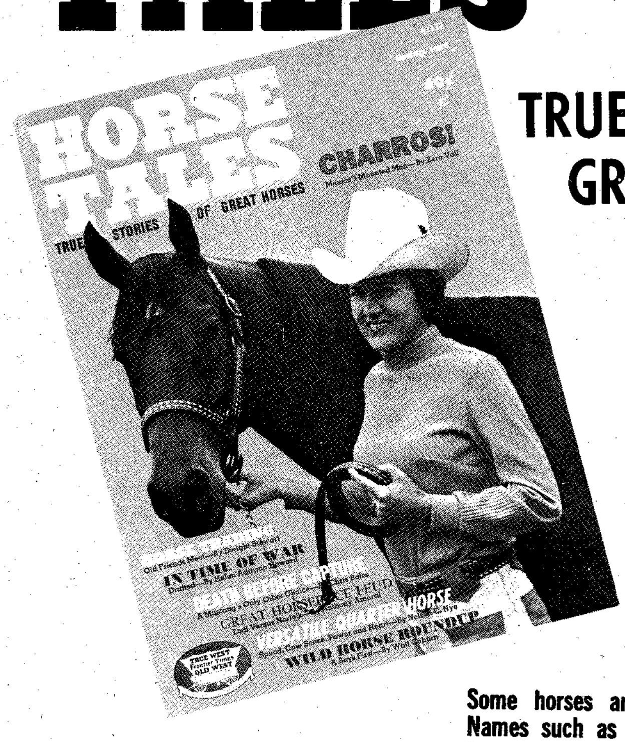
Recently my wife completed our back issue collection of FRONTIER TIMES, and for my 50th birthday she gave me a delightful surprise of the Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES reprints from Volume 1, October 1923, the very month and year I entered the 19th century.

Our gratification continues as we collect these treasures and amass a fantastic history of pictures, features and stories of the Western migration of America such a relatively short time ago. I read and enjoyed the condensation you published of Ezra Meeker's "Old Oregon Trail" and his and all those early pioneers' efforts to preserve by monument the stepping stones of that Northwest route.

The two oxen and the wagon are preserved in the Washington State Historical Museum at Tacoma on the shores of Puget Sound for public inspection. Upriver toward magnificent Mt. Ranier and the Cascades to the east is our Puyallup Valley. In the city of Puyallup the revitalization of the two-story Meeker mansion continues and youngsters and elderly as well hurry by the solitary, bent and well weathered statue that

HORSE TALES

A LITTLE HISTORY,
LAUGHTER AND TEARS
MAKE HORSE TALES
THE ONLY ONE
OF ITS KIND
IN THE FIELD!



TRUE STORIES OF GREAT HORSES!

PUBLISHED BY
TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

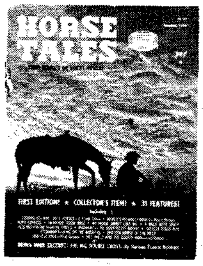
Some horses are just naturally outstanding. Names such as Man O' War and Dan Patch, Poco Bueno and Joker B. are familiar to all horsemen, but what about the horse in your backyard? HORSE TALES is dedicated to preserving the true stories of all horses, known and unknown, that have proven themselves worth remembering through feats of devotion, bravery or skill. It covers horses of all breeds and performance for all horsemen and horse lovers. Nothing could be more descriptive of HORSE TALES than, "a little history, laughter and tears," unless you mix in a lot of love for horses. HORSE TALES stand on every major issue is with the horse, and it is published for everyone who appreciates good stories about great horses. You won't find out about coming events in HORSE TALES, or how to do it, but you will find some entertaining and factual history about horses, past and present, that have already done it, in the true horse stories that are soon to become your favorites.

Published by the same outfit that gives you TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, OLD WEST, RELICS, BADMAN, WANDERLUST, GOLD! and HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES.

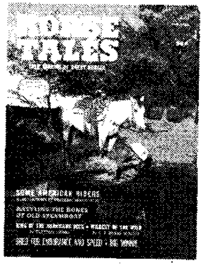
CHARTER SUBSCRIBERS NOTE!

You can still begin your subscription with issue #1 and at a big savings, too. $3.00 will send six issues to your door and you save 60¢. For $5.00 you will receive twelve copies and save $1.20. If you love horses, you won't want to miss even one, so start your collection today.

QUARTERLY NOW, BI-MONTHLY SOON AND MONTHLY RIGHT QUICK LIKE IF YOU FOLKS KEEP SHOWING THIS TERRIFIC SUPPORT!



HORSE TALES #1



HORSE TALES #2

YOU WON'T FIND HORSE TALES ON THE NEWSSTAND FOR A WHILE, BUT BY SUBSCRIBING NOW, YOU WILL NEVER MISS AN ISSUE!

HORSE TALES
TRUE STORIES OF GREAT HORSES

P.O. Box 3338-FT
Austin, Texas 78764

Enclosed $________ for my subscription

(check one): ☐ 6 issues for $3.00 ☐ 12 issues for $5.00

Please start my subscription with the issue checked below:

☐ #1 ☐ #2 ☐ #3

NAME ________

ADDRESS ________

CITY ________ STATE ________ ZIP ________

(TEXAS residents add 5% state tax)

stands in Pioneer Park seemingly forgotten in this swift age of jet travel.

Perhaps the greatest satisfaction to some of us who have inherited the Northwest along with our Indian brothers is that we know that we can yet share the beauty that early dedicated men and women made possible. This is why we continue to enjoy your publications.

It is necessary to get the true message to our young people. There are more mountains to climb and more pioneering to be done if we are to keep the faith with our forefathers and the traditions of our wonderful country.— Mr. & Mrs. Stephen A. Kendall, 1702 Goldau Road E., Tacoma, Washington 98424

Opinion About the Dutchman

Dang yer hide! My eyes are like road maps from trying to get through all nine of the magazines you publish. It was my day off today—rained all day so I stayed in reading. The store (a drug store) where I used to buy magazines closed down the magazine rack completely. Now there is a rack with women's scarves and some sun glasses.

About the "Lost Dutchman Mine"—a third-generation Basque sheepherder told Maricopa County, Arizona Deputy Sheriff Jim Nolan and me ten years ago, that there simply is no mine. The Dutchman, Jacob Walzer, was the first to happen onto an Arizona picket post that the Apache Indians had sacked and burned. They killed the soldiers and left the gold shipment. When Walzer found this he, of course, would not be able to claim the gold so he took it and hid it. Then he told local gentry that he had found a rich vein.

That is some rugged, forbidding country but with as many people as have been looking, I think any such "mine" would have long since been found.— Frank Horn, 3333 N. Marshfield, Chicago, Illinois 60613

The Time To Ask Questions Is Now

I do not know when my subscription started to TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. Before it sank in that they were valuable, I mailed them to a cousin in Texas for a long time.

My maternal grandparents, the Matt Barrons, parked their ox wagons half way between Cisco and Cross Plains, Texas in 1887 I am told, accompanied by my grandmother's parents, the Rutherfords. They had traveled from near Van Buren, Arkansas. There is only one man left in our family bearing the Barron name but there are Rutherfords from here to yonder.

Reading your publications has shown me how much rich history I have seen being made in Texas and Oklahoma. I was born in 1889 on the spot where my ancestors settled. Unfortunately, my parents left when I was young but not before I had a taste of living off the land—eating wild greens my grandmother taught me how to gather, wild rabbits my brother trapped, and the exciting times when a beef wagon came by and we had real meat on the table. It had a flavor unequaled by any packing house product.

Once when I was too young to remember, we (several wagonloads of people) ran out of water around Monahans. I read an article with pictures some time back

(Continued on page 64)

AUTOMATIC FEEDERS FOR

Wildlife—Conservation—Fish

Feed the amount you want when you want.

Controlled by a 24 hour precision clock-timer. Simple to program. Dependable and rugged.

System operates on one 12 volt dry battery. Battery included. Ideal for remote operation.

Capacity — 300 pounds shelled corn. Handles most natural grains. Twelve month warranty.

WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE

SWEENEY ENTERPRISES, INC.

Rt. 2 Dept. WP Box 145G
Boerne, Texas 78006

RARE EDITION

CHEROKEE
TSA LA GI
ᏣᎳᎩ
BRAND
GA LE YV DV
Ꭶ Ꮄ Ᏼ Ꮫ
BOOK
GO WE LI
Ꭺ Ꮺ Ꮅ
VINITA, I. T.
CIRCIA 1884
CHEROKEE NATIONAL
STOCKMEN'S PROTECTIVE
AND
DETECTIVE ASSOCIATION

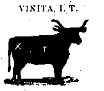
Rogers Birthplace Cited

The birthplace of Will Rogers, a white frame house on a hill overlooking Lake Oloogah, has been designated as a national historical site by Sigma Delta Chi, national journalism society. The house was built by Will Rogers' father, Clem Rogers, in the 1870s. Sigma Delta Chi is a national journalistic fraternity and the bronze marker at the site recognizes Rogers as one of the nation's great writers of his time.

CLEM ROGERS
BRAND C.R.

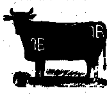
FIRST EDITION
REPRINTED
SEPTEMBER 1973

R. R. TAYLOR,
Post-office,
VINITA, I. T.



Crop off left ear and split in right.
Range—On Locust creek.

JOHN BULLETTE,
Post-office,
CLAREMORE, I. T.

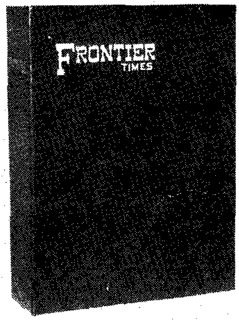


Z Œ on right side.
Crop off left and split in right ear.
O on left hip and side.
Range—On Tah-la-la creek

JOHN W. SHLEPPEY RARE BOOKS 4530 SHERIDAN WEST SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98199
Order Now Remit With Order Post Paid—$10.00 per copy Three Weeks for Delivery

Don't Miss the August TRUE WEST . . . on sale June 20th.
The Summer OLD WEST is on the stands NOW!

Frontier Times Multiple Binder



Only $3^{50} each Postpaid

- **Now you may obtain a sturdy binder with fine simulated leather cover for your copies of FRONTIER TIMES at just $3.50 each, postpaid.**
- **FRONTIER TIMES is stamped in gold on the cover and the backbone.**
- **Convenient, easy to handle, it holds 10-12 issues. (Many back issues available.) No punching or mutilation of your copies necessary. You'll like it on your bookshelf!**

FRONTIER TIMES
P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764
I am enclosing $______ Send______ binders at $3.50 each to the following:
Name____________
Address____________
City________ State______

BOOKS ABOUT THE WEST!

Books you can read and refer to over and over again! Ideal for gifts!

REGULAR PRICE $25.00
EXTRA SPECIAL $7.95
WELLS FARGO
by Noel M. Loomis
Indian & Eskimo Artifacts of North America
THE CUSTER
WAS $10.
NOW $4.9
PUBLISHED AT $12.50
A REAL BARGAIN $5.95
ROY BEAN
LAW WEST OF THE PECOS
C. L. SONNICHSEN
A Western Americana Classic
PUBLISHED AT $22.50
OUR SPECIAL PRICE $9.95

INDIANS

300—**AMONG THE COMANCHES AND APACHES**, by Edwin Eastman. (304 pages, hardback) A facsimile reprint (limited to 1,000 copies) of the scarce 1879 edition. A true autobiography relating the Indian captivity of husband and wife. Woodcuts. Regular price $5.00. **$2.95**

301—**BREEDS AND HALF-BREEDS**, by Gordon Speck. (361 pages, hardback) Accounts of the interpreter-guides (almost all with some Indian blood) and the part they played on the Northern and Western frontiers. Over 50 illustrations and 15 maps. Regular price $7.50. **Special! $3.95**

302—**A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN**, by Oliver La Farge. 350 illustrations, many full color plates. The Indians' story from the arrival of the first white men to the present in a handsome 9¼ x 12¼ volume. Rare and fascinating pictures. Regular price $7.50. **$4.95**

304—**THE CUSTER MYTH**, by Col. W. A. Graham. Illustrated with over 100 photos, maps, drawings, as well as the Dustin Bibliography. It gives a colorful account of the Battle of the Little Big Horn, the events leading up to it, including the aftermath, and the famous Benteen letters and Indian accounts. Regular price $10.00 **Special! $5.95**

305—**INDIAN AND ESKIMO ARTIFACTS OF NORTH AMERICA**, by C. Miles. Over 2,000 examples, including 7 color plates, all of the major kinds of North American native-made artifacts—tools, weapons, pottery, basketry, boats, regalia, etc. from as far back as pre-Columbian times. Size 8¾ x 11¼. Regular price $25.00. **Extra Special! $7.95**

306—**THE LAST CAPTIVE.** Herman Lehmann's story in his own words and commentary by author, A. C. Greene. Lehmann, abducted by Indians in Mason County, Texas when eleven years old, became an Apache warrior, an outcast, and later the adopted son of Quanah Parker. A classic of American frontier narratives. Here is your opportunity to have the complete, authentic Herman Lehmann life story in this distinguished volume with many pictures. Published at $8.95. **Our Special Price, only $7.50**

308—**FIGHTING INDIAN WARRIORS, True Tales of the Wild Frontiers**, by E. A. Brininstool. Accurate accounts of Indian battles, more dramatic and exciting than any fiction. (353 pages, hardback.) Originally $5.95. **Our Price $2.95**

309—**INDIAN MASKS & MYTHS OF THE WEST**, by Joseph H. Wherry, award winning author and Indian authority. (273 pages, hardback.) Authoritative mythological index and many illustrations. A must for a real insight into Indian culture. Published at $10.00. **Our price, only $5.95**

310—**DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN** by John Stoutenburgh, Jr. Here at last is a comprehensive book of Indian phrase, lore and history that clarifies terms often used incorrectly. Hardbound, 459 pages. Originally $10.00. **NOW ONLY $2.95**

311—**I FOUGHT WITH GERONIMO** by Jason Betzinez with W. S. Nye. Authentic, exciting text, pictures, maps. Index. **$2.95**

313—**GEORGE CATLIN AND THE OLD FRONTIER**, A Biography and Picture Gallery of the Dean of Indian Painters by Harold McCracken. 36 full-color, 130 black & white reproductions. Published at $18.50. We're proud to be able to offer this beautiful volume. **$6.95**

OUTLAWS AND LAWMEN

100—**WYATT EARP—THE UNTOLD STORY**, by Bartholomew. (328 pages, softbound) "Documented, and unvarnished, a treasure chest of forgotten and buried facts. **$2.95**

101—**WYATT EARP—THE MAN AND THE MYTH**, by Ed Bartholomew. (335 pages, softbound) Limited to 1,000 copies. Almost 900 sources, including books, old newspapers, court records and archives material. **$2.95**

103—**OUTLAWS ON HORSEBACK**, by Harry Sinclair Drago. A history of bank and train robbers who terrorized the prairies of Missouri, Kansas, and Oklahoma. Full of exciting and colorful tales of Frank and Jesse James, the Dalton Gang, etc. Regular price $5.00. **$2.95**

104—**WESTERN HARD-CASES**, by Ed Bartholomew. (191 pages, hardback) This book deals with a hundred trouble-makers, some notorious, some hardly known. Regular price $3.50. **$2.95**

105—**THE STORY OF THE TEXAS RANGERS**, by Walter Prescott Webb. This thrilling saga, long out-of-print and in continuous demand, is now available. It is the adventurous story of dedicated men who fought against the outlaw breed of three races—Anglo desperadoes, Mexican bandits, and Indian warriors. Reprint. **$6.95**

106—**BILL LONGLEY—A TEXAS HARD-CASE**, by Ed Bartholomew. (120 pages, paperback) One of Texas' most colorful outlaws, born to lose! **$1.95**

110—**A GALLERY OF WESTERN BADMEN.** Fascinating studies of Hickok, Masterson, James, Earp, Billy the Kid, Bass, Holliday, Ringo, Murietta and others. Heavy paper. Many pictures. **Only $1.00**

111—**ROY BEAN, Law West of the Pecos** by C. L. Sonnichsen. A witty, authenticated biography of one of the rough-and-ready immortals of the old West. Illustrated. (207 pages, hardback.) **$2.95**

112—**DESPERATE MEN** by James D. Horan. Based on the hitherto unrevealed files of the Pinkerton Detective Agency. The Jesse & Frank James gang, the Youngers, Butch Cassidy and many more are all here. **$2.95**

113—**THE OUTLAW TRAIL—THE STORY OF BUTCH CASSIDY And The "Wild Bunch"** by Charles Kelly. 374 pages, hardback. Pictures and indexed. **A REAL BARGAIN $2.95**

114—**A DYNASTY OF WESTERN OUTLAWS** by Paul I. Wellman. Illustrated by Lorence Bjorklund. 384 pages, hardback. Indexed—and all the outlaws are there! **OUR SPECIAL PRICE $3.75**

TREASURE

200—**LOST MINES OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST**, by John D Mitchell. (202 pages, hardback) This book has dug up some of the thousands of legends about the hidden treasures of the Indians and the Spaniards. Two fold-out maps and index. Regular price $7.50 **$5.95**

202—**LOST MINES AND BURIED TREASURES ALONG THE OLD FRONTIERS**, by John D. Mitchell. (260 pages, hardback) Another excellent compilation of myths and legends. Good reading, and a good guide to gold hunting. Fold-out map and index. Regular price $7.50. **$5.95**

203—**DIG FOR PIRATE TREASURE**, by Robert I. Nesmith. (302 pages, hardback) Prints, drawings, maps and authentic information on buried and sunken treasure which still remains to be discovered—or recovered. Tells about the people who are finding treasure and how to hunt for treasure properly. Photos and index. Regular price $6.00. **$2.95**

204—**LOST BONANZAS:** Tales of the Legendary Lost Mines of the American West, by Harry Sinclair Drago. (276 pages, hardback) True tales of high adventure, about genuine lost gold and silver mines. Includes the Lost Dutchman, Adams Diggings, the Gunsight, and the Breyfogle. Regular price $5.00. **Special! $2.95**

205—**GOLD RUSH ALBUM**, Editor in Chief, Joseph Henry Jackson. (244 pages, hardback) The complete story of the greatest treasure hunt in history—the 1849 California Gold Rush; 352 authentic first-hand pictures accompany the text and help recreate this vivid and unforgettable epic of the West. Index and maps. Regular price $10.00. **$5.95**

206—**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TREASURES** by Rascoe. Over 80 Treasure Tales! Considered by many to be the best True Clue Treasure book ever done on this rich old state. A best seller at $4.00—**OUR SPECIAL PRICE $1.75.**

207—**TREASURE HUNTING WITH A METAL DETECTOR** by Marvin & Helen Davis. Pictures (many in beautiful full color) and prices of hundreds of Treasures, Coins & Relics. Metal detector instructions by recognized authorities. Published at $6.75. **NOW ONLY $2.95.**

THE AMERICAN WEST

401—WELLS FARGO: An Illustrated History, by N. M. Loomis. (344 pages, hardback) Over 300 pictures. The complete story of this fabulous stage line, from its inception to the present. Indexed. Regular price $12.50. **Special! $5.95**

402—THE BEST OF TRUE WEST, edited by Joe A. Small. (317 pages, hardback) In this sampler of the West, you will find a wide variety of stories about our heritage—a colorful, exciting panorama by such gifted writers as J. Frank Dobie, Fred Gipson, Homer Croy, Curtis Bishop and Walter Prescott Webb—selected to excite, inform, and always, to entertain. Pen and Ink sketches. **Only $6.95**

404—RAILROADS OF THE BLACK HILLS, by Mildred Fielder. (176 pages, hardback) An exciting history of the railroads, the calamities and triumphs and the men who fought for their success. 200 superb photos, maps, and charts. Bibliography. Regular price $12.95. **$5.95**

405—RAILS WEST, by George B. Abdill. (191 pages, hardback) "A collector's album of a vanishing era in railroadiana," packed full of dramatic photos, tales and legends of trains, terminals, tank towns and engines. Regular price $12.50. **Special! $5.95**

406—TEXAS UNDER ARMS: 1836-1846, by Gerald S. Pierce. (268 pages, hardback) The first complete study of all the important military establishments of the Republic of Texas. It gives the history, function, location and occupancy of more than 30 principal military towns, 53 public and private forts, and 130 military camps and posts. Maps. Regular price $10.00. **Only $8.50**

407—TEXAS FOLK MEDICINE, compiled and edited by John Q. Anderson. (91 pages, hardback) A collection of 1,333 folk cures, remedies, and preventatives of old-time "do-it-yourself" doctoring. Woodcuts. **Only $5.00**

408—THE HOUSTON STORY, by Ed Bartholomew. (240 pages, softbound) A chronicle of the City of Houston and the man, Sam Houston, from the battle of San Jacinto to the War Between the States, 1836-1865. (Second printing Sept. 1951.) **Only $2.50**

409—COWPOKES, NESTERS, & SO FORTH, by Judge Orland L. Sims. (297 pages, photos, hard back) Now in his eighties the Judge is as outspoken as ever and his wit just as biting. It will inform, amuse, entertain, offend, or maybe please you to the point of recommending the book to others. Regular price $8.50. **Only $7.25**

413—THE LONG LONG TRAIL: A Reminiscence, by Virginia Weisel Johnson. (184 pages, hardback) Written so that the Mountain West may be understood by generations who will never see it as it once existed. Regular Price $3.95. **$2.45**

414—HEROES WITHOUT GLORY: Some Good Men of the Old West, by Jack Schaefer. (323 pages, hardback) The famous author of Shane rescues ten little-known "good guys" from historical oblivion. Regular price $6.95. **Special! $3.95**

415—THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL, by W. H. Ryus. (159 pages, hardback) A true account of incidents that happened along the old Santa Fe Trail in the 1860s. (Reprint) **Only $2.95**

416—NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO IN 1881, by C. M. Chase. (233 pages, hardback) Reprint of twenty-eight letters written by the editor of the Vermont Union, Lyndon, Vermont. The original is quite scarce. Chase gives his views on "wicked" towns in Kansas, mining areas, Indians, the morals of Raton, etc. Territorial history with plenty of adventure. (Reprint) **Only $2.95**

417—STUBBORN FISHERMAN. It is Western Americana on the Texas and Southern Gulf coasts—a *must for* those who want *all* sides of pioneer life. Instead of a horse "Florida Roberts" rode a fishing boat off the Florida and Texas Gulf coasts. Through hurricanes, disaster, courtship, marriage—it is the lifetime adventure of a real maverick. Regular price $6.95. **$4.95**

418—THE BOOK OF THE AMERICAN WEST prepared under the direction of the noted historian, Jay Monaghan 608 pages, hardbound. A truly beautiful book for gift giving. Authentic text, profusely illustrated in black and white and color. A front cover drawing by Frederic Remington. Indexed. A must for everyone who enjoys reading about the way the West really was. Published at $22.50. **Our Extra Special Price $9.95**

419—PIONEERS OF THE BLACK HILLS, or "Gordon's Stockade Party in 1874" by David Aken, one of the party. A thrilling narrative of Dakota adventure, hardships, laughable episodes, and startling experiences. Hardback. **Only $2.95**

420—SADDLES AND SPURS, Saga of the Pony Express, by Mary Lund Settle and Raymond W. Settle. Many unpublished photographs and a fascinating, accurate narrative. (217 pages, hardback.) **$2.95**

423—THE [illegible] OF FREDERIC REM[illegible] **No Longer Available** [illegible]y Owen Wister. Over 200 [illegible] beautiful hardbound, 192 page edit[illegible] **AN EXCEPTIONAL VALUE. $4.95**

424—GREAT AMERICAN CATTLE TRAILS, The Story of the Old Cow Paths of the East and the Longhorn Highways of the Plains by Harry Sinclair Drago. Pictures and index. 274 pages, hardbound. **SPECIAL $2.95**

425—CATTLE KINGS OF THE STAKED PLAIN, by George A. Wallis. 164 pages, hardbound, with index. A must for everyone interested in the old days and ranches. **ONLY $2.95**

426—ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI by Bernard DeVoto. A beautiful book, a powerful and vast narrative of the winning of the West. Almost 100 illustrations—a third of them in color. 483 pages, indexed. Published at $12.50. **A REAL BARGAIN $5.95**

427—TWO CAPTAINS WEST, An Historical Tour of the Lewis and Clark Trail. Illustrations, pictures, maps, index in 235 pages, beautifully designed. This book will be treasured. Was $10.00. **NOW ONLY $5.50**

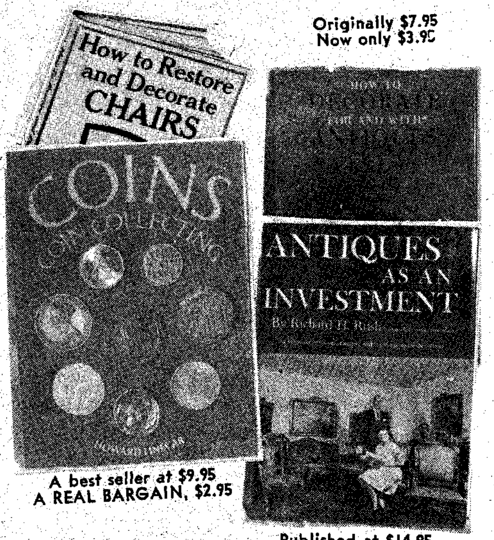
429—THE MEMOIRS OF EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER. A fascinating account of a colorful career with the great and near-great and events that shaped the destiny of the frontier. 332 pages. This beautiful hard-bound volume will make a memorable gift. Rare Villa and Obregon pictures. Published at $12.50. **A REAL BARGAIN $7.90**

430—LIFE OF PANCHO VILLA, Twenty Episodes. Sheila M. Ohlendorf's brilliant translation makes Elias L. Torres' fascinating book available in English for the first time. An insight into the complex, unforgettable, cruel and gentle personality that was Villa. **OUR SPECIAL PRICE $6.95**

431—A RANGER LEGACY by Dan E. Kilgore. A distinguished volume, a colorful new insight with material available thru no other source. An untold story of 1823 Rangers; early names, rank, ages, etc. Foreword by Col. Wilson E. Speir. A book to own or to give with pride. Only $6.95

ORDER NOW and SAVE!

ANTIQUES AND COLLECTING


How to Restore and Decorate CHAIRS
COINS
COIN COLLECTING
HOW TO DECORATE FOR AND WITH ANTIQUES
ANTIQUES AS AN INVESTMENT
By Richard H. Rush

Originally $7.95
Now only $3.95

A best seller at $9.95
A REAL BARGAIN, $2.95

Published at $14.95
SPECIAL $5.95

700—ANTIQUES AS AN INVESTMENT by R. H. Rush. Hundreds of photos, drawings and charts. Where and when to buy and sell, detection of fakes, style and period characteristics, etc. A big 536 pages. Hardbound. Indexed. Published at $14.95. This new, complete edition is a rare bargain, $5.95.

701—CARE AND REPAIR OF ANTIQUES by Thomas H. Ormsbee. How to authenticate, repair antiques, regardless of condition or climate. Hardbound. A best seller reduced to $1.95.

702—HOW TO DECORATE FOR AND WITH ANTIQUES by E. H. Bjerkoe. American antiques, their most effective use: decorating and architectural periods, wallpapers, fabrics, etc. Photos and drawings. 254 pages, hardbound. Indexed. Originally $7.95. Now only $3.95.

703—HOW TO RESTORE AND DECORATE CHAIRS by R. R. Blanchard. 111 photos, sketches, detailed patterns. Amateur's complete guide to restoration, finishing, supplies, stencil designs, etc. Hardbound. SPECIAL $3.95.

705—GRANNIE'S REMEDIES by Mai Thomas. A charming book recording the good sense and good medicine of a by-gone day. The perfect inexpensive gift, $1.95.

706—OLD DOLLS by E. St. George. 77 photos, dolls and doll houses, collectibles. A delightful book by a recognized authority. Our Very Special Price, $1.95.

707—CANDLE MAKING AND DECORATIONS, A Step-by-Step Guide, by Valerie Janitch. A beautiful book with color illustrations. Candle making for decorations, lasting art and beauty—and for fun! A lovely remembrance any time of the year. **Only $2.95**

CHECK THESE PAGES FOR NEW TITLES EVERY MONTH!

WESTERN BOOK COMPANY
P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764
LIST BOOK NUMBERS AND PRICES BELOW.

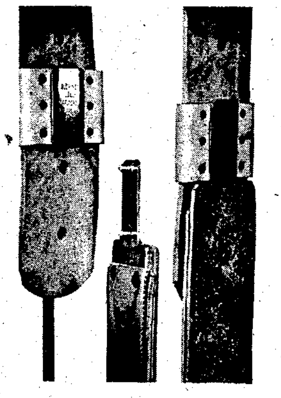
Enclosed is $__________. List book numbers and prices below, or on a separate sheet of paper if you do not wish to damage this magazine. Please include 25¢ postage per book for U.S.A. orders—all others 50¢ per book. Book orders $30.00 or more shipped postpaid.
(TEXAS RESIDENTS ADD 5% SALES TAX.)

__________ _______________
__________ _______________
__________ _______________
__________ _______________
__________ ______________________________

Yes ☐ This is a gift.
No ☐

Gift card to read from

Name______________________________
Address____________________________
City_______________________________
State________________________ Zip_________



Blevins Stirrup Buckles

NEW, IMPROVED

$5.75 per pair

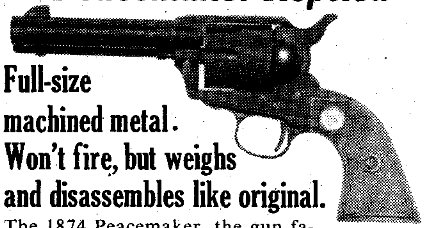
Sleeves same as older style, the tongue has no hinge or strap. Easy to change stirrup lengths quickly and easy to install—won't slip or stick. Made of stainless steel and heat-treated aluminum. Sleeves covered with leather prevent rubbing horse or saddle. Available in 2½" and 3" widths. Order either new, improved or the old style buckle. Satisfaction guaranteed.

AT YOUR DEALERS OR

BLEVINS MFG. CO.

WHEATLAND, WYOMING 82201

Peacemaker Replica



Full-size machined metal. Won't fire, but weighs and disassembles like original.

The 1874 Peacemaker, the gun favored by Western lawmen and cowboys. These actual-size metal replicas look, feel and work like the real thing, ONLY THEY WON'T FIRE. 4½" barrel, gun metal finish. Adds unique decorative touch to den or office. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check for: **$23.75** (postpaid)

CONESTOGA TRADING CO.

DEPT. 128 ESTES PARK, COLORADO 80517

Send 25¢ for catalog of unique Western gifts and art

FIND TREASURE

GOLD • SILVER • RELICS • METALS

Metrotech Locators

Money-back Guarantee, Write for Details Dept. 2-A

UNDERGROUND EXPLORATIONS

Box 793 Menlo Park, California 94025

Hollywood Needs POEMS for Music & Records

WE GUARANTEE PUBLISHING CONTRACT on selected material

MONTHLY AWARDS

Your New Poems set to music and recorded, 40 styles including - C & W, Soul, R & B, and New Orleans Funk. Send your Poems NOW for Free examination, and our BEST OFFER TO:

TALENT SEARCHERS OF HOLLYWOOD

Suite 12-7, 6311 Yucca Ave., Hollywood, Cal. 90028

WHERE ARE THEY?

Those letters are still coming. One reader wrote that he found TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST covered up on nearly every newsstand he checked. He began digging them out and left them showing in a good spot on the newsstands. He said every copy sold as long as he kept them from being covered up by other magazines.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

GREAT RANCH HISTORY!

Bell Ranch as I Knew It (Lowell Press, $14.95) by George T. Ellis with an historical overview by Donald Ornduff and illustrations by Robert Lougheed is the top item on livestock and ranching this reviewer has seen in a long time. The Bell Ranch, 150-year-old holding in New Mexico, came into being with the Spaniards, and has gained fame as a producer of quality purebred and commercial Hereford cattle and of cow horses. Just as the Bell Ranch is a fitting subject for a book, Ellis, Ornduff, and Lougheed are the ideal men to produce it. Ellis assumed the job of assistant manager in 1944 and became manager three years later when five other ranches were divided from the 655,468-acre Bell property and sold. Ellis was probably the first man to use performance and production records and other modern management devices to produce top cattle without frills. He built upon the good work of previous managers, including Albert K. Mitchell. Bell cattle, horses, and men earned the respect of cattlemen everywhere and Bell practices became widely adopted. Donald Ornduff who wrote the classical *Hereford in America* traces the history of the Bell from the time the Mexican Government granted title to the land to Pablo Montoya early in the 19th century until the 130,955-acre headquarters ranch was set up in 1944. The history of the Bell is an excellent example of the ranches which began with the land grants. Robert Lougheed, well known Western artist with special skill when it comes to horses, cattle, and Western scenes, was a regular visitor at the Bell for ten years. His illustrations—Southwestern color and black and white—are a magnificent collection in their own right and they bring Ellis' writing into vivid focus. But Ellis comes through as the great rancher he was—the leader, the innovator, and the recorder. A premier book with history, animals, science, methodology, ranch life, and humanity are skillfully blended in a beautiful format.

THE RED COATS

The Royal Northwest Mounted Police: A Corps History (Coles Publishing Co., Toronto, $6.95 for boxed paper back or $14.95 in cloth) by Captain Ernest J. Chambers, Corps of Guides, is a facsimile reproduction of the popular work first published in 1906 by the Mortimer Press, Montreal. Faced with expanding exploration and settlement of her western regions and aware of the threats to life and property experienced by United States citizens in their westward expansion, Canada established the Northwest Police Force by a bill passed in Parliament May 20, 1873. The general standard for members was—"No person shall be appointed to the Police Force unless he be of sound constitution, able to ride, active and able-bodied, of good character, and between the ages of eighteen and forty years: nor unless he be able to read and write either the English or French language." The force was charged with protecting life and property, not only of the immigrants but of the Indian as well. In an era of violence both from criminal whites and enraged Indians, the tiny police organization, numbering about 150 men in all, faced a formidable task. Chambers traces the early history and events leading up to the establishment of the Police, the physical, social, and political environment in which the force operated and the first thirty years of its activities. The history was written at a time when records were fresh and available and many first-hand sources existed. The comparison of law and order in the younger Canadian Northwest with the somewhat older U.S. area to the south gives some idea as to why such a small force of valiant men could successfully police an area as large as a continent. The experiences in dealing with Sitting Bull and the Sioux Nation following the Custer massacre and dealing with the illicit whiskey trade also involved relations with the United States. Chambers' history is of great general interest, in addition to being a valuable reference work. The extensive section of advertisements from business enterprises of the day also provide an informative addition to the book. The book is paperback, 9" by 11" in colorful red, white, blue and black cover, and is in a slipcase.

CATRON!

Victor Westphall's *Thomas Benton Catron and His Era* (University of Arizona Press, $12.50) is the first book-length study of the giants in the political history of New Mexico. District attorney, representative in the Territorial House, attorney general, U. S. attorney, delegate to Congress, mayor of Santa Fe, member of the Territorial Council, U. S. senator from the new state and the leader of the so-called "Santa Fe Ring" of prominent Republicans, Catron was one of the most powerful politicians in the half century, 1870-1920. Catron grew up in Missouri and graduated from the University of Missouri in 1860—his roommate and classmate was Stephen Benton Elkins. Catron was an officer in the Confederate Army and Elkins was a captain in the Union Army during *The War*, and these life-long associates (and sometime friends) were often on opposite sides. It is said that the college roommates agreed that they would both be U S. senators—they both made it but did not serve together, as Elkins served from West Virginia from 1895 until his death in 1911 and Catron was not sworn until April 2, 1912. Financial success and land were the two goals that spurred Catron throughout his career. The dust jacket blurb says in part, "Catron owned more land than anyone in the history of the U. S." but the text does not make a convincing case for such a statement. Catron was "land poor" on occasion but much of the land was not solely his property—perhaps "had an interest in" or the stronger term, "controlled," would be more accurate. The Lincoln County War, the Borrego murder case, the attempt to disbar him and the feud with Otero, add spice to this political history of New Mexico. Dr. Westphall has done his best to be objective in his presentation. For the most part he has been successful. The picture of Catron that finally emerges is somewhat less than heroic —that of an opportunistic genius of his day. Very good.

PICTORIAL NEW MEXICO

Enchanted Land . . . New Mexico (Bank Securities Inc. in collaboration with Calvin Horn, $10.00) is Harvey Caplin's book. It contains 135 handsome black and white photos of New Mexico scenes, people and events. The introduction and descriptions were written by Ruth Armstrong, director of the New Mexico Motion Picture Commission. The layout is orderly with sections devoted to Scenic New Mexico, Recreation that Re-Creates, The World of the Cowboy, The First New Mexicans, Churches and Missions, The Changing Landscape, and People, Places and Things. It would be hard to imagine a more beautiful pictorial presentation than that of Caplin, truly an artist with a camera. You can't go wrong with this one—highly recommended.

FOLKLORE INDEX

What a tremendous task it must have been! James T. Bratcher of the faculty of the University of Texas at El Paso has put folklorists everywhere, and particularly those of Texas, forever in his debt with the *Analytical Index to Publications of the Texas Folklore Society*—Volumes 1-36 (Southern Methodist University Press, $12.50). The *Index* is divided into three parts: "Tale Types," "Tale Synopses," and the very lengthy "Alphabetical Index." To this reviewer, the "Tales Synopses" is, by far, the most interesting as it provides an excellent subject reading guide. The book is illustrated with some fine drawings by Jose Cisneros and there is at least one each by Will James and W. R. Leigh plus photos of the secretary-editors (two of J. Frank Dobie). The Press had the typographical advice of Carl Hertzog and it has produced an attractive volume. Recommended.

THE WESTERNS

The Western (Grossman, $15.00) by George N. Fenin and William K. Everson is a new and expanded edition of a classic book about the most truly American of all of our films. It was first issued in 1962 and the new material in this volume covers the American Westerns of the last decade and examines the Italian and Japanese versions of our favorites. The fine illustrations of the first edition are retained in this expanded reprint and if you do not own a copy of the first this one will serve you well. Recommended.

MUCH TO REMEMBER

Footnotes to History (Naylor, $7.95) was written by W. Ernest Thompson when he was ninety-five. He remembers much about people, places and events but with a few minor exceptions the term "footnote" is appropriate, as most of the entries are quite brief. Perhaps the most valuable part of the book deals with the years when the author was growing up in Hillsboro—the footnotes in this case add up to a nostalgic picture of life in that county seat before 1900. Footnotes on Southwestern University, San Antonio, the King Ranch, Chicago in 1893 and a fairly long chapter on Melvin A. Traylor are worthwhile.

Stories of the Old West (Carlton, $4.05 or autographed copies direct from the author, 3010 Fourth St. North, Arlington, Virginia 22201 also $4.05) is by Elmer J. Johnson, veteran agricultural educator and writer. Elmer grew up on a Kansas ranch—his father's cattle interests extended into Indian territory and the Texas Panhandle. About the only fiction in the stories seems to be occasional changes in the names of those involved, and most of them deal with happenings in his own community when he was growing up. Humor and nostalgia are combined in these remembrances of his friends and neighbors. Some of Elmer's own experiences, including the exciting task of helping dehorn a small herd of buffalo for the zoo at the nearby amusement park, serve to personalize the book. Entertainment with a generous seasoning of horse sense.

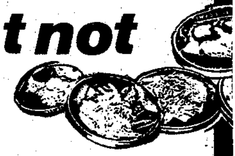
LONG-EARED PET

Whether you own a donkey, have considered owning one for a pet, or are just curious about these intriguing animals, *Donkeys* (Arco Publishing Co., $1.95) by Robin Stothard is a book that will both inform and entertain you. Donkeys are popular pets for children as they were once in great demand in the West for their services as pack and work animals. Their requirements are modest, yet they exhibit many excellent qualities as pets to those who have the room and the desire to own one. The book provides down-to-earth instructions on accommodations, stable management, ailments, training and riding, showing, breeding and driving. An Arco Pet Handbook.

CLASSIC REPRINTS

The first Bison Book printing of George Bird Grinnell's fine book *Two Great Scouts and Their Pawnee Battalion* (Nebraska, $3.45) is good news

if a Compass can't find it... it's just not there!



PROVE TO YOURSELF THAT COMPASS METAL DETECTORS DISCOVER MORE THAN OTHERS!

TAKE OUR CHALLENGE!

Visit any dealer and ask for a signal comparison between Compass and any other make of a freshly buried penny at 3" (not an air test). The difference is immediately obvious!

COMPASS YUKON T-R DETECTORS CONSISTENTLY WIN TOP HONORS IN TREASURE MEETS!

THE NEW YUKON 77-B

$264.50

SPEAKER DISCONNECT automatically turns speaker off when laid flat while locating your find.

INCLUDES 8" and 12" Waterproofed Loops, Plus Headphones

THE DETECTOR DESIGNED FOR THE PROFESSIONAL OR THOSE DESIRING THE VERY BEST!

DETECTS AND PINPOINTS:

- OLD COINS
- GOLD
- SILVER
- COPPER
- BRASS
- LEAD
- DIAMOND RINGS
- JEWELRY
- ARTIFACTS
- BOTTLES
- TREASURES

NEW 5-YEAR WARRANTY!

OTHER YUKON MODELS $59.95 TO $199.50

DEALERS! Take the challenge! Write or call (503) 357-7117 and ask how to prove that COMPASS is reliable winner!

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG AND THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER

COMPASS ELECTRONICS CORP.

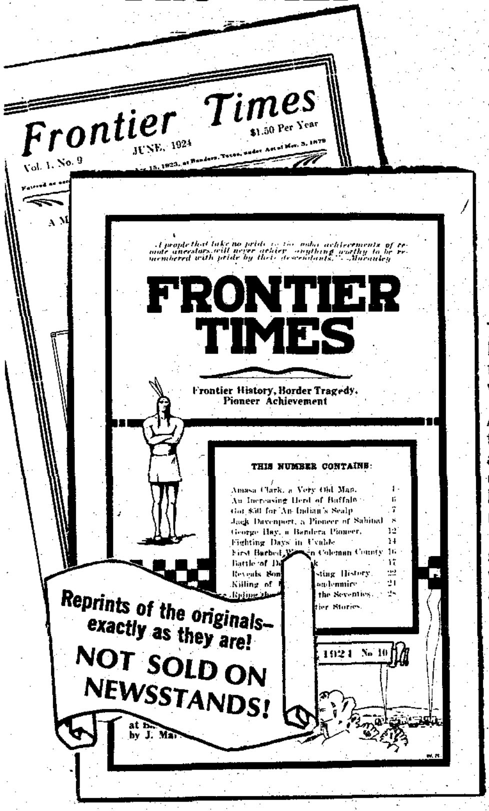
3700 24th AVE. • P.O. BOX 366 • DEPT. 412
FOREST GROVE ORE. 97116 • (503) 357-7117

Written when it happened!

HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy, Pioneer Achievement

We are reissuing in facsimile form the old Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, starting with Vol. 1, No. 1.


Frontier Times
FRONTIER TIMES
Frontier History, Border Tragedy, Pioneer Achievement
THIS NUMBER CONTAINS:
Reprints of the originals—exactly as they are!
NOT SOLD ON NEWSSTANDS!

Written when it happened! Many of these accounts were written on the day the event happened, printed in the local newspaper, and then run later in Hunter's Frontier Times exactly as it appeared.

In these extremely rare copies of a magazine conceived a half-century ago you can relive the Old West in accounts written by actual participants in the daily struggle with Indians, outlaws, and forces of nature which people entering the West neither understood nor anticipated. In the twenties many pioneers and frontiersmen were still living, and Marvin Hunter sought them out. It isn't dry history—some of these true, on-the-scene accounts are hair-raisers!

Tell your friends. Sometimes what you don't know can hurt you! We believe this is an offer that nobody even faintly interested in the Old West as it actually was would want to miss.

After you read a few issues, you'll get to where you even treasure the flaws—a line left out, a typo here and there—all human failings by a man who lacked the capital to hire enough help and consequently had to do most of the work himself. Hunter drew his own covers, set his own type, ran them through the press, and mailed them. At 2 a.m. in a little western town with nobody still awake but a sleepy-eyed publisher and a coyote or two up on the hill, who wouldn't pick up the wrong piece of type once in a while—or forget to number a page!

Hosstail

—JOE "HOSSTAIL" SMALL

HERE'S WHAT OUR READERS ARE SAYING TODAY—THIS IS ONLY ONE QUOTE FROM ONE OF THE MANY ENTHUSIASTIC LETTERS WE'VE RECEIVED: "It is a treasure to us. We do not have one issue for sale or to give away. All will go to our grandchildren as collectors items and for their historical education.—Mr. & Mrs. L. R. Cort, Sr., Nelson, Missouri 65347."

GET ALL THE BACK ISSUES—We can furnish them all at the present time, beginning with Vol. 1, No. 1, originally published in October, 1923, 75¢ each. Specify issue wanted.

The April, 1925 Issue Contains:

MILITARY OUTPOST IN COLEMAN COUNTY . . . HENRY SISK'S INDIAN FIGHT . . . FINDS A RUBY ARROWHEAD . . . SPENT FOUR YEARS IN A CAVE . . . HENRY BRUEMMER'S EXPERIENCE . . . ADVENTURES OF JACK DOBELL . . . THE ADOLPHUS STERNE DIARY . . . OLD NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN 1839 . . . FIGHT WITH A MEXICAN LYNX . . . ADVENTURES OF A MIER PRISONER . . . JOHN O. ALLEN'S FRONTIER EXPERIENCE . . . THE OLD FRONTIER . . . OVER THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL . . . RAID BY MEXICANS IN 1875 . . . THE BICKEL FAMILY MURDERED . . . AND MORE!

Coming Soon—

LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

Give the gift that's always right.

Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES
P.O. Box 3338-FT
Austin, Texas 78764

PUBLISHED BY TRUE WEST Frontier Times OLD WEST PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

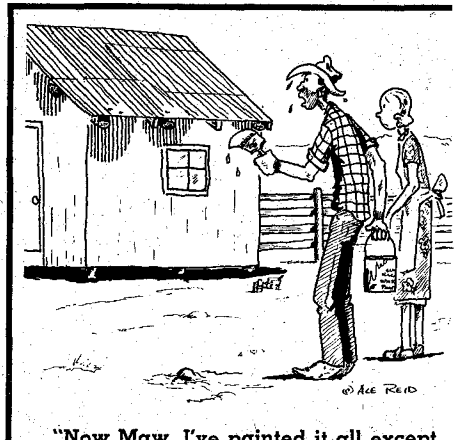
☐ **12 monthly issues $6.00**
SPECIAL! ☐ **24 monthly issues $11.00**

NAME________________________
STREET________________________
CITY__________ STATE__________ ZIP__________

☐ Gift Card to read from ________________

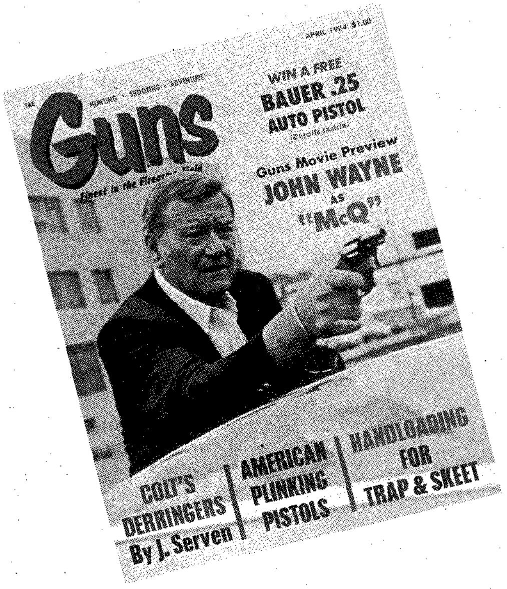
indeed. The book, first printed in 1928 has long been OP and in recent years quite difficult to find and certainly on the expensive side. The addition of an informative foreword by James T. King professor of history at the University of Wisconsin at River Falls, is a definitive plus. Dr. King provides a new insight to the long friendship between Grinnel and Luther North, the younger of the *Two Great Scouts.* Frank J. and Luther H. North were sons of a New York couple although Luther was born in Ohio after the family began its westward moves. The Norths reached Omaha in 1856 but were soon on the Nebraska frontier making friends with the Pawnees—nearly always at peace with the palefaces. The raids of the Sioux and Cheyennes on the settlements and on the Pawnee reservation during the Civil War led to the authorization to enroll a company of Pawnees for scout, spy and trailing duties. The Pawnees under the Norths served with honor in the Indian Wars after the South was subdued. Later, numbering a battalion, they performed well during the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. Frank North was made a Pawnee chief by his scouts. It is good to have this classic of the Indian Wars in print again, and the price is right.

Rocky Mountain Mining Camps (Nebraska, $2.95) is the first Bison Book printing of Duane A. Smith's searching study of one type of the urban frontier. The first edition was issued in 1967 but so worthwhile are the facts assembled that it seems wise to keep the book in print. Since mining camps grew up only to serve active mines and the miners, money was hardly the problem. Towns grew up practically overnight when rich strikes were made—services of all kinds (at a price to be sure), newspapers, entertainment, the latest fashions became available almost immediately—in other words, urbanization was accomplished with record speed. Rapid urbanization, however, was not a panacea—problems of town government, law and order, transportation, sanitation and education had to be solved. The author has rendered a real service by examining these and other phases of the growth of the urban frontier in the Rocky Mountains and adjacent mining areas.



"Now Maw, I've painted it all except around them wasp nests—saved the exciting part fer you."

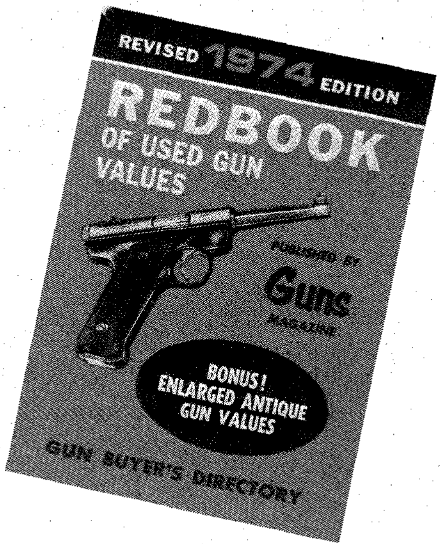
GUNS OLD FRONTIER SPECIAL!


APRIL 1974 $1.00
Guns
WIN A FREE
BAUER .25
AUTO PISTOL
Guns Movie Preview
JOHN WAYNE
AS
"McQ"
COLT'S DERRINGERS By J. Serven
AMERICAN PLINKING PISTOLS
HANDLOADING FOR TRAP & SKEET

Subscribe during this special offer and you will save $3.00 over the regular newsstand price for GUNS Magazine. Here is how this added saving bonus works to your advantage. If you purchased individual copies of GUNS on your favorite newsstand, you would pay $1.00 per issue, or $12.00 per year. But, by entering *your subscription now, you pay only $9.00* per year—a $3.00 savings on one-year subscription! And that's not all. You also get the New Completely Revised . . . 1974 Edition REDBOOK OF USED GUN VALUES absolutely FREE! A $2.50 Value. In all you save $5.50.

FREE!

GUNS Magazine has added more pages, more color, more firearms experts and more in-depth coverage of the entire firearms field. And for the first time in any firearms monthly, GUNS is now loaded with realistic full 4-color reproductions of famous weapons—past and present; in use and on display. Only GUNS *is entirely in a class by itself!* By entering your new subscription or renewal now, you get the REDBOOK OF USED GUN VALUES absolutely FREE. Don't delay, act now!


REVISED 1974 EDITION
REDBOOK
OF USED GUN VALUES
PUBLISHED BY
Guns
MAGAZINE
BONUS! ENLARGED ANTIQUE GUN VALUES
GUN BUYER'S DIRECTORY

The REDBOOK OF USED GUN VALUES — the standard price guide in the field listing the price values of hundreds of used firearms. Revised annually, in the Fall of the year, thousands of these REDBOOKS are sold at $2.50 a copy. *This is an exclusive service for GUNS' readers who want* current price ranges for a wide variety of rifles, shotguns and handguns.

Yes, I want to take advantage of this special GUNS offer. Enter my GUNS subscription at a $3.00 savings over the regular $12.00 yearly newsstand price. Send me my FREE copy of the valuable $2.50 1974 REDBOOK OF USED GUN VALUES.

☐ This is a new subscription

☐ Renew my present subscription during this special offer.

☐ One year GUN subscription plus free REDBOOK—$9.00 enclosed.

GUNS MAGAZINE Dept. SW, 8142 N. Lawndale, Skokie, Ill. 60076

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

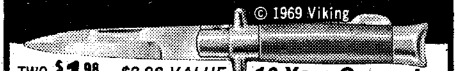
CITY __________ **STATE** __________ **ZIP** ______

$$TREASURES$$

Find buried gold, silver, jewelry and coins with patented metal detectors that can distinguish metallic trash, such as tin cans, from treasure. Some trash like aluminum cans are not even detected, saves unnecessary digging. Also has push button and automatic tuning, ground pickup eliminate feature, great range, etc. FREE CATALOGUE.

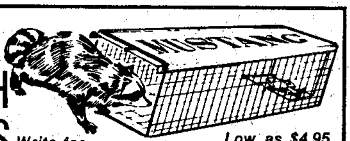
GARDINER ELECTRONICS CO.
Dept. 34, 4729 No. 7th Avenue
Phoenix, Arizona 85013

2 for 1 WAREHOUSE CLEARANCE SALE



TWO FOR $1.98 *$3.96 VALUE* ***10 Year Guarantee***
TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
Razor sharp lifetime steel blade opens easily and automatically locks in place. PUSH-BUTTON release. Tough, razor steel blade honed and polished to mirror-like finish. Balanced for target throwing. Blade GUARANTEED 10 YEARS. If blade breaks we replace free. 30-day MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. A favorite with sportsmen. Priced for quick sale of 200,000 knives. Makes excellent gift for any man or boy. Two for $1.98 plus 50c shipping. Send cash, ck. or M.O. to VIKING KNIVES, Dept. K-8, Box 10880, Houston, Tex. 77018.

LIVE-CATCH TRAPS



Write for FREE CATALOG *Low as $4.95*
Traps without injury squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, mink, fox, raccoons, stray animals, pets, etc. Sizes for every need. Also traps for fish, sparrows, pigeons, turtles, quail, etc. Save on our low factory prices. Send no money. Write for free catalog and trapping secrets. MUSTANG MFG. CO., Dept. N-11, Box 10880, Houston, Tex. 77018

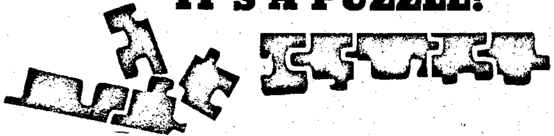
Authors!

Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, religious and even controversial manuscripts welcomed. For Free Booklet write Vantage Press, Dept. FT, 516 West 34th Street, New York, New York 10001.

Poems Needed
FOR SONGS & RECORDS

PUBLISHING CONTRACT guaranteed on selected material. Send your best poems or songs for FREE evaluation to: **HOLLYWOOD SONGWRITERS SERVICE, Dept. WP-31, 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 1117, Hollywood, Calif. 90028 (Corner Hollywood & Vine)**

IT'S A PUZZLE!



The way newsstand sales are going these days has us all puzzled, and we may not be able to keep every new copy of WANDERLUST on your favorite dealer's shelf. There's No Puzzle about getting every issue promptly when you SUBSCRIBE AND SAVE!
6 issues for $3.00
12 issues for $5.00
WANDERLUST
P.O. Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 57)

showing a resort there with cabins on stilts for dune buggy enthusiasts. They evidently solved the water problem.

As late as 1918 blanket Indians were a common sight in the heart of downtown Oklahoma City. They would squat and lean against buildings or sit on the curb for hours. I often wished to know their thoughts. The police station was on Broadway then. I worked nearby and saw Bill Tilghman many times each day. Even though I knew something of his past it didn't impress me much at the time. He always wore boots and a big hat, probably a Stetson.

Now with the energy crisis and threatened paper shortage, I look back on the time when we had plenty of wood, coal oil lamps and the Sears & Roebuck catalog. We were happy because we had nothing better and it was not so hard then to keep up with the Joneses.

Memories of my experiences become sweeter each day. If I could give young people a message I would tell them to get all the information they can about their ancestors while they have someone to ask. At seventy-four I have no one left to answer my questions. While growing up, it just didn't seem important.—Mrs. Jewel C. Dearborn, 804 Anthony Street, Bossier City, Louisiana 71010

The Story of Red Lucas

(Continued from page 24)

the town was pretty well tamed. That year he began working under U.S. Marshal William Grimes. Lucas continued to use Guthrie as his headquarters for the next two years, operating out of the town in his hunts for outlaws.

It was during his years in Guthrie that Lucas got to know the Dalton brothers and came to consider them as fine fellows as he'd ever known. Bob had assisted him in keeping order back in 1889 and Lucas respected Bob as a good officer and a dead shot. Grat also had served as an officer, and Emmett had been one of the possemen. But after Frank Dalton's death—Frank had been an officer and was killed in Arkansas while running down some whiskey peddlers—the Dalton boys grew discontented. Fees for services were slow pay in those days and the Daltons used that as the first excuse to go against the law.

Lucas always believed, however, that the real truth behind the Daltons' decision to head for the brush was the same reason that drove so many other former cowboys to take the same course—sheer love of adventure. Tales of Jesse James, the Younger boys, and the old Quantrill gang served to kindle their imaginations. In No Man's Land fear of outlaws paralyzed every storekeeper. Ranches became rendezvous sites, where ranchers fed the outlaws and let them go unquestioned. Even prosperous farmers found it easier to feed them and their horses, or even let them have their own best horses, than to ask questions. With those things in the Daltons' favor, Lucas felt the brothers simply chose what seemed to them the easiest way, leaving behind a short turbulent career of crime which othe outlaws, Doolin and his gang particularl tried to follow.

Red Lucas was in Guthrie the day th Daltons finally decided to go on th scout, or "go to the brush" as they calle it. Bob came to Lucas to ask him to joi them, thinking that because Lucas like adventure the deputy might welcome tha kind of life.

"The damned government doesn't pa anything, so let's go to the brush," Bo Dalton argued with Lucas.

Lucas refused and tried to talk for th law-and-order side but it was useles Bob informed Lucas that the brother would be leaving Guthrie that nigh Asked where they would stay, Bob replied that they were going to camp a Big Springs about a mile and a quarte north of Tohee, a post office eight mile southeast of Guthrie.

Lucas had a plan though he realize it was a long shot. He immediately wire the Dalton boys' mother in Kingfishe disclosing her sons' intentions. Mrs. Dalton immediately sent her son-in-law dow to Guthrie to see Lucas, and the two me conferred in a private room in a saloon The mother had sent $500 apiece to he sons if they would only stay straight an return at once from the brush.

Lucas furnished the son-in-law dir tions to the Daltons' camp that night b the whole effort was futile. Early th next morning he returned with the mone and some advice: "Take the money bac to Mother. She needs it more than we do We'll get by."

Emmett was the only brother Luca ever saw alive again—when Emmett wa in the butcher business with Scout Younger in Tulsa after his release from priso in 1907.

Lucas had been called to Coffeyville Kansas in October 1892 to help identif the Daltons. Bill, who was not along o the fatal Coffeyville raid, joined th Doolin gang and had a price on his head Years later Lucas got word that Bil had been shot by Marshal Ed Nix an some of his officers at Bill's home nea Kingfisher. Lucas claimed to know, however, that the body was buried ver quietly without authentic identification As soon as the $3,500 reward was paid Bill's widow and child went to live i California. Lucas always suspected though he never had a chance to investigate, that Bill Dalton was not killed a Kingfisher, but instead had engineere his own "death" and got part of the reward for it. It was often the custom i those days for a man to draw his own reward money if there had been careles identification.

DURING the several years spent working as a deputy out of Guthrie, Re Lucas came to own two saloons at Blackburn on the Arkansas River just acros the Osage line about fifteen miles nort of Cleveland, Oklahoma. The saloon were run by trusted lieutenants—no on knew they belonged to Lucas. They wer a kind of blind alley in which to spo bootleggers and other lawbreakers. Lucas managed also to Sooner the lan south of Blackburn and put up 300 ton of hay on a stream three miles south o

Blackburn known locally as Hell-Roaring Creek.

Lucas soon came to learn that the creek had been named by none other than Bill Doolin, former cowboy of the Bar-H-Bar and 3rd ranches, later a member of the Dalton gang and finally leader of his own band of outlaws. The episode occurred during Doolin's cowboy days when he and a bunch of cowhands were working on a ranch in the vicinity of this creek. It had been raining hard but the cowboys slept on peacefully near the bed of the stream. Finally one of them awakened to find the creek bank running high with water. He called out to Bill, "Get up, the creek is high!"

Doolin stirred, took a look at the rushing water and said, "Yes, it is hell-roarin' high!" The name stuck.

The first school in that district was erected near the creek four miles southwest of Blackburn and in those days a schoolhouse frequently served also as a church. On the opening day of the schoolhouse-church when the preacher asked of his followers, "What shall we call this school?", the cowboys all called out, "Hell-Roaring School!"

The preacher replied, "We shall leave off the 'hell'." It then became known as Roaring School and for many years people came from miles around to see the school just because of the name.

THE many versions of the famous fight between the marshals and outlaws at Ingalls, Oklahoma exist simply because every fellow there had a different experience. Red Lucas had felt that the fight was inevitable and was there two months in advance, once more working undercover getting the lay of the land and the goodwill of the outlaws.

Ingalls was an early outlaw town well known as a rendezvous for criminals, and even peace officers stayed away. At the time of the strip opening in 1893 Ingalls took on renewed activity—in fact, Lucas made his run from there to get his land near Blackburn. The Ingalls fight took place about two weeks before the opening of the strip in September 1893. At that time the town had two or three stores, two saloons, a blacksmith shop, hotel and restaurant.

Stillwater was twelve miles west on the road which ran along Ingalls' north side. A livery barn stood on the northeast corner of that road and the main street, and a store in the same block faced east. Across from the store was a saloon facing west owned by a man from Pawnee. In the same block as the saloon on the southwest corner was the blacksmith shop and just east of that, facing on the street, was the hotel. Diagonally across the street from the blacksmith's shop was the saloon which served as hangout for the outlaws. A curb well or town pump stood in the center of this street.

After the Coffeyville bank robbery and the death of the Daltons, Bill Doolin and his gang had become the most sought of all outlaws in the Territory. Bill, once a respected cowboy, had fallen under the leadership of Bob Dalton and joined their gang in 1892. The Daltons had started out with a band of seven but after the Adair train robbery when Doolin did not obey orders they dropped him and cut their number to five. Then Doolin formed his own gang—a bolder and less shrewd group consisting of Tom Jones, Yon Yoakum, Dan "Dynamite Dick" Clifton who used dynamite cartridges, "Tulsa Jack," and "Bitter Creek" Newcomb. After the death of his brothers Bill Dalton threw in with Doolin.

The saloon at Ingalls across from the blacksmith shop virtually belonged to the Doolin gang. A big fat fellow named Murray was the saloonkeeper. The men played poker all night and slept on the gambling tables in the daytime when they were not out on the scout. They could keep a lookout from above the wainscoting for the approach of any enemy.

The Doolins had won the goodwill of the people around Ingalls, bought food and provisions for widows and orphans, and set themselves up in the eyes of the local folks as men who took from those who had plenty and gave to those who had nothing—which is why peace officers received no cooperation in any lone attacks on the town.

Deputy Lucas went down to Ingalls about two months before trouble broke, with a plan to get in with the outlaws, gain their confidence, and then at an opportune time have them surrounded and captured. Lucas decided to pose as a fisherman from Black Bear Creek. He set up a tent on the creek about thirty-five miles northwest of Ingalls and picked up a partner to assist him with his fishing alibi. Lucas purposely chose the ugliest man he could find in the area and named him Catfish Jack.

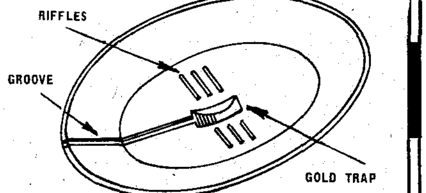
In Ingalls, Catfish Jack not only gambled but also got exceedingly drunk. The outlaws considered him harmless, bought fish from him, and, later, when he said that Lucas was his partner, began buying fish from Lucas who meanwhile had pitched a tent in Ingalls next door to the outlaws' saloon. Lucas lived part of the time in his tent in town, using it as a location to sell fish and make everybody believe that that was all he was—a fisherman.

South of Lucas' tent facing east was another store. Two and a half miles southeast was a little place on the Cimarron River called Fall City which had a blacksmith shop. South and west of Lucas' tent stretched nothing but weeds enclosed by fences.

Lucas soon had quite a trade with Ingalls' hotel and restaurant. The outlaws would buy the fish and give it away. By Lucas' own admission, during his undercover work he made more than $1,800 selling yellow catfish!

SOON Lucas was gambling with the outlaws and earning their confidence. Secretly the deputy checked the men as to weight, height and scars, and trained himself to recognize their voices. At different times he even weighed their guns and inspected them for marks. Lucas became such a close friend of Doolin that when the outlaw returned wounded from a raid in Arkansas, Lucas helped care for him. Doolin had sustained a foot injury and was always lame afterwards. A bul-

New New New
Strike it Rich
With
QWiKPAN



Gold Panning
Made Simple

Light — Transparent, Built in Riffles for easy separation of any minerals. Specially designed Gold Collector Trap and Pour-out groove to reduce loss of precious metal.

14" In Diameter . . . With Simple Instructions Inclosed.

$6.95ea. NEV. RESIDENTS ADD 3½% STATE SALES TAX

SEND CHECK or M.O.
With Mailing Address to:
QWiKPAN Co.
P. O. BOX 667
CARSON CITY, NEV. 89701

ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR DELIVERY

If you do not collect TRUE WEST, OLD WEST and FRONTIER TIMES, how about passing them along to a friend, an old timer, a hospital?

STOP

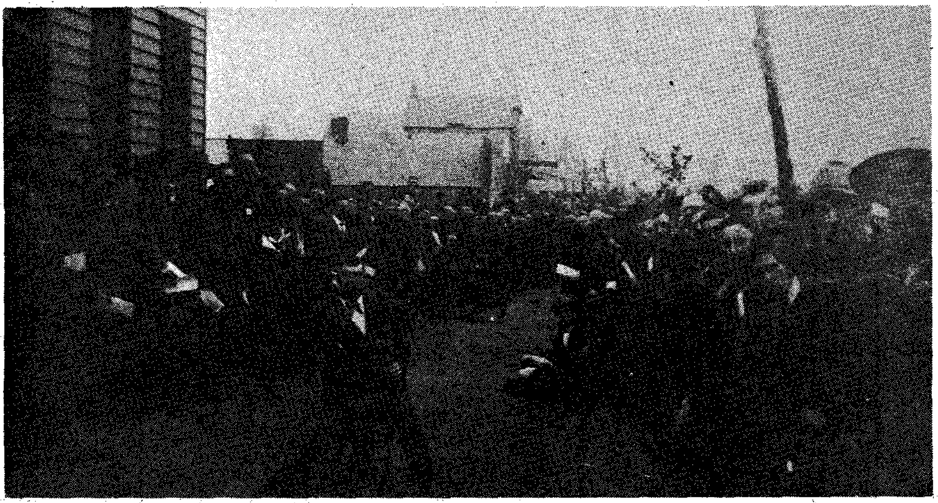
DON'T LET US DIE!

Seems like when we get the magazines into the hands of a new person, we have added another reader—so this help from you would be a terrific boost!

let lodged in the top of his head but didn't seem serious. At that time a reward of $3,500 was offered for the outlaw leader.

"I had soon collected enough information to place the right time for an attack," Lucas said, relating the Ingalls battle some years later to a group of close friends. "As a fisherman I often drove to neighboring places where I was in touch with officers. The plan was for twenty-two of them to surround the town and at a given signal close in on the gang. They surrounded the town at a safe distance at the appointed time but they made one mistake. In a hurry to know what was going on they kidnapped the blacksmith's son at Fall City. Then they let him go and he thoughtlessly told someone that the town was secretly encircled by marshals. There were eleven lawmen from the Eastern District and eleven more from the Western.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library



The Kingfisher-Cheyenne-Arapahoe Opening, April 19, 1892 was attended by Lucas who, by his own account, managed to participate in every opening in Oklahoma. U. S. Marshal Grimes is seated in the chair, center of photograph.

"Immediately the gang saddled their horses, guns in hand, for a running fight. Dynamite Dick suspected me and wanted to kill me, but Doolin saved my life. In desperation I turned suspicion onto my partner Catfish Jack and knocked him out. Then I made for the covered wagon at the liverybarn where the marshals had gathered to help plan the attack. Bitter Creek had gotten to the town pump when U. S. Marshal Tom Houston shot him through the leg. Bitter Creek fired back but only hit Houston's hat. But at that instant a shot rained down from an upstairs window of the hotel and struck Houston in the stomach. A second shot hit him in the same place. As he fell, Houston hollered, 'I'd like to see the man who shot me!' I knew it was Tom Jones, using the hotel upper floor as an arsenal. There were only two windows, one on the north side and another on the south.

"Another shot from the upstairs room killed Marshal Lafe Shadley. I went to the saloon owned by the Pawnee man, thinking I could shoot from there at Tom Jones. Then another shot hit and killed a thirteen-year-old boy in the street. In the meantime Bitter Creek, though wounded, had made his way down into the cornfield southeast of town. On his horse in an attempt to make a getaway, Bill Dalton cut a wire fence about four and a half blocks southwest of the saloon. Someone shot Bill Dalton under the arm and a second shot broke his horse's hoof. He called to Doolin for help and Doolin picked him up and they made an escape.

"Tom Jones continued to blaze away, this time hitting a marshal from Perkins. Tom fired five times and the marshal crawled a hundred yards before he dropped over dead. John Hixon from Guthrie had nine sticks of dynamite and proposed to blow up the hotel where Jones was hiding. I knew the inside lay of the hotel and motioned Hixon to come with me. Just then the woman who owned the hotel came out with her three children.

"We told her, 'Tom Jones is up there. Make him give up or we'll blow up your building!' She brought him down, his hands in the air. Even so, the women of the town remained loyal to Tom and wanted to help him. I took Tom over to the dying Houston and said, 'This is the man who shot you.' Tom put a white handkerchief to his face. I have often noticed outlaws doing this but do not know the significance of the sign. Tom Jones had to be rushed to Guthrie by way of Perkins to save him from the mob. Three officers and a boy had been killed.

"I then took Tulsa Jack's fast horse and nine men to try to round up some of the gang. We were sidetracked on a wrong trail to Turkey Creek Ranch and thereby missed Bitter Creek where he lay wounded in the field. That night [__] Dunn came with a hack and hauled Bitter Creek to his brother Bee Dunn's place on Salt Creek eighteen miles southeast of Pawnee. The men blindfolded a doctor and took him to the house and forced him to dress Bitter Creek's leg. The Dunns were under $3,000 bond for having been in with cattle thieves. I sent Tom Pierce as a decoy to the Dunns' ranch and in the mixup Dunn shot both Pierce and Bitter Creek.

"While riding the Osage later I came onto Doolin's trail and was detailed with seven officers to hunt him down in the Gyp Mountains near Alva. Personally I never came in touch with Doolin during the few brief years he rode after the Ingalls fight. The story of the members of his gang is a matter of history as is the later history of Doolin—except the story of his death. Doolin continued on the scout, was captured and imprisoned, and later escaped—until about 1897, I believe. It got so he had attacks, like fits, about every month. Then the attacks came more often.

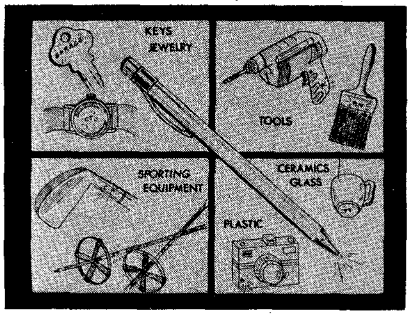
"Finally finding that he was growing worse, Doolin rode twelve miles north of Ingalls to see his wife and child. While there he took ill with one of the brain spells and died, most likely from the bullet lodged in his head. As soon as he was dead his so-called widow, realizing the value of the dead body ($3,500 reward), sent word to the Dunn boys in Pawnee and Heck Thomas to come and get Doolin. The men propped the dead body against a tree and shot him full of holes. Then they took the body to Stillwater and had it photographed. I was called to identify him and immediately noticed that he had not bled. I called the attention of the doctor to this, that he had already been dead when he was shot, but everything was quieted down and the reward was paid. And that's the photograph you see of Doolin today—a dead body shot full of holes."

IN February 1894 after the Ingalls fight the preceding September, Lucas was riding the Osage looking for members of the Doolin gang and any other outlaws out on scout. In Guthrie, U. S. Marshal Evett D. Nix of the Western District had just received information that the Doolin gang was holed up in the Gyp Mountains southwest of Alva, a town at the end of the railroad northwest of Guthrie. Nix sent word to Lucas to come as quickly as possible to join him and his fifteen officers in a search. Lucas' presence was vital since the deputy knew the gang members.

Arriving in Guthrie, Lucas found waiting a passenger coach for the lawmen and a boxcar with eight horses for their use. The train had to swing up around by Winfield, Kansas because of the limited facilities in the still-remote region. By midnight the officers reached Alva—a jumping-off place with a boxcar for a depot, a post office, and a hotel and drug store, the last of which was frequently an outlaw hangout. After acquiring more horses, the band of lawmen set out the next day. A Captain Lillie (no relation to Pawnee Bill) was in charge. The men rode ten miles south and west toward the Cimarron River and then five miles north. With the aid of field glasses Lillie spotted a dugout in the distance.

The lawmen approached to within a mile when Lillie turned to Lucas, "Red, you know the Doolin gang well enough. Ride up and see if they are there and give us a signal."

"I'll do my best," Lucas answered. "If I find outlaws up there, I'll get back on my horse and ride away. If none is there, I'll remove my hat and wave."



ENGRAVING TOOL

A new device for your home or shop. Write on glass, plastic, ceramics or metal. Sharp perma-tip engraving tool is made out of durable Tungsten-Carbide. It writes clearly on any surface . . . and never needs sharpening. This valuable, but simple to use, instrument will protect your personal items from loss and theft.

No. 148 Engraving Tool $2.98

Order two for only $5.75

J. Francis **Dept. TW**
272 Stratford Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218

ATTENTION DEALERS!

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SELL OUR MAGAZINES AND CAN NOT BE SUPPLIED BY A DISTRIBUTOR, WRITE FOR OUR SPECIAL DEALER'S RATES.

TERRIFIC VALUE

5 PERSONALIZED BIC pens in pocket carrying case. 1 Red — 1 Black — 1 Green — 2 Blue Ink. ONLY $1.50 plus 25¢ shipping & handling. Please mark clearly name to be imprinted.

Sheridan Place
Dept. A3269, Chicago, Ill. 60690

Authentic Frontiersman & Indian

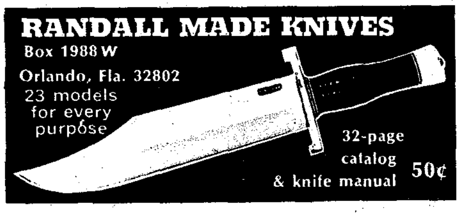
BUCKSKIN OUTFITS

Indian and Frontier weapons, Buckskin beaded rifle cases, hunting pouches, powder horns, moccasins, etc. Catalog 60¢.

Tecumseh's Indian Trading Post
Strausstown, Pa. 19559

RANDALL MADE KNIVES

Box 1988 W
Orlando, Fla. 32802



23 models for every purpose

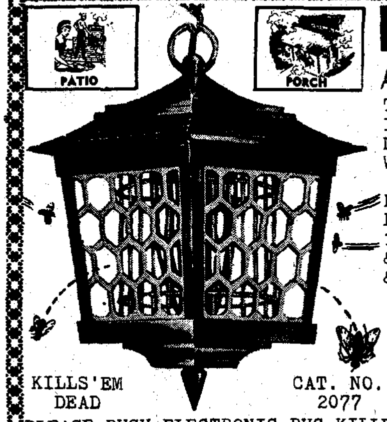
32-page catalog & knife manual 50¢

PRIZED PICTURES CAN BE RESTORED

Your photographic treasures copied, retouched, air brushed to restore fading. Unwanted scratches, tears, spots, people, backgrounds removed. Send pictures & explain your wants. Pictures returned in one day, unharmed, with free restoration estimate.

george sappenfield, the photographer

211 No. Travis Sherman, Texas 75090



Kills Bugs, Insects

AND FLYING PESTS•ELECTRONIC

THIS NEW ELECTRONIC INSECT KILLER CAN BE USED INDOORS OR OUT. IT EFFICIENTLY REDUCES INSECT NUISANCE BY ATTRACTING THEM AND KILLING THEM WITH A NEW RECESSED UNIT...USES NO CHEMICALS. ...SAFE FOR CHILDREN AND PETS...NEW DESIGN... RESEMBLES A COLONIAL LAMP....GOLDEN CHAIN FOR HANGING===FULLY GUARANTEED===OPERATES ON ANY 110 VOLT OUTLET=COMPLETE WITH CORD..ORDER NOW & HAVE LESS INSECT PROBLEMS DURING THE SPRING & SUMMER.=+=WORKS LIKE ELECTRONIC MAGIC=+=

KILLS'EM DEAD

CAT. NO. 2077

ONLY TEXAS 5% TAX **$7.95**

WE PAY POSTAGE

TEXMO
SUITE 1507L
194 HARVARD ST.,
LEWISVILLE, TEX. 75067

PLEASE RUSH ELECTRONIC BUG KILLER TO: ______________ ZIP ______
TWO FOR $15 PPD. ______ CITY ______________ STATE ______

WRITER OF THE PLAINS

THE STORY OF B. M. BOWER

by Orrin A. Engen

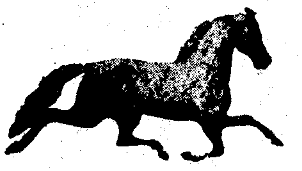
B. M. Bower's Western novels were important contributions to that field and era and to the development of the cinematic Western. This *carefully researched biography contains* pictures, critical comments, publishers, illustrators, including information on Charles M. Russell, bibliographies and more.

The *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* has called it a unique piece of informative scholarship. $5.00 plus 25¢ postage.

Order *direct from author,* Orrin A. Engen
5662 Fernwood Hollywood, Calif. 90028

— DON'T DELAY!!
- MAKE A WILL -

PROTECT YOUR LOVED ONES
4 Blank forms & Book of instructions ONLY $3.00
-Order TODAY From-
TEXMO 194B Havard St.
Lewisville, Tex. 75067



LASSO A THOROUGHBRED

OK CORRAL SPECIAL RATES

Only $40.00 per one-inch to appear in ALL THREE —TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES & OLD WEST. For all rate information write:

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
RATE CARD
Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764

THE NUTT FAMILY THROUGH THE YEARS 1635-1974

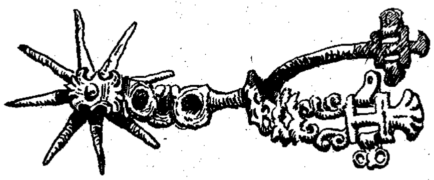
by Dr. Merle C. Nutt

Family Genealogy. Fully illustrated. Tables, charts, photographs. Dr. Nutt, Professor Emeritus of Engineering, Arizona State University has thoroughly researched this fascinating family from the stagecoach era to moon travel! $10.00 Postpaid, from author.

Dr. Merle C. Nutt, P.E.
2115 West Edgemont Ave. Phoenix, Ariz. 85009

Never Again

A WEST TEXAS BACKGROUND



by Clayton Williams

Volume 1: B.C.-1821. Williams unfolds three centuries of Spain in the New World. $10.00

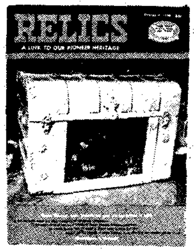
Volume 2: 1821-1848. Texans are shown as they struggle for, die for, and finally win independence from Mexico. The worsening Indian troubles and the returning Mexican army force Texas to end the Republic and accept statehood. The Mexican War is recounted with impartial detail. $10.00

Volume 3: 1848-1861. The young state experiencing: the constant terror of Indian raids; the gold rush; and activities of Texas Rangers and the federal soldiers. $10.00

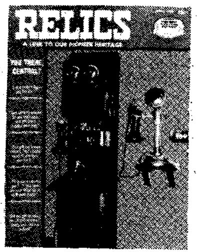
$10.00 each. Three volume deluxe boxed set. $25.00

THE NAYLOR COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
1015 CULEBRA AVE., SAN ANTONIO, TX. 78201

50% OFF

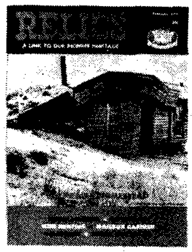


13

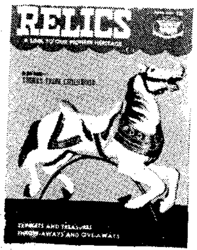


15

17

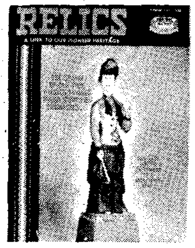


19

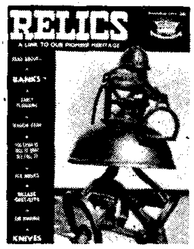


20

21



22



24

50% OFF!

ANY 4 - $1.00

ALL 8 - $2.00

While we have a surplus of these issues, we can offer you an OLD-FASHIONED, HALF-PRICE BARGAIN. Order now for yourself and for gifts.

RELICS HALF-PRICE BARGAIN OFFER

P.O. Box 3338
Austin, Texas 78764

As Lucas drew closer he did not believe anyone was at home since no horses were around. The dugout was built into the side of a hill and a sort of chute was dug into the hill about as high as a door and about three-and-a-half feet wide. A sill of wood had been lodged across the top of the entrance and the top and sides were slabbed in with sod. There was an open entrance of dirt with a recessed door which stood wide open since it was the only source of light.

Approaching on foot close to the door, Lucas could hear voices. "Hello, the dugout," Lucas shouted.

"Come in!" two voices answered.

"I can't. I'm blind as a bat," was Lucas' reply. Still he began to ease into the cave trying to let his eyes adjust from the change in light from the bright snow outside. Lucas found himself inside a hollowed-out room about ten by twelve feet. A fireplace glowed at the back of the room opposite the door. Cots and animal skins were on the dirt floor on both sides.

Two cowboys sat watching from one of the cots. Making small talk with the hands, Lucas learned that a man known as "Chicago" had left there only about fifteen minutes before. Lucas had never encountered the outlaw but was familiar with the name and the rep. Chicago was a big ugly fellow whose favorite practice was shooting horses out from under lawmen when they approached too close.

"Chicago said he was headin' north to another dugout on Chimney Creek," one of the cowpokes volunteered.

"How do I get there?" Lucas asked.

"Keep the north wind in your face for twenty miles and you'll see a natural chimney mountain maybe 300 feet high," said the second cowboy.

Returning to the bitter cold outside, Lucas signaled the officers to come on down. The lawmen rode north for ten miles and came to a mountain on their left. Ahead of them ran a narrow arroyo which appeared to be only about eight feet wide and maybe thirty-five feet long. Off to the right stretched a canyon 300 feet deep. The arroyo ahead was covered with a coat of ice. All the lawmen except Lucas opted to take the easier route up through the deep canyon, which proved to be ten miles out of the way. Lucas, in a hurry on account of the cold and willing then to take any risk to get to a dugout and a warm fire and perhaps something to eat, guided his sure-footed mare straight ahead across the ice and then kept on going for another ten miles.

Soon he saw the top of what proved to be Chimney Mountain, which looked to him more like a mile high. The two cowboys had instructed him to keep the mountain on his right. Suddenly Lucas spotted a large elm tree which the cowboys had said guarded the entrance to the dugout. A corral about forty yards from the tree was further proof that Lucas had found the place. But his fellow officers were nowhere in sight.

Getting off his horse Lucas led him down a range trail and on up to the corral. A lone horse stood by the feed trough, an empty Winchester scabbard strapped to the saddle. From the description furnished, Lucas recognized the animal as Chicago's horse. He looke hurriedly for his companions but sti they had not arrived. The odor of cool ing meat wafted up from the dugout s Lucas advanced cautiously, and calle out a hello. This time three voices ir vited him in.

"I can't, I'm blind as a bat," Lucas sai again.

"Come on in, we know all about that, one man replied.

Lucas slipped in. A large cookfir crackled at the far end of the roon Chicago stood in his shirtsleeves with .45 Smith and Wesson in one hand. Nea Chicago stood a large fellow weighin maybe 200 pounds. Lucas suspected th second man as being an outlaw too bu at that moment did not recognize hin As it turned out later he was known a "Flatnose," on the run from Texas wit a $3,000 reward on his head. A third fellow acting as cook was tending a bi Dutch oven packed with biscuits.

"Seen any lawmen around here?" Lucas asked. He had decided to pretend h too was on the lam.

"No," was the quick reply.

"I'm glad they ain't," the deputy continued, "they've been chasing me thre weeks."

"If you're that kind of fellow," Chica began to relax a little, "you've got p here."

Lucas positioned himself near enoug to the entrance so he could keep an ey on his horse and watch for his men. T gain the confidence of the outlaws h holstered his sidearm and leaned his rifl against the wall. The four men sat dow to eat, with their rifles across thei knees. Lucas ate very slowly, pretendin to have been without food for two days trying to gain time till his men arrived Lucas wanted to take Chicago, for nov that he had seen the man, he knew wh he was. Chicago had broken jail tw years before in Chandler after lockin up the marshal. A reward of $1,000 wa offered for his capture.

IN the meantime, unknown to Lucas the other lawmen were coming dow the valley to the dugout with Sam Larg and Joe Wierman in the lead. Because o the location of the corral the lawme could not see Lucas' horse. Lucas realize he had to make a move soon becaus Chicago was sitting where he too coul see the door. The first appearance of an men, Lucas feared, would spell his ow doom. Lucas began to put his overshoe back on.

Then without warning Wierman an Large suddenly rode past the entrance t the dugout. Chicago saw them an hollered, "What's that?"

Lucas grabbed up his Winchester, pretending to be equally concerned abou the approach of strangers. The deput moved over near the door, his Wincheste held behind him in one hand, his Bowi knife in the other. Chicago, having decided earlier that Lucas was no threat had slipped his jumper on over his Winchester. Now Chicago made for the door At that point Lucas made a move to sto him. Chicago instinctively reached fo his Winchester but it was caught up i his jumper. Grabbing him by both arms

Lucas struggled briefly with the more powerful man and managed to work one arm free long enough to plunge his knife into the outlaw's neck. With his ther free arm, Lucas swung his Winhester up and held it on Flatnose and he cook.

Lucas and Chicago had wrestled to the ntrance of the dugout when suddenly Joe Wierman, who had climbed atop the dugout, poked his rifle against the outaw's head. "Don't do it," Lucas screamed. "I don't want to be covered with brains! There's enough blood on me from his neck wound!"

The other lawmen plunged into the ave. A six-shooter was removed from Chicago's jacket and another from one of his boots. Flatnose was relieved of his gun. Chicago, knifed in the neck but still conscious, was bandaged and hefted atop his horse, handcuffed, and his legs shackled underneath the animal. Then the awmen paused to help themselves to the grub.

The deputies were undecided as to what to do with Flatnose since no one recognized him. Lucas felt he should be taken n but by a margin of eight to seven the officers voted to free the suspect. With Chicago chained to Lucas, the lawmen ran making their weary way back to va some forty miles distant. The band rode all night and reached the town at 3 a.m. the next morning. What sleep Lucas got was managed with the outlaw cuffed to him; the deputy's guns had been removed by his companions for his own protection.

The stopover at Winfield, Kansas on the way back to Guthrie almost proved disastrous. Getting off the train with their guns in hand and no badges visible, the band of lawmen gave the impression to townfolks that a wholesale bank robbery was about to be staged. Thinking the lawmen were the Doolin gang, local men swarmed in front of the banks. Finally the lawmen convinced Winfield's mayor and marshal of their identification and mission, and they were permitted to depart.

Arriving back in Guthrie the officers learned that a reward was out for Flatnose. Lucas and two men rode all the way to the dugout and back, a week's trip, but to no avail. Chicago was returned to the Chandler authorities and the reward was paid.

Red Lucas continued to ride the Osage as a deputy until 1896, working under various U. S. marshals and hunting down criminals in the Western District. In 1896 he cleaned up Ponca City, once arresting forty-five men and women in two hours.

In 1901 Lucas attended the opening of the Kiowa-Comanche and Wichita-Caddo Reservations. He registered for a lot but since he had signed up as being from Ohio he failed to get a piece of land. Men who had registered as being from Oklahoma were given first draw. Later under Governor Ferguson, Lucas helped clean up El Reno while Heck Thomas was given the same kind of work in Lawton.

Lucas went to Tulsa in 1902 where he was night marshal for two years and later police chief until 1905. In 1906 he served under U. S. Marshal Leo Bennett and for a few years after that was a peace officer in western Oklahoma near Fort Cobb. Finally about 1918 at the age of sixty and after nearly forty years service as a lawman, Red Lucas resigned his commission, married an Oklahoma girl, and returned to his first love, fishing.

In the middle of the Grand River about six miles east of Wagoner, Oklahoma, Lucas purchased a thirty-five-acre egg-shaped island, built himself and his wife a two-story house on it, and opened a fisherman's resort, calling it Red Lucas Island. The water-locked hideaway measured about three-quarters of a mile by a quarter-mile. There Lucas spent the next twenty years at leisure fishing and entertaining friends and former lawmen. Red and his wife had two children, a son and a daughter, but shortly after the second was born Red's wife died and the two children were sent to Eaton, Illinois to be reared by relatives.

The old deputy was forced to leave his island in 1942 after newly built Grand River Dam made the site uninhabitable. His domicile was the center of a court battle that year in which Lucas sought damages after his house was swept away when the dam's floodgates were opened for the first time. Lucas won the suit and went to live in Wagoner.

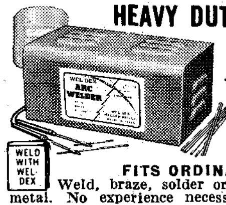
In June 1954, well past the age of ninety, Red Lucas pulled up his Oklahoma stakes and traveled alone to Muncie, Indiana to stay with his daughter, Mrs. George House. His son, Edward Lucas, also was living in Muncie at that time. Red had in addition seven grandchildren and a half-sister, Ella Witameyer of Eaton, Indiana.

In the winter of 1954 Red was moved to Shady Haven Rest Home on the Bethel Pike in Muncie where he resided for four months until his death at 5:30 p.m. on Friday, March 11, 1955. He was buried in Union Cemetery at Eaton, where he had spent his years as a youth.

Leila C. (Mrs. Ray D.) Wilcox, now retired and living on High Lake near Albion, Indiana, owned and ran the rest home in Muncie at the time of Red's stay there. In 1971 she wrote me, "I had the honor of attending Mr. Lucas in his last illness in my nursing home. He was ninety-seven years old but still clear in his mind. The saddest part, a stroke he had suffered affected his throat and he could scarcely speak. He was certainly a gentleman of the old school and we grew very fond of him.

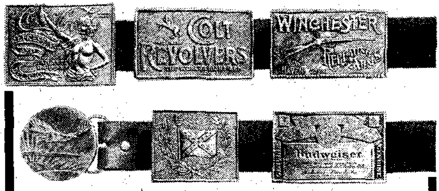
"In his last hour or two I held him up in my arms because he seemed to be able to breathe better. With his last breath he kissed my hand. I knew that was his way of saying, 'Thank you.' He still had shotgun pellets under the skin of his head and a bullet lodged in the back of his head but that never seemed to bother him."

For as long as twenty years before his death, Orrington Red Lucas had enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest known living ex-U.S. deputy marshal in Oklahoma. He left behind him a record of 3,600 arrests and not one opponent killed that he knew of. "But," as he once remarked to a friend in Tulsa in 1937, "I surely did have to wing plenty!"



HEAVY DUTY WELDER
with special $7.00 gift offer to readers of this magazine
10-DAY FREE TRIAL
BUY FACTORY DIRECT AND SAVE **18.95** POST PAID
No Exposed Electrical Terminals
FITS ORDINARY 110V OUTLET
Weld, braze, solder or cut most anything made of metal. No experience necessary. Follow simple instructions to make repairs on cars, trailers, farm and lawn equipment, bicycles, appliances, etc. Make campers, boats, furniture, hundreds of valuable items. NOTHING ELSE TO BUY! Comes complete with full face shield, pack of welding and brazing rods, power cables, special electric torch attachment, ground clamp, flux, easy-to-follow illustrated instructions, rod holder, etc. Uses standard 1/8" rods to weld iron, steel, brass, bronze, aluminum, other metals. New improved HEAVY DUTY circuit gives more welding power. Gives 4 times the heat needed to melt toughest iron. Plugs into ordinary 110V outlet. Professional quality welding of "tough" to "light-weight" metals. 10 day MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. An excellent gift for any occasion. **FREE!** Mention you saw this ad in this magazine and receive a $7.00 gift pack of welding rods free. For same-day C.O.D. shipment just call (713) 682-5681 or send only $2.00 and pay postman $16.95 plus small C.O.D. when delivered, or charge the Wel-Dex to your BankAmericard or Master Charge card or for postpaid shipment send $18.95 check or M. O. to **WEL-DEX MFG. CO.**, Dept. R-218 , Box 10776, Houston, Tex. 77018.

HEARING AIDS
UP TO **50% OFF** COMPARABLE AIDS ✱
• **BUY DIRECT** • **20 DAYS FREE TRIAL**
Body Aids $49.95 up. Tiny, inconspicuous All-in-the-Ear; Behind-the-Ear; Eye Glass Aids. One of the largest selections of fine quality aids. Very low battery prices. Write for FREE literature. No salesman will ever call. Good hearing is a wonderful gift. ✱ **LLOYD** CORP. ✱
Dept. WEB, 905 9th St., Rockford, Ill. 61108



BELT BUCKLES WITH A STORY TO TELL!
Foundry-cast antiqued brass-finished pewter-alloy. Topless Coca Cola, Colt, Winchester, Eagle, C. Flag and Budweiser. Each buckle $5
LEATHER BELT, hand made 1 ¾" wide, brown . . . $6
BELT 'N BUCKLE $10. Add $1 hdlg. chg. Free catalog
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
OUTDOOR WORLD Dept. FT-7
Ph. (303) 586-3361 ESTES PARK, COLO. 80517

For OUT-OF-PRINT
"WESTERN AMERICANA"
YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT!
FREE search service, and no obligation.
INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS
Box 1-FT Pacific Palisades, Cal. 90272

FREE
SEND FOR FREE LIST
OF OUR
BARGAIN PRICED WESTERN BOOKS
Badmen, Lawmen, Cowboys, Indians, Treasure. Fascinating, exciting books about the West, all at special Bargain Prices.
WESTERN BOOK CO.
P.O. Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764

CLASSIFIED

(30¢ per word, cash with order)
Send all ads or correspondence to—
MILDRED HOLLEY
Classified Advertising Mgr.
P.O. Box 3338 Austin, Tx. 78764

Books & Magazines

ARIZONA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map 1881, smaller early map. 1200 place name glossary, mines, camps, Indian reservations, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296H Yosemite, San Jose, Calif. 95126.

NEVADA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map. 800 place name glossary, railroads, camps, camel trail, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296½ Yosemite, San Jose, Calif. 95126.

BOOK HUNTING OUR BUSINESS. Service is our product. No charge for search. Satisfaction guaranteed. D-J Book Search, Box 3352, San Bernardino, Calif. 92404.

"DEAD MEN DO TELL TALES" by Lake Erie Schaefer. Facts about Frank Fish's mysterious death, still unexplained. Sequel to "BURIED TREASURE and LOST MINES" his Treasure Hunters Manual. Prepaid $3.00. L. Erie Schaefer, 14728 Peyton Drive, Chino, Calif. 91710.

TOMBSTONE EPITAPH copy free for asking. Also western book list. Epitaph, Tombstone, Ariz. 85638.

BOTTLE IDENTIFICATION: Describes, names and pictures hundreds of old bottles. With price guide. $2.75. Putnam, West, Box 578, Fontana, Calif. 92335.

A GALLERY OF WESTERN BADMEN. Fascinating studies of Hickok, Masterson, James, Earp, Billy the Kid, Bass, Holliday, Ringo, Murietta and others. Heavy paper. Many pictures. Send $1.00 to GALLERY, Western Book Co., P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

FREE! SEND FOR FREE List of our Bargain Priced Western Books. Badmen, Lawmen, Cowboys, Indians, Treasure. Fascinating, exciting books about the West, all at special Bargain Prices. Write to WESTERN BOOK CO., Free Book List, Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

WALT COBURN STORIES. FREE LIST. Over 45 Walt Coburn stories are available in back issues of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES. Walt grew up on the Coburn ranch, the Circle C, a neighbor and blood brother to the Assiniboines. He knew Charlie Russell and many of the men whose names are synonymous with the West. Tom Mix spent his last evening on earth in the company of Walt and friends. For Free List, write Western Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

RARE, ORIGINAL HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES. Not all issues. Not all mint, but all good condition. $3.00 for a specific issue. Only $2.50 for an issue of our own selection—that is, you leave it up to us to send what's available of these collectors' items. These are the ORIGINALS. Address correspondence to Susan Washburn, Western Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

SOUTHWEST HERITAGE BACK ISSUES. Rare opportunity to acquire back issues of a worthwhile magazine which has recently ceased publication. A must for any Western Americana library. No complete sets exist except in private collections. Soon all available back issues will be gone. Exciting history; beautiful, original art. We have only the following and will fill on a first-come, first served basis: Vol. 1, #1, Winter 1966; Vol. 1, #2, Spring 1967; Vol. 1 #3, Summer 1967; Vol. 2, #1, Winter 1968; Vol. 2, #2 Undated; Vol. 4, #1, December 1969. $2.00 per copy plus 25c postage and handling. Western Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

FOR COLLECTORS OF TEXANA or military history THE TEXAS ARMY: A History of the 36th Division the Italian Campaign. Hardback, 300 pages wi photos, maps, biblio, and index. Limited editio $10.50 postpaid. Order direct from author-publishe Robert L. Wagner P.O. Box 13488, Capitol Statio Austin, Tex. 78711.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TREASURES by Rasco Over 80 Treasure Tales! Has been called the be True-Clue treasure book ever done on this rich o state. A best seller at $4.00—our SPECIAL PRIC $1.75, plus 25c postage and handling. Western Bo Co., Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

MONEY BOOK. FREE information. Hobbytronic 844-DF, San Angelo, Tex. 76901.

BRAVE WARRIORS—ONLY A FEW COPIES LEF Norman B. Wiltsey, author, is a well-known writ and authority on American History and culture, 3 pages, hardback. Only $6.50, plus 25¢ postag Western Book Co., P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 787

WESTERN BOOKS. OUT-OF-PRINT and new. Wri for Free Lists. Santa Paula Books, Box 384-W, San Paula, Calif. 93060.

WESTERN MAGS AND OTHERS. Back date. Se us your lists. Everybody's Bookshop, 317 W. 6th, L Angeles, Calif. 90014.

ATTENTION TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES back sue collectors. We have a limited number of the fo lowing unavailable issues for $3.00 each. We ha less than a dozen copies of some. They must be so on a strictly first come-first served basis. TRUE WE 3, 15, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 3 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 4 46, 52, 53, 55. FRONTIER TIMES 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 2 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30. WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC. P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of Cust Massacre, burial, $15.00. Reid's Expedition of th Texas Rangers, 1935, ex-lib., $12.00. Bob Carr, P.O. B 5111, Tallahassee, Fla. 32302.

"EMPTY MONEY PITS," (Texas Treasure Finds), Ba tholomew, $3.50. "Texas Buried Treasures," Rasco $3.00. "800 Texas Ghosttowns," Bartholomew, $3.5 All 3 books, postpaid. $8.95. Frontier Books, Davis, Tex. 79734.

FREE WESTERN AMERICANA LIST. Book hu send wants. Bazaar Book Search, Box 496, Chi Calif. 95926.

GHOST TOWN MAP OF WASHINGTON, $2.00. E close stamp for Summer Northwest Treasure New Maps, Drawer C, Sprague, Wash. 99032.

SAVE GAS! Up to 6 miles per gallon. Easy no co carburetor modification. Guaranteed! Plans, $3.0 A.M.S., Box 486-C, Osseo, Minn. 55369.

GEORGE A. CUSTER BUFFS! New finds regardin the Battle of the Little Big Horn, plus old photo maps—now available in 56 page book titled "Ev dence and the Custer Enigma" by Jerome A. Green Limited edition signed by author and illustrator, har bound, $10.00. Softbound, $3.00. Send check or mone order to Kansas City Westerners, Box 6182, Kans City, Mo. 64110.

WESTERN HARDBACK NOVELS. Free lists. Canfor Books, Box 216, Freeville, N. Y. 13068.

Real Estate

CANADIAN VACATION LANDS: Full price $385.0 40 acres $10 month. Suitable cottage sites, huntin fishing, investment. Free information. Land Corpor tion, 3768-W Bathurst, Downsview, Ontario, Canad

NEVADA VACATION RETIREMENT RANCHOS, ne ELKO, ¼ acre lots $395. $1 down, $5 per mont Hot springs, deer, rock and mineral hunting. Wate Send $1 for contract, returnable. None offered Californians. Write Silver Crescent Ranchos, P. Box 4, Crescent Valley, Nev. 89821.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! V cationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Gover ment Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Oppo tunity Review" listing lands throughout U. S. Sen $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-KM, Wash. D. C. 2000

GOVERNMENT LANDS DIGEST. A monthly review government Real Estate offerings throughout th U.S.A. Free subscription information! DIGEST, B 25561-WP, Seattle, Wash. 98125.

PUBLIC LANDS—EXERCISE YOUR RIGHT to own oi gas leases, awarded monthly by U. S. Governmen Write for free maps. Government Lands, Box 1505 Phoenix, Ariz. 85018.

FOR SALE—256 acre tract adjoining large recreati lake in excellent hunting area. Ideal for home sit or Sportsmen's Lodge. Water supply plentiful. F information, phone (Colorado) (303) 276-3698.

Rare Coins & Stamps

RARE Silver Dollars, 1880-81 S, 1883-84-85-189 1900-01-02 O mint. Uncirculated, $15.00 each. Co catalog 50c. Shultz, Salt Lake City, Utah 841

RARE COIN COLLECTIONS. Historical, informativ Decorative investments. Information free. J. Starr Parkers Prairie, Minn. 56361.

SILVER .999 TOMBSTONE COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL 91st thru 95th Anniversaries of Founding of Tombston Very Rare. Only 1000 minted each year. Also nick silver. All perfect in cases. From $3.00 and up. Dearborn, Box 308, Tombstone, Ariz. 85638.

WE WISH WE COULD GIVE THEM AWAY

FREE!

When our readers on pensions and limited incomes write to tell us how much the magazines mean to them, and add a line or two about these hard, inflationary days, it makes us wish we could pass out every issue FREE.

We're caught in that spiral of skyrocketing costs just like everyone else. Prices are higher than a tall mule's tail—and going up every day! We've GOT to raise subscription rates in order to stay in business. You'll find our new rates are shown elsewhere in the magazine, but it won't affect you if you'll SUBSCRIBE NOW.

We're offering this last opportunity to subscribe at the old rates—new, renewal or extension of your own subscription or a gift.

DON'T MISS THIS LAST CHANCE TO **SAVE $5.40** OVER NEWSSTAND PRICES WITH A TWO YEAR SUBSCRIPTION. SUBSCRIBE NOW!

TRUE WEST-FRONTIER TIMES
Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764

PUBLISHED BY TRUE WEST Frontier Times OLD WEST PUBLISHED IN THE WEST

(Check one)
☐ NEW
☐ RENEWAL

I enclose: $5.00 for 1 year (12 issues)
(6 issues each, of both magazines)
Special $9.00 for 2 years (24 issues)
(12 issues each, of both magazines)

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

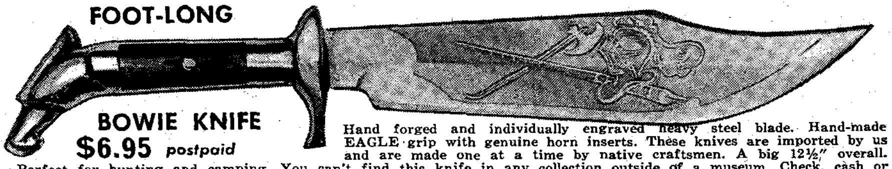
City ______________ **State** __________ **Zip** ______

________**This is a Gift Subscription. Please send one of your special gift announcement cards with my compliments.**

Sent by ______________________________

(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

(TEXAS RESIDENTS ADD 5% SALES TAX.)



FOOT-LONG

BOWIE KNIFE

$6.95 *postpaid*

Hand forged and individually engraved heavy steel blade. Hand-made EAGLE grip with genuine horn inserts. These knives are imported by us and are made one at a time by native craftsmen. A big 12½" overall. Perfect for hunting and camping. You can't find this knife in any collection outside of a museum. Check, cash or money order. No C.O.D. please. California residents add 5% sales tax.

BOWIE KNIFE, DEPT. FT-7 , 4535 Huntington Dr. So., L.A., Calif. 90032

Hunting & Fishing

LIVE CATCH animal, bird, fish traps. Free catalog. Mustang-NC23, Box 10880, Houston, Tex. 77018.

Western Merchandise

PLACER GOLD, $2.50. Pocket Gold, $2.50. Gold dust, $2.00. Attractively displayed Moneyback guarantee. Lester Lea, Box 237, Mt. Shasta, Calif. 96067.

PEARL AND METAL SNAP FASTENERS FOR Western Shirts. Many styles and colors. Free Catalog. Campau Company, P. O. Box 518-G, Rosemead, Calif. 91770.

ROCKHOUND SPECIALS: 30 different, beautifully polished agates, $3.00. 15 different mineral specimens, $2.00. Both units, $4.50. Colorful, educational. Ernie Phillips, Box 131-F, Banning, Calif. 92220.

SOUTHWESTERN BOLO TIE. Custom made. Real Arrowhead $3.49. Triangle-A-Sales, Box 27008, El Paso, Tex. 79926.

"O. K. CORRAL FIGHT" Unsurpassed 18"x25" color reproduction plus fascinating True Story of Earp-Clanton Famous Gun Battle. Original painting by Don Percival, great Western artist. Exhibited in Tombstone Museum. Limited edition. Only $5.00 Postpaid. Immediate orders will receive Free copy of mbstone's 1881 Epitaph Newspaper regarding full details of fight. C. Dearborn, Box 308, Tombstone, Ariz. 85638.

Recipes

WINEMAKERS . . . FREE Illustrated Supply Catalog of yeast, equipment, Recipes. Continental, Box 18223-W, Indianapolis, Ind. 46218.

HUNTER'S COOKBOOK by Betty Melville, former high altitude test cook for Betty Crocker. Over 200 recipes for wild game, common and exotic, large and small. It's more than a cookbook— a culinary handbook for the authentic sportsman—and for his wife. Published at $7.95. We have a limited number for only $6.50 Postpaid. WESTERN BOOK CO., P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Tex. 78764.

GRANDMA'S CHILI RECIPE and Sourdough recipe. Both for $1.00. J. K. White, Gen. Del., Wolfforth, Tex. 79382.

PIONEER RECIPE. FRUIT BUTTER. Made without sugar. Delicious. Send $2.00 for grandfather's recipe. Also tips on canning without jar caps. Epperson, 1341 Clark Mill Rd., Sweet Home, Ore. 97386.

DELICIOUS POTATO-CARROT SALAD. Great for picnics. $1.00 cash. Recipes, Rt. 1, Box 691, Mabank, Tex. 75147.

CATFISH DOUGHBAIT RECIPES. 3 for $1.00 cash. Recipes, Rte. 1, Box 691, Mabank, Tex. 75147.

OLD TIME FRUITCAKE, Blackberry Buttermilk Cake, Hungarian Stuffed Cabbage, $1.00 or 35¢ each and self-addressed, stamped envelope. D. Boyd, 6540 Garland, Arvada, Colo. 80004.

HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES

BINDER—ONLY $3.50

This sturdy and beautiful binder will hold and protect 24 issues of your Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES facsimiles. Gold imprint on blue to match the covers of your magazines.

No punching or mutilation of your magazines is necessary, and the binder's attractive appearance will make it a welcome addition to your bookshelf.

HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES BINDER
P.O. BOX 3338
AUSTIN, TEXAS 78764

I am enclosing $__________. Send_____ binders at $3.50 each to the following:

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City________________State____________

Business & Employment

FORTUNES RAISING POTTED HERBS at home! Free seeds. Instructions! Herbalism Institute-WP, Box 968, Glendora, Calif. 91740.

$178.00 WEEKLY. Work one hour daily. Free brochure. FAS, Box 13703, San Antonio, Tex. 78213.

YOU CAN MAKE $200.00 weekly addressing spare time for 30 firms. Complete list $1.00. Barkley's, 140 5th St. N.W., Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada.

Indian Relics

OBSIDIAN KNIVES and SPEARPOINTS 3" to 10" long, $1.50 an inch. Obsidian arrowpoints, average 2" long, 3 for $5.00. Frank Estes, 1617 Willis St., Redding, Calif. 96001.

IROQUOIS MASKS, rattles, dolls; also Cree, Slave, Ojibwa, Eskimo crafts. List 50c, Irografts, Box 7, Ohsweken Reservation, Ontario, Canada.

AUTHENTIC WESTERN ARROWHEADS—*Perfect condition*, 25—$5.00, 100—$15.00. Broken Arrow, Box TWD1208, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85252.

ARROWHEADS—25—$3.98. 50—$7.50. 100—$13.98. 500—$35.00. 1000—$50.00. *Triangle-A Sales*, Box 27008, El Paso, Tex. 79926.

INDIAN MADE ARROWHEADS. Twenty—$4.00. Sixty—$10.00. 100—$15.00. Free List. Beattys-FT, 1405 S. West Ave., Sioux Falls, S. Dak. 57105.

Treasure Hunting

TREASURE FINDER LOCATES buried gold, silver, coins,Treasures. 6 powerful models. $19.95 up. Instant financing available. Write or call for free catalog. Phone (713) 682-2728 day or night. Dealer inquiries invited. Relco, Dept. A-91, Box 10839, Houston, Tex. 77018.

GOLD & SILVER—Locate up to ¼ mile away with my sensitive locator, Send for my free, informative pamphlet. Carl Anderson, P.O. Box 13441-BC Tampa, Fla. 33611.

PROSPECTING, EXPLORATION, TREASURE HUNTING, Mining—Equipment, Kits, Books. Free catalog. Miner's Exchange, Box 64C, Nampa, Idaho 83651.

OLD STATE AND RAILROAD MAPS. 70-90 years old. All States. SASE for details. Northern Map Co., Dept. FT, 2252 N. Kildare, Chicago, Ill. 60639.

TREASURE HUNTING, METAL DETECTOR. Sleeping bags, Burglar alarms. Send $1.00 for catalog. S. Lopez, P.O. Box 50, Merced, Calif. 95340.

GOLD MINE TAILINGS. Colorado Rockies—Unusual gifts. $3.00. Box 6560, Denver, Colo. 80206.

Miscellaneous

HEARING AIDS—HUGE SAVINGS on tiny, all in the ear, eyeglass, behind the ear and body models. Free home trial. Low as $10 monthly. Write for free catalog. Prestige, Dept. R-10, Box 10947, Houston, Tex. 77018.

RHEUMATISM-BURSITIS? Stops stiff, painful shoulder and legs overnight. Free information. M. F. Wooten, 1909 San Francisco St., San Antonio, Tex. 78201.

"INFLATION RIPPING YOU OFF." Discounts up to 70% off on every day products. Catalog $2.00 refundable. Ganther Enterprise, Dept. 46, Granton, Wisc. 54436.

SILVER RECLAIMED FROM JEWELRY, Silverware, etc. Easy, inexpensive process can be accomplished in your garage. Send $5.00 to Silver, P.O. Box 1271, La Porte, Tex. 77571.

8-TRACK TAPES—$3.50. Over 800 titles. Send 10¢ to Roddy's, D.S.R., El Campo, Tex. 77437.

FREE CATALOG! Gasoline-saving Automotive Accessories. Pioneer, Box 1531-FT, Vernon, Tex. 76384.

MISTLETOE. WE GET YOU Started. How to grade, ship mistletoe, price range, $3.00, $5.00, $20.00 orders. Deadline, November. Send stamp. Mistletoe Contact, R. 3, Box 19, Denison, Tex. 75020.

STOP SCOURS INSTANTLY—among young calves. Safe and sure. $2.00 for recipe. M. F. Wooten, 1909 San Francisco St., San Antonio, Tex. 78201.

SAVE! SAVE! SAVE! *Beautiful gifts for all occasions.* Order your gift catalog now. Send $1.00 to Miles Mail Order, Rte. 4, Lot No. 4, Carol Hghts. Trl. Ct., Daleville, Ala. 36322.

SAVE MONEY. Operate tape recorders, radios, calculators, from car battery. Adapter $9.50, guaranteed. Information free. Robert Delp Electronics, Box 1026-F2, Fremont, Calif. 94538.

"THE WESTERN POLO"

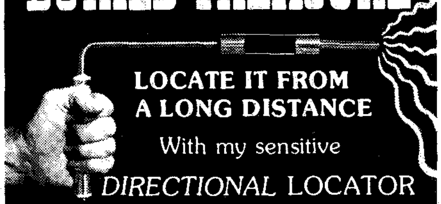
MANY
OTHER
STYLES
Made
To
Order
Only

This tall, handsome boot offers the maximum in leg protection. Available in a wide *variety of imported* French and U.S. leathers. Your choice of top, heel and toe styles. Prices depend on leathers you choose. Made to order only. Write for FREE CATALOG and ordering instructions.

WESTERN HATS, PANTS, SHIRTS, SOCKS, ETC.

JOE HALL, Box 17971T, El Paso, Texas 79917

BURIED TREASURE



Send for my FREE INFORMATIVE BROCHURE and read about this remarkable device.

CARL ANDERSON
P.O. BOX 13441-B TAMPA, FLORIDA 33611

HEARING AIDS

Huge savings on tiny, all-in-the-ear, behind the ear, eyeglass and body models. New space age models are so tiny and well concealed your closest friends may never even notice. FREE HOME TRIAL. Low as $10 monthly. Money back guarantee. Order direct and save. Write today for free *catalog and confidential booklet.*
PRESTIGE, Dept. T-37 , Box 10947, Houston, Tex. 77018.

OLD MAPS OF THE WEST

Send $1.00 for descriptive and highly entertaining catalog of maps published between 1830 and 1920. Reproductions now available for a few dollars each.

DESERT ENTERPRISES
Box 286W
Ontario, Calif. 91761

EQUESTRIANS

Limited group forming to enjoy beautiful 1900 virgin acres in famous Napa County, Calif. Plains, hills, trees, streams, lake. You & horse will love it. Charter membership costs $1,000.00. For additional information write:

SUNNY ACRES, Steve Arnold
1321 Columbus Ave. San Francisco, Calif. 94133

ORDER EXTRA COPIES OF GOLD #7 FOR YOURSELF AND FOR YOUR FRIENDS WHO SHARE YOUR INTEREST. SEND 60¢, PLUS 25¢ POSTAGE & HANDLING, FOR EACH COPY. WE'LL MAIL 'EM ANYWHERE YOU SAY! THEY'RE COLLECTORS' ITEMS, PARDNER!

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P.O. BOX 3338 AUSTIN, TEXAS 78764

A Most Extraordinary Fugitive

(Continued from page 25)

Their quarry, at the same time, was beseeching the heavens for even the slightest puff of breeze. The creditors' small boat neared portside. As the mob crowded to the rail, a strong wind blew up, as if in answer to Meiggs' supplications; the sails of the *America* filled and she was off!

When the totals were all in, the city comptroller announced that Honest Harry's forged warrants amounted to $365,000. One historian has it that "excited mobs surged the principal streets of San Francisco (Yerba Buena) in search of the offender for days believing that he had not left the city at all but was only in hiding."

After leaving this country, Meiggs and his party touched first at Otahi and then went on to lonely Pitcairn Island and finally headed for Talcahuano, Chile. Meiggs found a refuge there, but was considered a criminal. At forty-three all that glamorous, satisfying sense of power he had enjoyed so much was gone—gone forever, he thought.

Governor Jim Bigler of California attempted to have the American consul at Talcahuano return the fugitive for trial. An order for his arrest was issued but some mysterious intervention prevailed and he was not taken into custody.

The next few years were hard ones for the former lumber king. News of his crime preceded him wherever he went and he had a hard time getting even the most modest of jobs. Nonetheless, Meiggs carved out an entirely *new* career for himself. He finally gained some credit and enough funds, by building a section of railway on contract, to have some hope for a future in this new world.

APPARENTLY Lady Luck agreed. She flipped a new deal and, strangely, it was the same Governor Bigler who once had asked for Meiggs' arrest, who was sent to Chile as the United States Minister. After meeting Meiggs in person, Bigler was so charmed by the man that he seemed to be able to see Meiggs' side of his past troubles. With a change of heart the former governor, from then on, treated the exile in a most friendly manner.

This had a good and marked effect on the affairs of the struggling contractor. Even local people changed their attitude toward him. Meiggs applied for the job of building the Maipo bridge and got it. Credit followed, and as he took on more contracts and his prestige as an outstanding railroad builder grew, his future seemed assured.

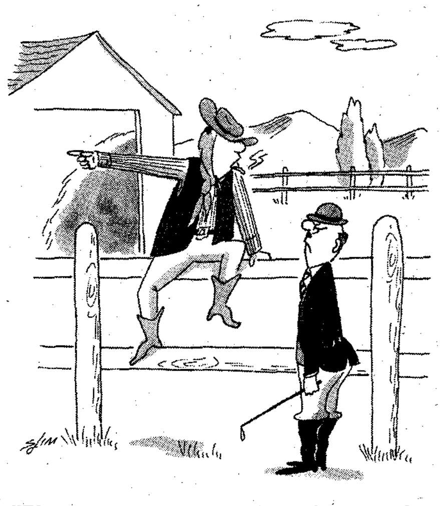
Then followed the great Santiago-Valparaiso rail line, known as the El Ferrocarril, which gave Meiggs his great chance. For building this amazing railroad, Chile's first, brought Meiggs social fame and much financial gain. Also, he improved his reputation greatly by paying off a portion of his eight-year-old San Francisco debts.

Realizing South America was a virgin field for railroad exploitation, Meiggs dreamed of a trans-Andean road that would connect Santiago with Bueno Aires. Meanwhile, he built a home for himself which became a showplace of South America.

The palace was cut and formed in the United States and stood in all its costly glory until 1940. With carved mahogany doors, huge crystal chandeliers, circular hallways, and rooms tiled in marble and paneled in gold leaf, it was quite a place. Legend has it that the four wings and tower were constructed on a track that could be turned so sunlight could enter any portion of the house at the owner's whim. Apparently, however, this tale is vastly exaggerated.

All in all, Meiggs spent thirteen years in Chile and he *did* institute some sorely needed labor reforms that resulted in social improvement.

However, when Meiggs left Chile, he left his better self behind. Peru was "Don Enrique's" next conquest. Building the Oroya Railroad there, he was accused of every dirty method known at the time. Bribery was the least of his sins—which reportedly ranged from petty larceny to cruel armed force and even murder.



"This is a riding stable, Sonny—the circus is about two miles thataway."

The project ended in a sickening failure only after 15,000 workmen had died as the result of being dragged from the warm climates of their birth to the frigid Peruvian Andes. Their lungs were not accustomed to such thin air and a peculiar and horrible blood disease hit them. It was known locally as the "Surroche sickness." It caused many of the men to flee their hard jobs on the roof of the world, only to be shot dead in their tracks as they tried to escape. This was a most violent period in Peruvian history and was followed by internal disunity, war and civil strife.

Meiggs' iron roads, which he had promised would bring this country an "age of gold" instead brought heartbreak, bankruptcy to thousands, and death to others.

At the end of his life Meiggs repeated the San Francisco fiasco on a very grand scale although this time he did not have a white schooner waiting to spirit him away under ivory sails. By 1877 the state of his finances as well as the state of his heart was very bad. He died as colorfully as he had lived, and earned the doubtful honor of having the most elaborate funeral ever seen in pageant-lovin Peru.

Resplendent politicians, firemen, floral decked coffin bearers carrying a heav silver casket, high-born women in froth of black lace, dignitaries from th church in black vestments, torches chants, incense, church walls draped i black velvet—all this made a pictur Peru did not soon forget.

The empire Meiggs had built, an empire built on sand by fair means an foul, lay in ruins about him for he die as he had lived—an enigma to everybody

Henry Meiggs lay in state, apparentl a millionaire, and was afforded a millionaire's funeral. Actually, he was a pauper

---

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 49)

lieve that Samuel C. (1830-1876), Nanc Jane Taylor (1832-1904), John M (1834-?), and Peter (1836-?) remaine in Illinois.

Jacob, Jr. (1838-1907) is buried i Pagosa Springs, Colorado; Daniel Burgens (1844-?) is buried near Hysham Montana; Eastman (1847-?), known a "Doc," twin of my grandfather, is burie in Pagosa Springs, Colorado. Mary A Barbara (Batey) (1850-1941) lived Pagosa Springs and Meridian, Idaho Francis Marion (1852-1940) died i pismo Beach, California. Isaac (1953-?) I have no information about.

My mother, Luella Lane, died in 191 when I was quite young. I will exchang information on the above people.—Ine F. White, 926 North 30th Street, Billings Montana 59101

Irvine

Sam Houston Irvine was born Apri 6, 1842. He was in the Confederate service, First Lieutenant, Co. C., First an Third Missouri Cavalry, Cockerell's Brigade, Frenks Division, Stewarts Corp. Army of Tennessee. He was killed i battle at Franklin, Tennessee Novembe 30, 1864.

Sam was the son of Hugh Ware Irvin (August 30, 1814-August 16, 1858) an Mary Catherine Wise (August 7, 1819-November 8, 1899). I'd like to know th location of Sam's grave and find a picture of him. He was my grandmother' brother.—Doris (Everett) Moser, Rout 1, Box 200, Okanogan, Washington 9884

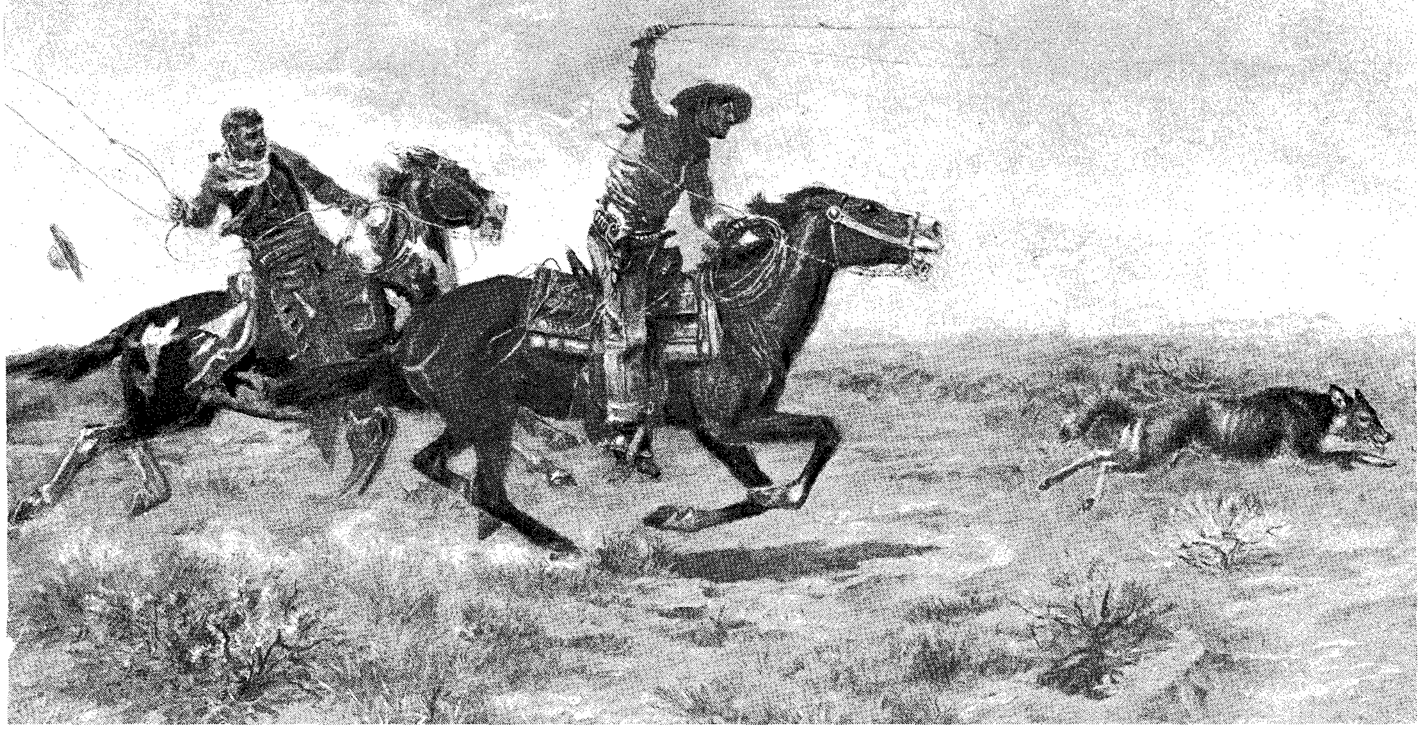
Hattery-Kochel

I am searching for information on the parents, brothers and sisters of my grandfather Charles A. Hattery who was born at Argos, Marshall County, Indiana in 1859. He married Minnie May Kochel at Logansport, Cass County, Indiana in 1891. They were living near Lucerne, Cass County, Indiana when my aunt was born in 1895, and near Akron, Fulton County, Indiana in 1899 when my father was born. Around December 1900 my grandparents homesteaded near Waynoka, Oklahoma and my grandfather died shortly before getting the title to his homestead in 1906. Any information on the above would be greatly appreciated.—Andrew L. Hattery, Box 1194, Blaine, Washington 98230

Charles M. Russell Color Prints

Beautiful reproductions of his greatest paintings. All prints are in full color—suitable for framing.

THIS IS NO. 102, "COWBOY SPORT"



CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—*Caught with the Goods*, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 11½x16
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation to the Sun, 11½x16
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—*The Jerkline*, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 11½x16
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—*Old Fashioned Stage Coach*, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Trail of the Iron Horse, 16x11½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—*The Drifter*, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—*Mourning Her Warrior Dead*, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

DEAL FOR THE HOME, TACK ROOM, DEN, CLUB ROOMS OR OFFICE. SENT POSTPAID.

1.00 Each. 5 Pictures—$4.50 10 Pictures—$8.50 25 Pictures—$20.00 50 or More Pictures—75¢ Each.

ist wanted numbers plainly on a sheet of paper. Not necessary to detach this page. (Brochure not available.)
RDER NOW! Send Cash, Money Order or Check to:

CHARLES M. RUSSELL PRINTS

P.O. BOX 3338 AUSTIN, TEXAS 78764

Holiday Inns
Some come

to Mexico. From the
to Hawaii. Holiday Inn
te in resort vacationing.
one else can offer you.
censed casino in
shopping arcade in the
vned Pirates Cove in
st beautiful and awe-

wide Holiday Inn